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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1894.

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The Lord of Château Noir.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IT was in the days when the German armies had broken their way across France, and when the shattered forces of the young Republic had been swept aside to the north of the Aisne and to the south of the Loire. Three broad streams of armed men had rolled slowly but irresistibly from the Rhine, now meandering to the north, now to the south, dividing, coalescing, but all uniting to form one great lake round Paris. And from this lake there welled out smaller streams, one to the north, one southward to Orleans, and a third westward to Normandy. Many a German trooper saw the sea for the first time when he rode his horse girth-deep into the waves at Dieppe.

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Frenchmen when they saw this weal of dishonour slashed across the fair face of their country. They had fought and they had been overborne. That swarming cavalry, those countless footmen, the masterful guns —they had tried and tried to make head against them. In battalions their invaders were not to be beaten. But man to man, or ten to ten, they were their equals. A brave Frenchman might still make a single German rue the day that he had left his own bank of the Rhine. Thus, unchronicled amid the battles and the sieges, there broke out another war, a war of individuals, with foul murder upon the one side and brutal reprisal on the other.

Colonel von Gramm, of the 24th Posen Infantry, had suffered severely during this new development. He commanded in the little Norman town of Les Andelys, and his outposts stretched amid the hamlets and farm-houses of the district round. No French force was within fifty miles of him, and yet morning after morning he had to listen to a black report of sentries found dead at their posts, or of foraging parties which had never returned. Then the Colonel would go forth in his wrath, and farm-steadings would blaze and villages tremble, but next morning there was still that same dismal tale to be told. Do what he might, he could not shake off his invisible enemies. And yet, it should not have been so hard, for from certain signs in common, in the plan and in the deed, it was certain that all these outrages came from a single source.

Colonel von Gramm had tried violence and it had failed. Gold might be more successful. He published it abroad over the country side that five hundred francs would be paid for information. There was no response. Then eight hundred. The peasants were incorruptible. Then, goaded on by a murdered corporal, he rose to a thousand, and so bought the soul of François Rejane, farm labourer, whose Norman avarice was a stronger passion than his French hatred.

"You say that you know who did these crimes?" asked the Prussian Colonel, eyeing with loathing the blue-bloused, rat-faced creature before him.

"Yes, Colonel."

"And it was——?"

"Those thousand francs, Colonel——"

"Not a sou until your story has been tested. Come! Who is it who has murdered my men?"

"It is Count Eustace of Château Noir."

"You lie," cried the Colonel, angrily. "A gentleman and a nobleman could not have done such crimes."

The peasant shrugged his shoulders.

"It is evident to me that you do not know the Count. It is this way, Colonel. What I tell you is the truth, and I am not afraid that you should test it. The Count of Château Noir is a hard man: even at the best time he was a hard man. But of late he has been terrible. It was his son's death, you know. His son was under Douay, and he was taken, and then in escaping from Germany he met his death. It was the Count's only child, and indeed we all think that it has driven him mad. With his peasants he follows the German armies. I do not know how many he has killed, but it

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Fig. 3. Specimen of Lizardite Serpentine, showing veins of Chrysotile Asbestos, from Lizard Point, Cornwall. Nat. size.

windows were six feet deep in the wall. Captain Baumgarten stamped with his feet, and tore down curtains, and struck with the pommel of his sword. If there were secret hiding-places, he was not fortunate enough to find them.

"I have an idea," said he, at last, speaking in German to the sergeant. "You will place a guard over this fellow, and make sure that he communicates with no one."

"Yes, Captain."

"And you will place four men in ambush at the front and at the back. It is likely enough that about daybreak our bird may come back to the nest."

"And the others, Captain?"

"Let them have their suppers in the kitchen. This fellow will serve you with meat and wine. It is a wild night, and we shall be better here than on the country road."

"And yourself, Captain?"

"I will take my supper up here in the dining-hall. The logs are laid and we can light the fire. You will call me if there is any alarm. What can you give me for supper—you?"

"Alas, monsieur, there was a time when I might have answered 'What you wish!' but now it is all that we can do to find a bottle of new claret and a cold pullet."

"That will do very well. Let a guard go about with him, sergeant, and let him feel the end of a bayonet if he plays us any tricks."

Captain Baumgarten was an old campaigner. In the Eastern provinces, and before that in Bohemia, he had learned the art of quartering himself upon the enemy. While the butler brought his supper he occupied himself in making his preparations for a comfortable night. He lit the candelabrum of ten candles upon the centre table. The fire was already burning up, crackling merrily, and sending spurts of blue, pungent smoke into the room. The Captain walked to the window and looked out. The moon had gone in again, and it was raining heavily. He could hear the deep sough of the wind and see the dark loom of the trees, all swaying in the one direction. It was a sight which gave a zest to his comfortable quarters, and to the cold fowl and the bottle of wine which the butler had brought up for him. He was tired and hungry after his long tramp, so he threw his sword, his helmet, and his revolver belt down upon a chair, and fell to eagerly upon his supper. Then, with his glass of wine before him and his cigar between his lips, he tilted his chair back and looked about him.

He sat within a small circle of brilliant light which gleamed upon his silver shoulder-straps, and threw out his terra-cotta face, his heavy eyebrows, and his yellow moustache. But outside that circle things were vague and shadowy in the old dining-hall. Two sides were oak-panelled and two were hung with faded tapestry, across which huntsmen and dogs and stags were still dimly streaming. Above the fireplace were rows of heraldic shields with the blazonings of the family and of its alliances, the fatal saltire cross breaking out on each of them.

Four paintings of old seigneurs of Château Noir faced the fireplace, all men with hawk noses and bold, high features, so like each other that only the dress could distinguish the Crusader from the Cavalier of the Fronde. Captain Baumgarten, heavy with his repast, lay back in his chair looking up at them through the clouds of his tobacco smoke, and pondering over the strange chance which had sent him, a man from the Baltic coast, to eat his supper in the ancestral hall of these proud Norman chieftains. But the fire was hot, and the Captain's eyes were heavy. His chin sank slowly upon his chest, and the ten candles gleamed upon the broad white scalp.

Suddenly a slight noise brought him to his feet. For an instant it seemed to his dazed senses that one of the pictures opposite had walked from its frame. There, beside the table, and almost within arm's length of him, was standing a huge man, silent, motionless, with no sign of life save his fierce, glinting eyes. He was black-haired, olive-skinned, with a pointed tuft of black beard, and a great, fierce nose, towards which all his features seemed to run. His cheeks were wrinkled like a last year's apple, but his sweep of shoulder, and bony, corded hands, told of a strength which was unsapped by age. His arms were folded across his arching chest, and his mouth was set in a fixed smile.

"Pray do not trouble yourself to look for your weapons," he said, as the Prussian cast a swift glance at the empty chair in which they had been laid. "You have been, if you will allow me to say so, a little indiscreet to make yourself so much at home in a house every wall of which is honeycombed with secret passages. You will be amused to hear that forty men were watching you at your supper. Ah! what then?"

Captain Baumgarten had taken a step forward with clenched fists. The French-

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enemy. On arriving at Carlsruhe, however, his face, which had been wounded by the brutality of his guard, was bound up by a young Bavarian subaltern who was touched by his appearance. I regret to see that your eye is bleeding so. Will you permit me to bind it with my silk handkerchief?"

He leaned forward, but the German dashed his hand aside.

"I am in your power, you monster!" he cried; "I can endure your brutalities, but not your hypocrisy."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "I am taking things in their order, just as they occurred," said he. "I was under vow to tell it to the first German officer with whom I could talk *tête-à-tête*. Let me see, I had got as far as the young Bavarian at Carlsruhe. I regret extremely that you will not permit me to use such slight skill in surgery as I possess. At Carlsruhe, my lad was shut up in the old caserne, where he remained for a fortnight. The worst pang of his captivity was that some unmannerly curs in the garrison would taunt him with his position as he sat by his window in the evening. That reminds me, Captain, that you are not quite situated upon a bed of roses yourself, are you, now? You came to trap a wolf, my man, and now the beast has you down with his fangs in your throat. A family man, too, I should judge, by that well-filled tunic. Well, a widow the more will make little matter, and they do not usually remain widows long. Get back into the chair, you dog!

"Well, to continue my story—at the end of a fortnight my son and his friend escaped. I need not trouble you with the dangers which they ran, or with the privations which they endured. Suffice it that to disguise themselves they had to take the clothes of two peasants, whom they waylaid in a wood. Hiding by day and travelling by night, they had got as far into France as Remilly, and were within a mile—a single mile, Captain—of crossing the German lines when a patrol of Uhlans came right upon them. Ah, it was hard, was it not, when they had come so far and were so near to safety?"

The Count blew a double call upon his whistle, and three hard-faced peasants entered the room.

"These must represent my Uhlans," said he. "Well, then, the Captain in command, finding that these men were French soldiers in civilian dress within the German lines, proceeded to hang them without trial or ceremony. I think, Jean, that the centre beam is the strongest."

The unfortunate soldier was dragged from his chair to where a noosed rope had been flung over one of the huge oaken rafters which spanned the room. The cord was slipped over his head, and he felt its harsh grip round his throat. The three peasants seized the other end, and looked to the Count for his orders. The officer, pale, but firm, folded his arms and stared defiantly at the man who tortured him.

"You are now face to face with death, and I perceive from your lips that you are praying. My son was also face to face with death, and he prayed, also. It happened that a general officer came up, and he heard the lad praying for his mother, and it moved him so—he being himself a father—that he ordered his Uhlans away and he remained with his aide-de-camp only, beside the condemned men. And when he heard all the lad had to tell, that he was the only child of an old family, and that his mother was in failing health, he threw off the rope as I throw off this, and he kissed him on either cheek, as I kiss you, and he bade him go, as I bid you go, and may every kind wish of that noble General, though it could not stave off the fever which slew my son, descend now upon your head."

And so it was that Captain Baumgarten, disfigured, blinded, and bleeding, staggered out into the wind and the rain of that wild December dawn.

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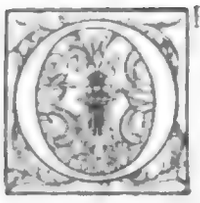
Marksmanship.

By Gilbert Guerdon.



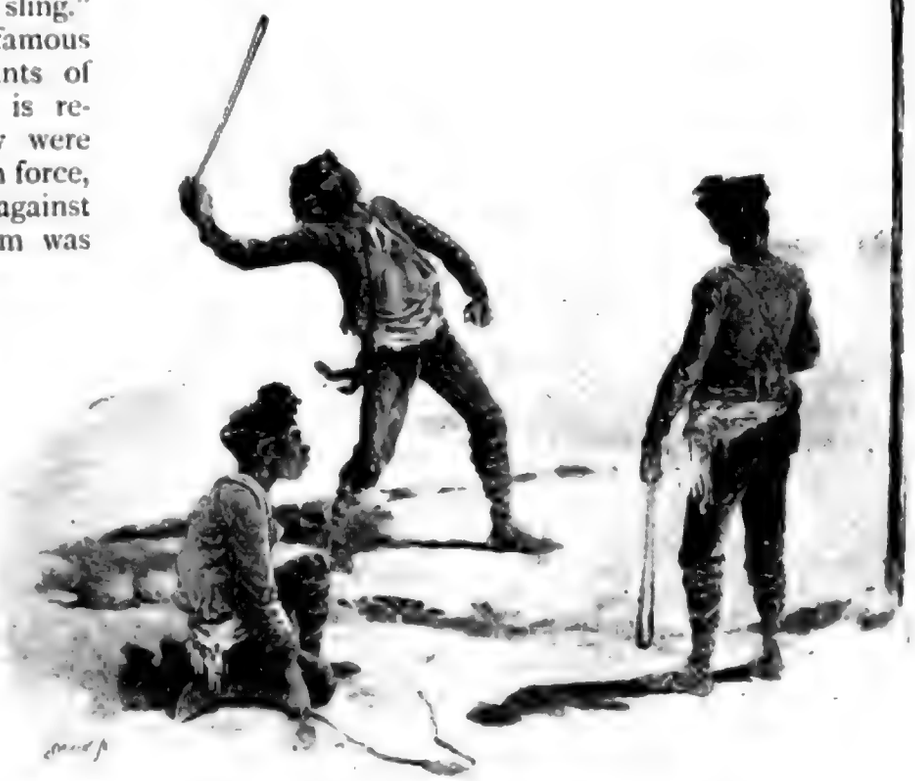
OF all our outdoor pastimes, shooting has always been a first favourite. Old and young alike are happy as long as they have something to aim at—something to hit. Let it be pigeons at Hurlingham, bull's-eyes at Bisley, cockshies for cocoa-nuts on the common, or puff-and-dart in the play-room—each in its way has its peculiar charm.

The art of aiming and hitting, sometimes called marksmanship, is natural to mankind, and is "as old as the hills." That was "a decided hit" of the stripling David when he "chose five smooth stones out of the brook," and with one of them, deftly flung from a sling, laid low the giant Philistine, Goliath of Gath. Stone-throwing has been practised by striplings ever since. Though a very primitive weapon of attack, the sling was used by soldiers for many centuries.

Virgil, as versified by Dryden, tells us that "The Tuscan king laid by the lance and took him to the sling."

Amongst the most famous slingers were the inhabitants of the Balearic Isles, and it is recorded of them that they were able to sling stones with such force, that no armour was proof against the blows, while their aim was unerring. They usually carried three slings, one tied round the head, another fastened to the girdle, and the third twisted round the right wrist. These world-renowned warriors were ambidextrous, and were quite as skilful with the left hand as they were with the right. This dexterity, or rather ambidexterity, was acquired by every-day practice, even from early childhood; for, while quite youngsters, they had to sling down their daily bread from the tops of high poles, where their parents put it, and the children only got what they brought down by their accurate slinging.

Archery succeeded slinging, and every young Englishman in the days of Edward III. was the owner of a bow of his own height. Usually it was made of yew. The string was of gut, horse-hair, hemp or silk, and, occasionally, of women's hair plaited or spun. The arrow was exactly half the length of the bow. It was dressed with three



SLINGING FOR A DINNER.

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XXV.—ZIGZAG BOVINE.

THE antelope is bovine—in its own scientific way. It belongs to one sub-tribe of the bovina, while the respectable cow of our native dairy belongs to another; therefore, herein the antelope and the relations of the ox are spoken of together. The greatest of all the bovina in these Gardens—the Bos, in fact, if one may

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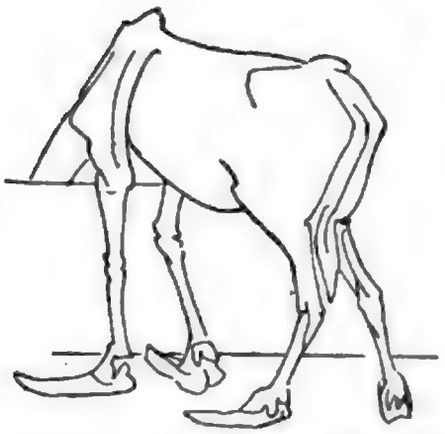
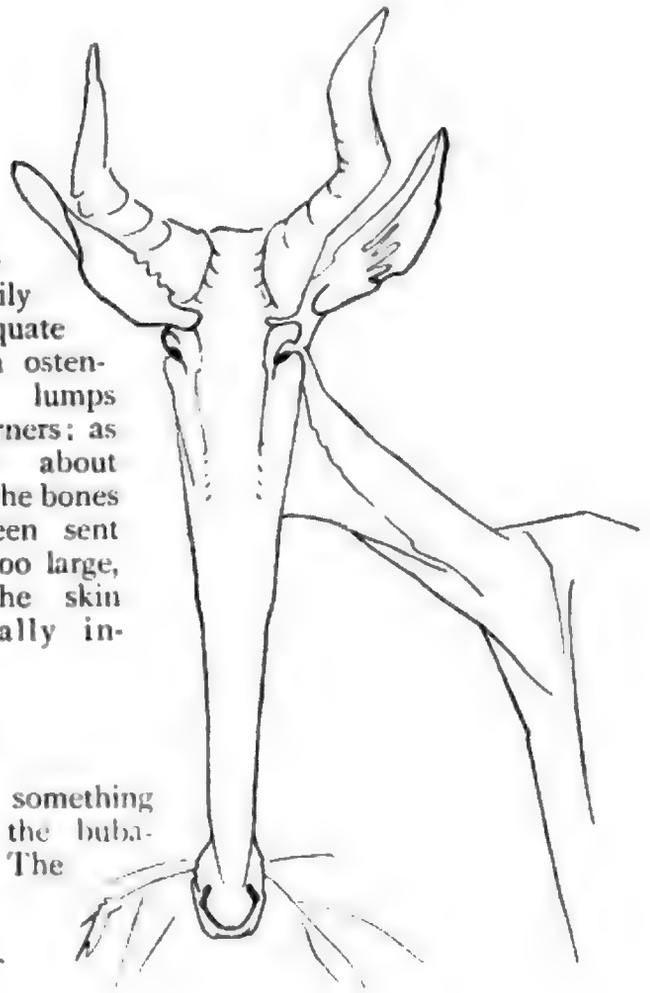
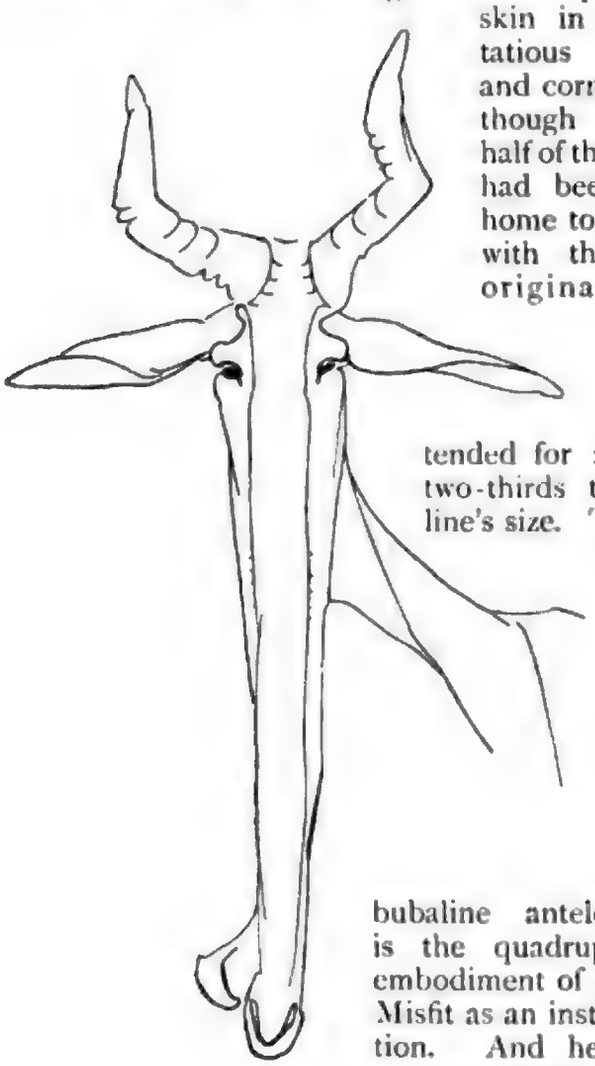
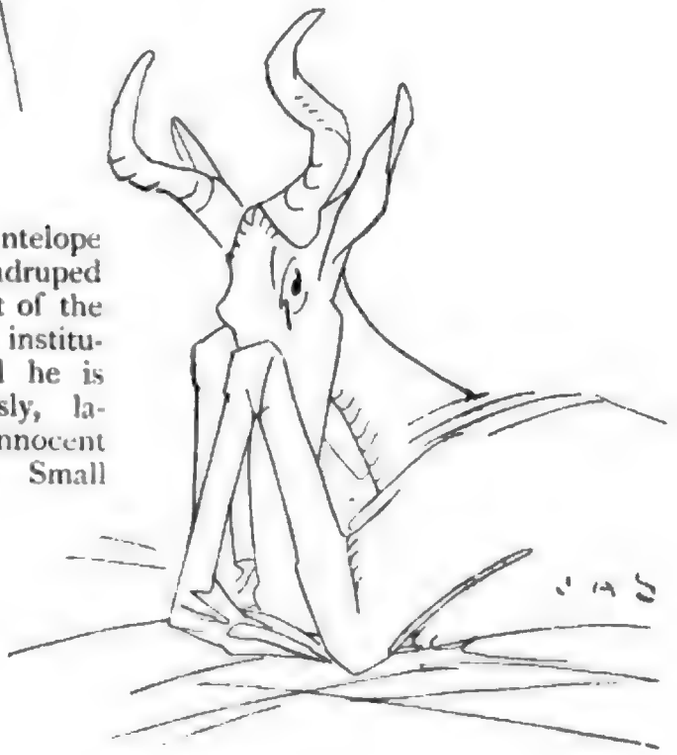


is the bubaline antelope. His hoofs spread out before his shins like the long boots of the dancing nigger, his horns are of the loudest thunder-and-lightning pattern, his ears are of the wildest donkey-design, his head is that of a cheap tack-hammer, and his nose—



but, there; there is no describing that nose—it puts the ant-eater to shame. His bodily framework asserts itself through the inadequate skin in ostentatious lumps and corners: as though about half of the bones had been sent home too large, with the skin originally intended for something two-thirds the bubaline's size. The





bubaline antelope is the quadruped embodiment of the Misfit as an institution. And he is so hopelessly, lamentably innocent and unconscious of his eccentricities! Small boys stand before his den and scream with laughter; the bubaline looks at them with a mild and grieved surprise. He has heard hundreds of visitors laugh like that, and could never understand why it was done. What can it be? Any animal with a sense of humour

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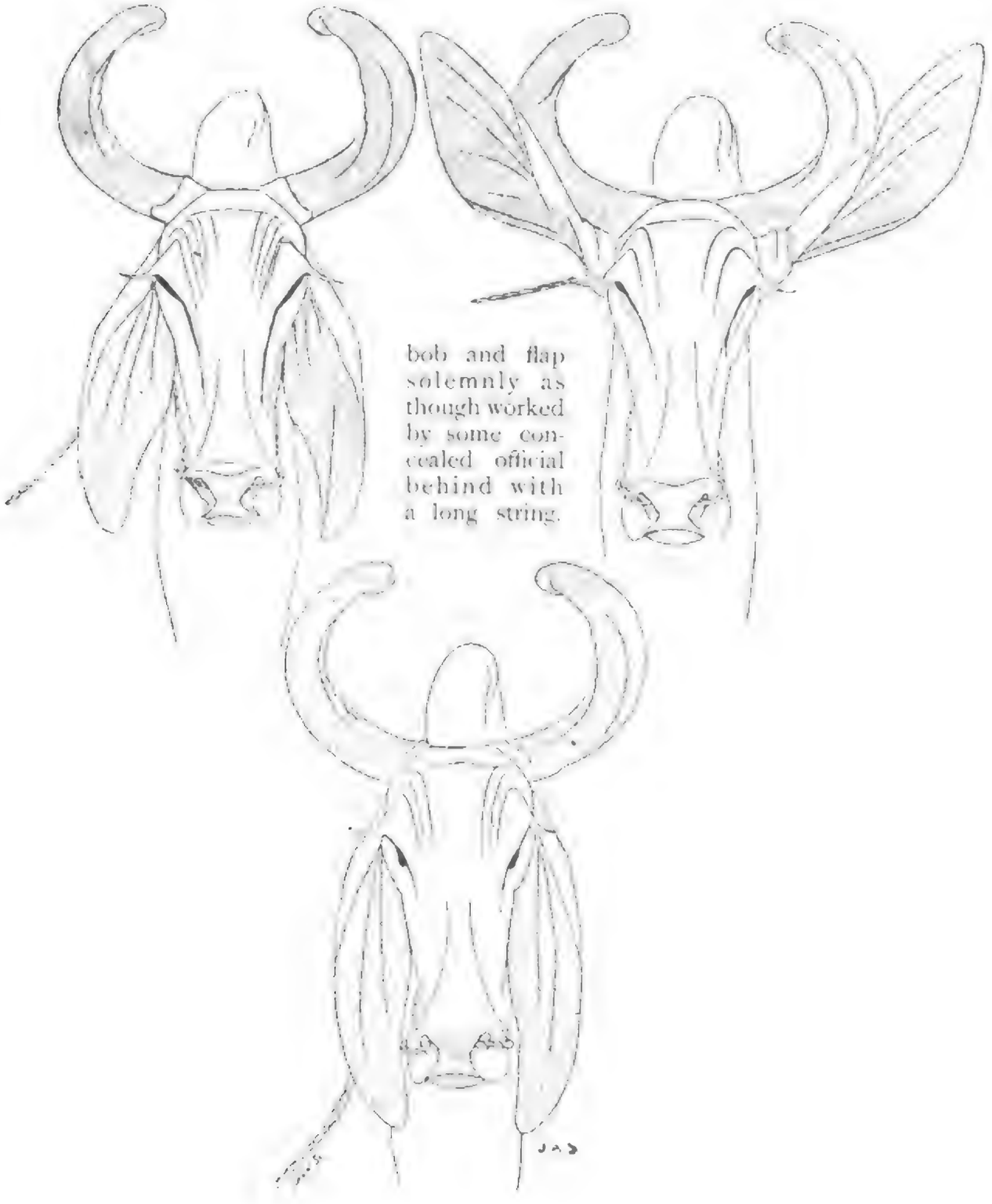
would at least cover up that nose. Over in the house where once the giraffes lived, solemnly ruminate the stately zebus. The zebu is a grand piece of scenery, and looks as though it might carry with it some excellent cuts of beef. But it is not active, and only its ears betray the fact that the whole thing is not stuffed. And those ears



bob and flap solemnly as though worked by some concealed official behind with a long string.

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Ancient Egyptian Sculpture

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Pompin had not spoken. Nevertheless, he felt relieved.

"Well, gentlemen, speak—what is it you want?"

Mme. Pompin addressed this question resolutely to the four robbers.

"Hem—it's this way," said the leader. "You have a little matter of four hundred dollars in the house. We are poor—we need it. It may be more, and it may be less. If it's more, we're not the men to stick at a few dollars. You shall have the benefit. If it is less, we shall take away a night-cap or a cheese or two to make up. We will give you five minutes to hand it over—otherwise—we shall take it by force!"

Mme. Pompin refused to be frightened. She only sneered politely. She laughed a dry little laugh only, responding in an icy tone:—

"You have committed a mistake. There is no money for you in this house. So you had better go!"

"Ha, ha! Go, is it?" growled one of the men, rudely catching her round the arm. "Not without the money, beldame!"

Mme. Pompin's eyes glittered cruelly. She drew herself up with wounded dignity. How dearly she would have loved to tear the infamous *grédin's* eyeballs out. Beldame, indeed! Instead, however, of attempting anything so foolish, she merely said:—

"Do not talk so loud, m'sieur. You will wake the children."

At this injunction the ruffians lost what good grace they had, for they shouted with laughter. Two of them seized Pompin and his wife and tied them, seated in two chairs, with ropes which they had brought. This rendered it extremely impracticable for the couple to stir hand or foot. The others, who had meanwhile gone above to reconnoitre, returned just as their companions had completed their task with the ropes.

"There's nobody upstairs but the two brats," they reported. The words were hardly spoken when the voices of Annette and André were heard on the stairs. Little André was bawling at the top of his lungs. He had taken the masked robber for the dreaded *Loup-garou* (Bogie-man). Annette, too, was frightened, but she did not scream; she was far too frightened for that.

Instinct led these children to their mother. She was sitting bolt upright, very white and glittering and still—like ice. The hysterical efforts of her offspring to wind themselves into her shawl and skirt were suddenly interrupted. The man who alone stood guard with a loaded revolver over the Pompins rudely tore them from their scant refuge.

"SHE WAS SITTING BOLT UPRIGHT."

"Come away, you little beggars. Go back to bed, both of you! Don't you see your mother doesn't want you?"

Whereupon both the children set up such a terrific babel that one of the robbers came hastily forward to quell it. He was less hard-hearted than the rest.

"Let the kids be, Tim," he said, savagely. Then, addressing the father, he continued, with an oath: "Look you, Pompin, we're doing our best to help you. We can ransack this house from top to bottom in less than two hours. If we don't find what we're after, then we'll furnish a pair of corpses towards a funeral, that's all."

"Aye," said the man with the revolver, who stood guard, "if we go away empty-handed, ye'll stay empty-headed. Ha, ha! Remember that, Miller Pompin!"

The miller shivered. He knew his wife would die—or, rather, which was not quite the same thing, see him die—before she would

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tell where the money was hid. But Annette and André were still clamorously weeping.

"Curse you both! Can't you do something to keep these brats of yours quiet?"

Mme. Pompin was reasonable. She was appealed to by the robber. She opened her mouth at last.

"Pompin, amuse them," she muttered between her thin lips.

"Come here, *mes p'tites*," said their father, soothingly. "Don't cry, André. Dry your eyes, Annette, there's a good dear. Fetch your slate, and papa will draw you pictures."

The miller had considerable rude talent for drawing. As may be imagined, it was a source of rare delight to both children, but especially Annette, when their father could spare the time to make pictures of elephants and donkeys, and *bossus* and hook-nosed giants, and all the other worthies of Canadian folk-lore for their edification. In the midst of her present terror the idea had not lost all its charm for Annette, for she stopped sobbing at once.

"HE WROTE IN CAPITAL LETTERS."

"André," she ejaculated to the bawling infant, "papa's going to draw us pictures—look, pretty pictures!"

André's eyes stopped flowing on the spot, while Annette ran for the wonderful slate. As she removed it from the table the ruffian gave a grunt of satisfaction. It was his method of thanking Mme. Pompin.

The miller was enabled just to move his arms below the elbow. Annette and he held the slate in turns while he drew a row of grotesque outline figures by the candle-light. Then he stopped drawing figures, and wrote, or rather printed, in capital letters, this:—

"My darling Annette must not be frightened. She must be brave. Pretend papa is still drawing. Then go into the kitchen for a drink of water. Do not come back. You must run all the way to the village. Tell the priest robbers are going to kill your mamma and papa. Run as fast as you can. Be sure and —— "

As the robber made a movement forward Pompin was obliged to rub out what he had written. He had kept his little finger moistened for that purpose. But it was a false alarm.

"Be sure and wrap up in my coat, but do not stop for anything else. God bless thee, my child."

Pompin replaced these sentences with a very droll sketch of a Starn pig on horseback.

The little heart of Mademoiselle Pompadour beat fast and furiously for a moment. Then she made her mind up. André had gone to slumber on his father's shoulder.

"Please, Mr. Robber, may me and my little brother go to sleep in the kitchen?" she faltered.

The ruffian gave his assent heartily. Mme. Pompin said nothing; but Annette could not find the coat.

The tiny feet of Mademoiselle Pompadour flew over the ground. Never in her games with André had they run so fast. What made it hard was her feet being bare and the stones in the roadway sharp and plentiful.

She ran on and on for over a mile without even stopping. The way was very lonely, and the tall pines frightened her—they were so dark and forbidding. When she rested the night air was cold, and she thought she heard the cry of a wolf.

At the outskirts of the village lay the churchyard. It occurred to Annette to make a short cut over the churchyard wall, for she was very brave now, and the road did not run straight. But in getting over she fell,

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From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORD ROSEBERY'S MISFORTUNE.

WHILST everybody, with the perhaps solitary exception of Mr. Labouchere, admits Lord Rosebery's qualifications for the Premiership, there is one aspect unfavourable to his claim which, as far as I have noted, has not been commented upon. The personal appearance of the new Premier does not adapt itself for familiar and friendly representation in the pages of *Punch*. Already Sir John Tenniel has had occasion to try his practised hand, and the result has been a melancholy failure. The stout, elderly-young man entering the lists in the double cartoon which welcomed the appearance on the scene of the new Premier was like, and yet hopelessly unlike, the statesman who has fallen into the line of succession of his favourite Minister, Pitt; not without reasonable expectation of emulating his fame. This is not Sir John Tenniel's shortcoming, as witness the spirited and picturesque appearance in the same block of Sir William Harcourt, squiring the new knight. Nor is it Lord Rosebery's fault. To quote the impressive phrase which occurs in the policies of marine insurance, it is "the act of God."

LORD ROSEBERY.

There are some men whom the cleverest and most *habile* artist cannot present with that likeness yet touch of exaggeration essential to success in caricature. An example is to be found in the case of Mr. John Morley. It would be hard, looking at his keen, intellectual face, to say why he is the despair of the caricaturist. That such is the case will appear from any paper, whether weekly or daily, devoted to this class of art. This inscrutable and inexplicable peculiarity is undoubtedly a misfortune for the public man whom it besets. As a rule, it will be found that all the men who have filled a prominent place in English political life during the last half century have been endowed with a personal appearance that has made it possible for Tenniel, or some of his colleagues on *Punch*, to create a counterfeit presentment which has struck the public fancy, and has made the statesman familiar in every household throughout the English-speaking world.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

It is by no means necessary, may indeed be fatal to immediate and full success, that the likeness should be of photographic fidelity. There is, for example, Harry Furniss's *Punch* portrait of Lord Randolph Churchill. At its inception Lord Randolph was invariably presented as a person considerably below the average height, he, as a matter of fact, being fully up to it. The ideal was created at a time when, leader of the numerically infinitesimal Fourth Party, he was emerging on the political horizon, and was nightly doing battle in the Parliamentary lists against the gigantic personality of Mr. Gladstone. When Lord Randolph first began to stump

"WAS I REALLY LIKE THAT?"

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the country at political meetings he was conscious of a feeling almost approaching distrust of his identity. The British public had been educated to expect to see a little man, and when Lord Randolph, with his at least five-foot-eight of height, stepped on the platform, the audience were genuinely surprised.

MR. G.'S COLLARS.

The same tradition has, through the same agency, attached to Mr. Gladstone's collars. These are actually of fuller, looser make than has been the fashion of late years. I have an etching from Watts's portrait of Mr. Gladstone painted some forty years ago. It bears, by the way, a striking resemblance to the eldest son of the house, William Henry, who died some years ago. Whilst he was yet with us in the House of Commons, sitting for, I think, a Worcestershire constituency, one was often struck by a look in his face that seemed to recall a something out of which his father had grown. I had not at the time seen this portrait of Watts's. Looking at the etching, the resemblance between W. H. Gladstone at forty-five and his father at the same age is very striking.

"THEY'RE NOT REALLY SO LARGE."

In this portrait the now famous Gladstone collars show with even fuller folds than have gladdened the eyes of the present generation. What has happened has simply been that the fundamental Conservative phase of Mr. Gladstone's character, in this connection untrammelled by the interests of the classes, has prevailed. When he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies and, later, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, gentlemen wore collars of a certain cut, comfortable and commodious, and he wears them to this day.

I have heard that Mr. Gladstone at one time grew a little weary of the iteration of the gigantic collars. A communication was made by one of the family to a member of the *Punch* staff. Mr. Gladstone, it was pointed out, was a constant student of the journal, the issue of whose first number he remembered. He had figured in its pages in all guises, represented under all circumstances, and knew no occasion upon which he was not able to join in the genial merriment of the public. But hadn't there been enough about the fabulous collars?

The hint was taken as kindly as it was conveyed. Harry Furniss drew a picture in which the big collars were presented undergoing the process of burial. But before long they were out again, flapping their folds in the political breeze.

Mr. Gladstone, first in most things, fulfilled in largest degree the by no means immaterial qualification of a public man that his personal appearance should be capable of striking reproduction in the pages of *Punch*. His mobile face, his nervous figure, his unique personality throb through the pages of that periodical for more than a quarter of a century. The late Lord Derby, Lord Brougham, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and at this day, happily for *Punch* and the public, Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt, have each and all, in distinct manner, this indefinable quality. As yet Mr. Arthur Balfour has not taken on with conspicuous success. But he will do, will come out all right as fuller opportunities for study are provided.

MR. BRIGHT AND PAM.

To his last appearance in the pages of *Punch*, John Bright was represented as wearing an eyeglass. To the readers of *Punch* the Tribune would not have been recognisable without an eyeglass. To his personal friends he would not have been recognisable with one, since he was never seen in its company. I once asked Tenniel why he always fixed him with the eyeglass. He said he did not know. It was there when he succeeded to the position of cartoonist, and he went on drawing it.

"If," he added, "Mr. Bright does not wear an eyeglass, it is very wrong of him. He ought to do so."

A similar mannerism was affected in all the cartoons in which Lord Palmerston figured. Ever he was presented with a bit of straw between his teeth. This probably had its origin in the jaunty Premier's love of horse racing. At some time in mid-century, Leech or Doyle, full of stable associations, placed the straw in Pam's mouth, and there ever after it remained.

BROUGHAM'S BREECHES.

Lord Brougham's trousers of Brobdingnagian check pattern supply another instance of the success with which *Punch* has arbitrarily associated a fable with the personal

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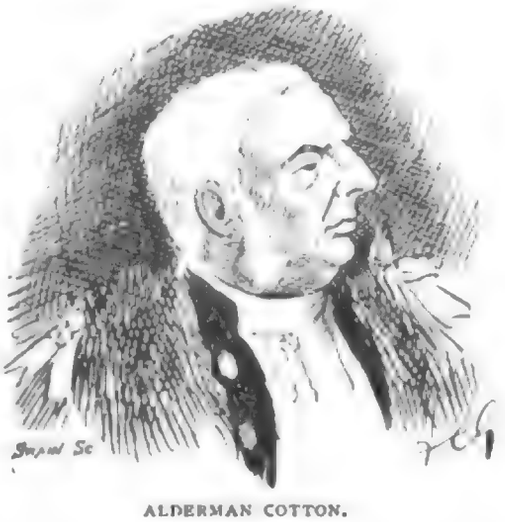
The late A. M. Sullivan, a foremost figure in the same Parliament, assured me that when he was beginning his practice in Ireland he was present at a case where a small farmer brought an action against a neighbour for alleged malversation of three bullocks. His counsel, a well-known and popular member of the circuit, concluded his speech by saying: "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

ENGLISH BULLS.

But Irish members have by no means the monopoly of this particular turn of unconscious humour. In this very Session Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, speaking in the debate on the Scotch Grand Committee, which he desired to show was designed as a forward movement of the Home Rule Party, said: "They are getting in the thin end of the wedge by a sort of side wind."

A similar confusion of idea was more epigrammatically expressed by another member whose name I forget at the moment, who warmly protested against the House of Commons permitting members to "open the door to the thin end of the wedge." It is quite a common thing for nervous members of all nationalities to conclude their speech with the remark: "And now, Mr. Speaker, I will sit down by saying."

The ready orator always finds it dangerous to handle familiar tools and well-known pieces of machinery. I remember a short sentence delivered by Mr. Hopwood, in the Session of 1879. Talking in Committee of Supply, on a vote for the expenses of vaccination, the present Recorder for Liverpool said: "Don't drive the steam engine of the law over people's consciences." It was Mr. Alderman Cotton, a clear-headed man and an able speaker, to-day Remembrancer of the City of London, who turned out a gem of thought which I gratefully added to my collection. It was during debate on a motion made by Lord Hartington at a critical moment in the relations between Russia and Turkey in the year 1877. "Sir," said the Alderman, dropping his voice to a hushed whisper, "it requires only a spark to let slip the dogs of war."



ALDERMAN COTTON.

In this same Session Mr. Rodwell, then member for Cambridge, who has long since quitted the Parliamentary scene, was opposing a proposition of the Chairman of Ways and Means affecting procedure in respect of private Bills. He piteously pleaded that, if carried, the amendment "would lead to gas Bills going into the House of Commons with a rope round their necks."

It was Mr. Thwaites, Conservative candidate for Blackburn, who made one of the freshest hits of the General Election of 1880. "Unfortunately," he said, "the Government is on the wrong side of the book. But, however, we have a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has done his best. The right hon. gentleman has done what I would like you all to do, namely: *When you lay an egg, put it by for a rainy day.*"

JIT AND TOTTLE.

The Home Secretary is the last man in the House of Commons who might be expected to distinguish himself by a slip of the tongue. Yet there is an occasion, cherished to this day in the memory of young Cambridge, in which Mr. Asquith, entering this new field of competition, characteristically beat the record. It happened before he became a Minister. The Eighty Club were being entertained by the Cambridge Liberal Association, not without an eye on the pending general election, at which that eminent and impartial "coach," Mr. R. C. Lehmann, stood as the Liberal candidate. A great speech was expected from Mr. Asquith, and he rose to the occasion. The Liberals were in high spirits, cheered by the result of a series of by-elections. Mr. Asquith desired to let whomsoever was concerned know that in going to the country the Liberal Party stood by every plank of their Newcastle Programme, abating not one jot or tittle of their demands. In the heat and excitement of the moment, what he with tremendous emphasis declared was: "Let it be known, gentlemen, that of those just demands we abate not one jit or tottle."

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Young Cambridge was too polite to laugh outright at this slip on the part of its guest. Moderation was atoned for subsequently, wherever two or three were gathered together at the cheerful board. To this day "jit and tottle" is a catch phrase among those present on this interesting occasion.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NECKTIES.

In a chatty record of Signor Crispi's visit to Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, it is mentioned that one day at luncheon the Princess went up to Bismarck, and deftly

AFTER HIS SPEECH.

adjusted his necktie, which had got almost under his right ear. "For fifty years," said Bismarck, "I have been battling with my necktie. The bow will never remain in its place, but always turns round, and ever to the same side."

It is a curious point of resemblance between two of the mightiest men living at the same time in European history, that the little peculiarity here noted by Bismarck as attaching to himself also beset Mr. Gladstone. Often in critical epochs in the House of Commons, as he stood at the table adding to the record of momentous speeches, I have watched his necktie slowly but surely creeping round. Its course was towards the left side, and when Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat after an energetic speech that had encroached far upon the second hour, his black necktie would be found ominously knotted under his left ear.

A TICKLISH ARGUMENT.

A certain indication of a great speech from Mr. Gladstone, whether as Premier or Leader of the Opposition, was the appearance of a flower in his buttonhole—usually the white flower appropriate to a blameless life. One time during a stormy epoch in the Parliament of 1880–5, the loving hand which thus decked him when he went forth to war selected a tall spray of lilies of the valley. As the Premier warmed to his speech, the little bouquet became dislodged. The spiky leaf was uplifted till it was high enough to touch the orator's jaw as he turned his head towards the Speaker's Chair. It was a serious time, and the speech was struck on the loftiest note. But it was irresistibly comical to see the Premier, absorbed in his theme, mechanically brushing away an imaginary fly whenever the motion of his head brought the tip of the leaf in contact with his cheek.

STARS AND GARTERS.

When the present Government was formed it was Sir William Harcourt's boast that when he and his colleagues sat in array on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons, they would possess the unique distinction of not having amongst them a single ribbon or a solitary star. Early last year the spell was broken by the creation of a Knight Commandership of the Bath. But the ribbon was flung around the most modest and retiring figure on the Bench; and people did not notice or, having seen, forgot it. During the present year the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been known to repeat the proud boast, forgetful that Sir John Hibbert is K.C.B.

Even with that exception the commonalty on the Treasury Bench is highly distinguished as compared with many strata of predecessors. Sir William Harcourt himself has a handle to his name, but that was the inevitable corollary of his exceedingly brief career as Solicitor-General. Sir Walter Foster was

SIR JOHN HIBBERT.

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created a baronet, whilst to Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Edward Grey baronetcies, like reading and writing in Dogberry's time, come by nature. There are also the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, who must needs be knights. With these exceptions, men who are practically the fountain of honour are chary about sprinkling its waters upon themselves. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly did much to maintain a lofty tradition founded by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. I suppose he has made more marquises, dukes, and a'that, not to mention bishops, baronets, deans, and knights, than any statesman of modern times. And yet to the end of the chapter he remains plain "Mr."

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Mr. Disraeli was not able to withstand the glittering lure of a coronet. The temptation to transmute into actual life the Lord Beaconsfield of his early novel was, apart from other considerations, irresistible. But there was one other high tradition of English public life which the statesman whom his own political party at one time derided as an adventurer passed onward unstained. Master at various epochs of State secrets that might have been transmuted into fabulous wealth, Disraeli never was a rich man, and his chief sustenance, not counting what came to him with his wife, was the fruits of hard labour.

This state of things is happily so much a matter of course in English political life, that it seems almost an insult to comment upon its unbroken record. It is, nevertheless, a striking fact which, more especially when contrasted with wholesale charges and allegations made against public men in a neighbouring country, is something to be proud of.

A POINT OF HONOUR.

There is no doubt that, regarded from the point of view of pecuniary recompense, the service of the richest State in the world is poorly paid. It would not be difficult to add up the amount Mr. Gladstone has received in the way of salary through his more than sixty years' service to the State. Compared with the wage his supreme genius would have earned had it been directed in any other channel, the aggregate is pitiful in amount. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone has never accepted the pension available for Cabinet Ministers who care to make the declaration that would yield them the possession. Neither for himself nor his family has he been inclined to accept a penny more than was actually due to him in the shape of wages for work done. With all the fat places of the Church at his disposal, his son lives contentedly in the family parsonage, whilst his daughter married a curate, who, as far as the Premier was concerned, received no preferment. When he was returned to office in 1880, at the head of an overwhelming majority, with the Ministerial offices at his absolute command, he appointed his son, Herbert, his private secretary, the special arrangement being made that no salary should be attached to the office. It was not till Mr. Gladstone had retired from active participation in Ministerial affairs that the member for West Leeds received due recognition of long, arduous, and distinguished services to the Liberal Party, being made First Commissioner of Works.

HERBERT.

POLITICAL PENSIONERS.

It is generally supposed that it is only ex-members of the Cabinet who may benefit by the Political Offices Pensions Act of 1869. The pensioners are in nearly every case ex-Cabinet Ministers, but the rule is not inexorable. One of the earliest pensioners, a gentleman who for nearly twenty-four years has been drawing a yearly income out of the coffers of a grateful nation, is Mr. Headlam, who represented Newcastle-upon-Tyne for over a quarter of a century. He was Judge-Advocate-General from 1859 to 1866, acting also as Secretary to the Treasury for a year in the closing period of his office. These are services which, probably, in this less sentimental age, would scarcely be regarded as warranting a pension. Mr. Headlam had the good fortune to make his application in 1870.

THE OLDEST PENSIONER.

The oldest pensioner is Mr. C. P. Villiers, Father of the House of Commons, who entered it as member for Wolverhampton in the year 1835, and still sits for the borough. It would be too much to say that the Political Offices Pensions Act was created for the benefit of Mr. Villiers. But it is true that within a few weeks of the Act being added to the Statute Book a pension was granted to the member for Wolverhampton, then of the comparatively juvenile age of sixty-seven.

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Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By Arthur Morrison.

V.—THE QUINTON JEWEL AFFAIR.

IT was comparatively rarely that Hewitt came into contact with members of the regular criminal class—those, I mean, who are thieves, of one sort or another, by exclusive profession. Still, nobody could have been better prepared than Hewitt for encountering this class when it became necessary. By some means, which I never quite understood, he managed to keep abreast of the very latest fashions in the ever-changing slang dialect of the fraternity, and he was a perfect master of the more modern and debased form of Romany. So much so, that frequently a gipsy who began (as they always do) by pretending that he understood nothing, and never heard of a gipsy language, ended by confessing that Hewitt could *rokker* better than most Romany *chals* themselves.

By this acquaintance with their habits and talk, Hewitt was sometimes able to render efficient service in cases of especial importance. In the Quinton jewel affair Hewitt came into contact with a very accomplished thief.

The case will probably be very well remembered. Sir Valentine Quinton, before he married, had been as poor as only a man of rank with an old country establishment to keep up can be. His marriage, however, with the daughter of a wealthy financier had changed all that, and now the Quinton establishment was carried on on as lavish a scale as might be; and, indeed, the extravagant habits of Lady Quinton herself rendered it an extremely lucky thing that she had brought a fortune with her.

Among other things, her jewels made quite a collection, and chief among them was the great ruby, one of the very few that were sent to this country to be sold (at an average price of somewhere about £20,000 apiece, I believe) by the Burmese King before the annexation of his country. Let but a ruby be of a great size and colour, and no equally fine diamond can approach its value. Well, this great ruby (which was set in a pendant, by-the-bye), together with a necklace, brooches, bracelets, earrings—indeed, the greater part of Lady Quinton's collection—were stolen. The robbery was effected at the usual time and in the usual way in cases of carefully planned jewellery robberies. The time was early evening—dinner-time, in fact—and an entrance had been made by the window to Lady Quinton's dressing-room, the door screwed up on the inside, and wires artfully stretched about the grounds below, to overset anybody who might observe and pursue the thieves.

On an investigation by London detectives, however, a feature of singularity was brought to light. There had plainly been only one thief at work at Radcot Hall, and no other had been inside the grounds. Alone he had planted the wires, opened the window, screwed the door, and picked the lock of the safe. Clearly this was a thief of the most accomplished description.

Some few days passed, and although the police had made various arrests, they appeared to be all mistakes, and the suspected persons were released one after another. I was talking of the robbery with Hewitt at lunch, and asked him if he had received any commission to hunt for the missing jewels.

"No," Hewitt replied, "I haven't been commissioned. They are offering an immense reward, however — a very pleasant sum, indeed. I have had a short note from Radcot Hall, informing me of the amount, and that's all. Probably they fancy that I may take the case up as a speculation, but that is a great mistake. I'm not a beginner, and I must be commissioned in a regular manner, hit or miss, if I am to deal with the case. I've quite enough commissions going now, and no time to waste hunting for a problematical reward."

But we were nearer a clue to the Quinton jewels than we then supposed.

We talked of other things, and presently rose and left the restaurant, strolling quietly towards home. Some little distance from the Strand, and near our own door, we passed an excited Irishman — without doubt an Irishman, by appearance and talk—who was pouring a torrent of angry complaints in the ears of a policeman. The policeman obviously thought little of the man's grievances, and with an amused smile appeared to be advising him to go home quietly and think no more about it. We passed on and mounted our stairs. Something interesting in our conversation made me stop for a little while at Hewitt's office door on my way up, and while I stood there, the Irishman we had seen in the street mounted the stairs. He was a poorly dressed but sturdy-looking fellow, apparently a labourer in a badly-worn best suit of clothes. His agitation still held

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"I will, sor. Wan day had I been in London, sor; wan day only, an' a low scutt thried to poison me dhrink; next day some udther thief av sin shoved me off av a railway platform undher a train, malicious and purposeful; glory be, he didn't kill me, but the very docther that felt me bones thried to pick me pockut, I du b'lieve. Sunday night I was grabbed outrageous in a darrk turnin', rowled on the groun', half strangled, an' me pockets nigh ripped out av me trousies. An' this very blessed mornin' av light I was strook onsensible an' left a livin' corrpse, an' my lodgin's penethrated an' all the thruck mishandled an' bruk up behind me back. Is that a panjandhery for the polis to laff at, sor?"

Had Hewitt not been there I think I should have done my best to quiet the poor fellow with a few soothing words and to persuade him to go home to his friends. His excited and rather confused manner, his fantastic story of a sort of general conspiracy to kill him, and the absurd reference to the doctor who tried to pick his pocket, seemed to me plainly to confirm my first impression that he was insane. But Hewitt appeared strangely interested.

"Did they steal anything?" he asked.

"Divil a shtick but me door-key, an' that they tuk home an' lift in the door."

Hewitt opened his office door.

"Come in," he said, "and tell me all about this. You come too, Brett."

The Irishman and I followed him into the inner office, where, shutting the door, Hewitt suddenly turned on the Irishman and exclaimed, sharply: "*Then you've still got it?*"

He looked keenly in the man's eyes, but the only expression there was one of surprise.

"Got ut?" said the Irishman. "Got fwhat, sor? Is ut you're thinkin' I've got the horrors, as well as the polis?"

Hewitt's gaze relaxed. "Sit down, sit down," he said. "You've still got your watch and money, I suppose, since you weren't robbed?"

"Oh, that? Glory be I have ut still, though for how long—or me own head for that matter—in this state of besiegement, I cannot say."

"Now," said Hewitt, "I want a full, true, and particular account of yourself and your doings for the last week. First, your name?"

"Leamy's my name, sor—Michael Leamy."

"Lately from Ireland?"

"Over from Dublin this last blessed Wednesday, and a crooil bad poundherin' ut was in the boat, too—shpakin' av that same."

"Looking for work?"

"That is my purshuit at prisint, sor."

"Did anything noticeable happen before these troubles of yours began—anything here in London or on the journey?"

"Sure," the Irishman smiled, "part av the way I thravelled first-class by favour av the gyard, an' I got a small job before I lift the train."

"How was that? Why did you travel first-class part of the way?"

"There was a station fwhere we shtopped afther a long run, an' I got down to take the cramp out av me joints, an' take a taste av dhrink. I overshtayed somehow, an' whin I got to the train, begob it was on the move. There was a first-class carr'ge door opin right forninst me, an' into that the gyard crams me holus-bolus. There was a juce of a foine jintleman sittin' there, an' he stares at me umbrageous, but I was not dishcommoded, bein' onbashful by natur'. We thravelled along a heap av miles more, till we came near London. Afther we had shtopped at a station where they tuk tickets, we wint ahead again, an' prisintly, as we rips through some udther station, up jumps the jintleman opposite, swearin' hard undher his tongue, an' looks out at the windy. 'I thought this train shtopped here,' sez he."

"Chalk Farm," observed Hewitt, with a nod.

"The name I do not know, sor, but that's fwhat he said. Then he looks at me onaisy for a little, an' at last he sez, 'Wud ye loike a small job, me good man, well paid?'

"'Faith,' sez I, 'tis that will suit me well.'

"'Then, see here,' sez he, 'I should have got out at that station, havin' particular business; havin' missed I must sen' a telegrammer from Euston. Now, here's a bag,' sez he, 'a bag full of imporrtant papers for my solicitor—imporrtant to me, ye ondershtand, not worth the shine av a brass farden to a sowl else—an' I want 'em tuk on to him. Take you this bag,' he sez, 'an' go you straight out wid it at Euston an' get in a cab. I shall stay in the station a bit to see to the telegrammer. Dhrive out av the station, across the road outside, an' wait there five minuts by the clock. Ye ondershtand? Wait five minuts, an' maybe I'll come an' join ye. If I don't, 'twill be bekaze I'm detained onexpected, an' then ye'll dhrive to my solicitor straight. Here's his address, if ye can read writin',' an' he put ut on a piece av paper. He gave me half a crown for the cab, an' I tuk his bag."

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Ministerpräsident Dr. Gerstenmaier

Ministerpräsident Dr. Gerstenmaier hat die Bundesregierung gebeten, die Ausgabe der Medaille zum 17. Juni 1953 zu genehmigen. Die Medaille wird in Form einer Bronzemedaille ausgegeben werden. Die Medaille wird an alle Teilnehmer der Ereignisse vom 17. Juni 1953 in Form einer Urkunde

"Shure, it's the man himself! Is he a frind av yours, sor?"

"No, he's not exactly a friend of mine," Hewitt answered, with a grim chuckle. "I fancy he's one of that very respectable *family* you heard about at Mr. Hollams's. Come along with me now, to Chelsea, and see if you can point out that house in Gold Street. I'll send for a cab."

He made for the outer office, and I went with him.

"What is all this, Hewitt?" I asked; "a gang of thieves with stolen property?"

Hewitt looked in my face and replied: "*It's the Quinton ruby!*"

"What? The ruby? Shall you take the case up, then?"

"I shall. It is no longer a speculation."

"Then do you expect to find it at Hollams's house in Chelsea?" I asked.

"No, I don't, because it isn't there—else why are they trying to get it from this unlucky Irishman? There has been bad faith in Hollams's gang, I expect, and Hollams has missed the ruby and suspects Leamy of having taken it from the bag."

"Then who is this Mr. W. whose portrait you have in your possession?"

"See here." Hewitt turned over a small pile of recent newspapers and selected one, pointing at a particular paragraph. "I kept that in my mind, because to me it seemed to be the most likely arrest of the lot," he said.

It was an evening paper of the previous Thursday, and the paragraph was a very short one, thus:—

"The man Wilks, who was arrested at Euston Station yesterday, in connection with the robbery of Lady Quinton's jewels, has been released, nothing being found to incriminate him."

"How does that strike you?" asked Hewitt. "Wilks is a man well known to the police—one of the most accomplished burglars in this country, in fact. I have had no dealings with him as yet, but I found means, some time ago, to add his portrait to my little collection, in case I might want it, and to-day it has been quite useful."

The thing was plain now. Wilks must have been bringing his booty to town, and calculated on getting out at Chalk Farm, and thus eluding the watch which he doubtless felt pretty sure would be kept (by telegraphic instruction) at Euston, for suspicious characters arriving from the direction of Radcot. His transaction with Leamy was his only possible expedient to save himself from being hopelessly taken with the swag in his possession. The paragraph told me why Leamy had waited in vain for "Mr. W." in the cab.

"What shall you do now?" I asked.

"I shall go to the Gold Street house and find out what I can, as soon as this cab turns up."

There seemed a possibility of some excitement in the adventure, so I asked, "Will you want any help?"

Hewitt smiled. "I *think* I can get through it alone," he said.

"Then may I come to look on?" I said. "Of course, I don't want to be in your way, and the result of the business, whatever it is, will be to your credit alone. But I am curious."

"Come, then, by all means. The cab will be a four-wheeler, and there will be plenty of room."

Gold Street was a short street of private houses of very fair size, and of a half-vanished pretension to gentility. We drove slowly through, and Leamy had no difficulty in pointing out the house wherein he had been paid five pounds for carrying a bag. At the end the cab turned the corner and stopped, while Hewitt wrote a short note to an official of Scotland Yard.

"Take this note," he instructed Leamy, "to Scotland Yard in the cab, and then go home. I will pay the cabman now."

"I will, sor. An' will I be protected?"

"Oh, yes. Stay at home for the rest of the day, and I expect you'll be left alone in future. Perhaps I shall have something to tell you in a day or two; if I do, I'll send. Good-bye."

The cab rolled off, and Hewitt and I strolled back along Gold Street. "I think," Hewitt said, "we will drop in on Mr. Hollams for a few minutes while we can. In a few hours I expect the police will have him, and his house, too, if they attend promptly to my note."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge, though I may know him by some other name. Wilks I know by sight, though he doesn't know me."

"What shall we say?"

"That will depend on circumstances. I may not get my cue till the door opens, or even till later. At worst, I can easily apply for a reference as to Leamy—who, you remember, is looking for work."

But we were destined not to make Mr. Hollams's acquaintance, after all. As we approached the house, a great uproar was heard from the lower part giving on to the

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right. Having a rest. Can't stand Manchester," and winked again.

Wilks laughed and nodded, and I understood from that that Hewitt had very flatteringly given me credit for being "wanted" by the Manchester police.

We lurched into a public-house, and drank a very little very bad whisky and water. Wilks still regarded us curiously, and I could see him again and again glancing doubtfully in Hewitt's face. But the loan of three pounds had largely reassured him. Presently Hewitt said:—

"How about our old pal down in Gold Street? Do anything with him now? Seen him lately?"

Wilks looked up at the ceiling and shook his head.

"That's a good job. It 'ud be awkward if you were about there to-day, I can tell you."

"Why?"

"Never mind, so long as you're not there. I know something, if I *have* been away. I'm glad I haven't had any truck with Gold Street lately, that's all."

"D'you mean the reelers are on it?"

Hewitt looked cautiously over his shoulder, leaned toward Wilks, and said, "Look here, this is the straight tip. I know this—I got it from the very nark* that's given the show away. By six o'clock No. 8, Gold Street, will be turned inside out, like an old glove, and everyone in the place will be——" He finished the sentence by crossing his wrists like a handcuffed man. "What's more," he went on, "they know all about what's gone on there lately, and everybody that's been in or out for the last two moons† will be wanted particular—and will be found, I'm told." Hewitt concluded with a confidential frown, a nod, and a wink, and took another mouthful of whisky. Then he added, as an afterthought: "So I'm glad you haven't been there lately."

Wilks looked in Hewitt's face and asked: "Is that straight?"

"*Is* it?" replied Hewitt, with emphasis. "You go and have a look, if you ain't afraid of being smugged yourself. Only *I* shan't go near No. 8 just yet—I know that."

Wilks fidgeted, finished his drink, and expressed his intention of going. "Very well, if you *won't* have another——" replied Hewitt. But he had gone.

"Good," said Hewitt, moving towards the door, "he has suddenly developed a hurry. I shall keep him in sight, but you had better take a cab and go straight to Euston. Take tickets to the nearest station to Radcot—Kedderby, I think it is—and look up the train arrangements. Don't show yourself too much, and keep an eye on the entrance. Unless I am mistaken, Wilks will be there pretty soon, and I shall be on his heels. If I *am* wrong, then you won't see the end of the fun, that's all."

Hewitt hurried after Wilks, and I took the cab and did as he wished. There was an hour and a few minutes, I found, to wait for the next train, and that time I occupied as best I might, keeping a sharp look-out across the quadrangle. Barely five minutes before the train was to leave, and just as I was beginning to think about the time of the next, a cab dashed up and Hewitt alighted. He hurried in, found me, and drew me aside into a recess, just as another cab arrived.

"Here he is," Hewitt said. "I followed him as far as Euston Road and then got my cabby to spurt up and pass him. He has had his moustache shaved off, and I feared you mightn't recognise him, and so let him see you."

From our retreat we could see Wilks hurry into the booking-office. We watched him through to the platform and followed. He wasted no time, but made the best of his way to a third-class carriage at the extreme fore-end of the train.

"We have three minutes," Hewitt said, "and everything depends on his not seeing us get into this train. Take this cap. Fortunately, we're both in tweed suits."

He had bought a couple of tweed cricket caps, and these we assumed, sending our "bowler" hats to the cloak-room. Hewitt also put on a pair of blue spectacles, and then walked boldly up the platform and entered a first-class carriage. I followed close on his heels, in such a manner that a person looking from the fore-end of the train would be able to see but very little of me.

"So far, so good," said Hewitt, when we were seated and the train began to move off. "I must keep a look-out at each station, in case our friend goes off unexpectedly."

"I waited some time," I said; "where did you both get to?"

"First he went and bought that hat he is wearing. Then he walked some distance, dodging the main thoroughfares and keeping to the back streets in a way that made following difficult, till he came to a little tailor's shop. There he entered and came out in a quarter of an hour with his coat mended. This was in a street in Westminster.

* Police spy. † Months.

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road zig-zagged, and then the chase was comparatively easy. We waited behind one bend till Wilks had passed the next, and then hurried in his trail, treading in the dustiest parts of the road or on the side grass, when there was any, to deaden the sound of our steps. At the last of these short bends we looked ahead and saw a long white stretch of road with the dark form of Wilks a couple of hundred yards in front. It would never do to let him get to the end of this great stretch before following, as he might turn off at some branch road out of sight and be lost. So we jumped the hedge and scuttled along as we best might on the other side, with backs bent, and our feet often many inches deep in wet clay. We had to make continual stoppages to listen and peep out, and on one occasion, happening, incautiously, to stand erect, looking after him, I was much startled to see Wilks with his face toward me, gazing down the road. I ducked like lightning, and, fortunately, he seemed not to have observed me, but went on as before. He had probably heard some slight noise, but looked straight along the road for its explanation, instead of over the hedge. At hilly parts of the road there was extreme difficulty; indeed, on approaching a rise it was usually necessary to lie down under the hedge till Wilks had passed the top, since from the higher ground he could have seen us easily. This improved neither my clothes, my comfort, nor my temper. Luckily we never encountered the difficulty of a long and high wall, but once we were nearly betrayed by a man who shouted to order us off his field.

At last we saw, just ahead, the square tower of an old church, set about with thick trees. Opposite this Wilks paused, looked irresolutely up and down the road, and then went on. We crossed the road, availed ourselves of the opposite hedge, and followed. The village was to be seen some three or four hundred yards farther along the road, and toward it Wilks sauntered slowly. Before he actually reached the houses, he stopped and turned back.

"The churchyard!" exclaimed Hewitt, under his breath. "Lie close and let him pass."

Wilks reached the churchyard gate, and again looked irresolutely about him. At that moment a party of children, who had been playing among the graves, came chattering and laughing toward and out of the gate, and Wilks walked hastily away again, this time in the opposite direction.

"That's the place, clearly," Hewitt said. "We must slip across quietly, as soon as he's far enough down the road. . . . Now!"

We hurried stealthily across, through the gate, and into the churchyard, where Hewitt threw his blue spectacles away. It was now nearly eight in the evening, and the sun was setting. Once again Wilks approached the gate, and did not enter, because a labourer passed at the time. Then he came back and slipped through.

The grass about the graves was long, and under the trees it was already twilight. Hewitt and I, two or three yards apart, to avoid falling over one another in case of sudden movement, watched from behind gravestones. The form of Wilks stood out large and black against the fading light in the west, as he stealthily approached through the long grass. A light cart came clattering along the road, and Wilks dropped at once and crouched on his knees till it had passed. Then, staring warily about him, he made straight for the stone behind which Hewitt waited.

I saw Hewitt's dark form swing noiselessly round to the other side of the stone. Wilks passed on and dropped on his knee beside a large, weather-worn slab that rested on a brick understructure a foot or so high. The long grass largely hid the bricks, and among it Wilks plunged his hand, feeling along the brick surface. Presently he drew out a loose brick, and laid it on the slab. He felt again in the place and brought forth a small dark object. I saw Hewitt rise erect in the gathering dusk, and with extended arm step noiselessly toward the stooping man. Wilks made a motion to place the dark object in his pocket, but checked himself, and opened what appeared to be a lid, as though to make sure of the safety of the contents. The last light, straggling under the trees, fell on a brilliantly sparkling object within, and like a flash Hewitt's hand shot over Wilks's shoulder and snatched the jewel.

The man actually screamed—one of those curious sharp little screams that one may hear from a woman very suddenly alarmed. But he sprang at Hewitt like a cat, only to meet a straight drive of the fist that stretched him on his back across the slab. I sprang from behind my stone, and helped Hewitt to secure his wrists with a pocket-handkerchief. Then we marched him, struggling and swearing, to the village.

When, in the lights of the village, he recognised us, he had a perfect fit of rage, but afterwards he calmed down, and admitted

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have to wait till the next day to get back. Leamy's recognition of Wilks's portrait made me feel pretty certain. Plainly, he had carried stolen property; the poor innocent fellow's conversation with Hollams showed that, as in fact did the sum, five pounds, paid to him by way of 'regulars' or customary toll from the plunder for services of carriage. Hollams obviously took Leamy for a criminal friend of Wilks's, because of his use of the thieves' expressions 'sparks' and 'regulars,' and suggested, in terms which Leamy misunderstood, that he should sell any plunder he might obtain to himself, Hollams. Altogether it would have been very curious if the plunder were *not* that from Radcot Hall, especially as no other robbery had been reported at the time.

"Now, among the jewels taken only one was of a very pre-eminent value—the famous ruby. It was scarcely likely that Hollams would go to so much trouble and risk, attempting to drug, injuring, waylaying, and burgling the rooms of the unfortunate Leamy, for a jewel of small value—for any jewel, in fact, but the ruby. So that I felt a pretty strong presumption, at all events, that it was the ruby Hollams was after. Leamy had not had it, I was convinced, from his tale and his manner, and from what I judged of the man himself. The only other person was Wilks, and certainly he had a temptation to keep this to himself, and avoid, if possible, sharing with his London director, or principal; while the carriage of the bag by the Irishman gave him a capital opportunity to put suspicion on him, with the results seen. The most daring of Hollams's attacks on Leamy was doubtless the attempted maiming or killing at the railway station, so as to be able, in the character of a medical man, to search his pockets. He was probably desperate at the time, having, I have no doubt, been following Leamy about all day at the Crystal Palace without finding an opportunity to get at his pockets.

"The struggle and flight of Wilks from Hollams's confirmed my previous impressions. Hollams, finally satisfied that very morning that Leamy certainly had not the jewel, either on his person or at his lodging, and knowing, from having so closely watched him, that he had been nowhere where it could be disposed of, concluded that Wilks was cheating him, and attempted to extort the ruby from him by the aid of another ruffian and a pistol. The rest of my way was plain. Wilks, I knew, would seize the opportunity of Hollams's being safely locked up to get at and dispose of the ruby. I supplied him with funds and left him to lead us to his hiding-place. He did it, and I think that's all."

"He must have walked straight away from my house to the churchyard," Sir Valentine remarked, "to hide that pendant. That was fairly cool."

"Only a cool hand could carry out such a robbery single-handed," Hewitt answered. "I expect his tools were in the bag that Leamy carried, as well as the jewels. They must have been a small and neat set."

They were. We ascertained on our return to town the next day that the bag, with all its contents intact, including the tools, had been taken by the police at their surprise visit to No. 8, Gold Street, as well as much other stolen property. Hollams and Wilks each got very wholesome doses of penal servitude, to the intense delight of Mick Leamy. Leamy himself, by-the-bye, is still to be seen, clad in a noble uniform, guarding the door of a well-known London restaurant. He has not had any more five-pound notes for carrying bags, but knows London too well now to expect it.

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The Handwriting of Mr. Gladstone.

FROM MARCH, 1822, TO MARCH, 1894.

(Born 29th December, 1809.)

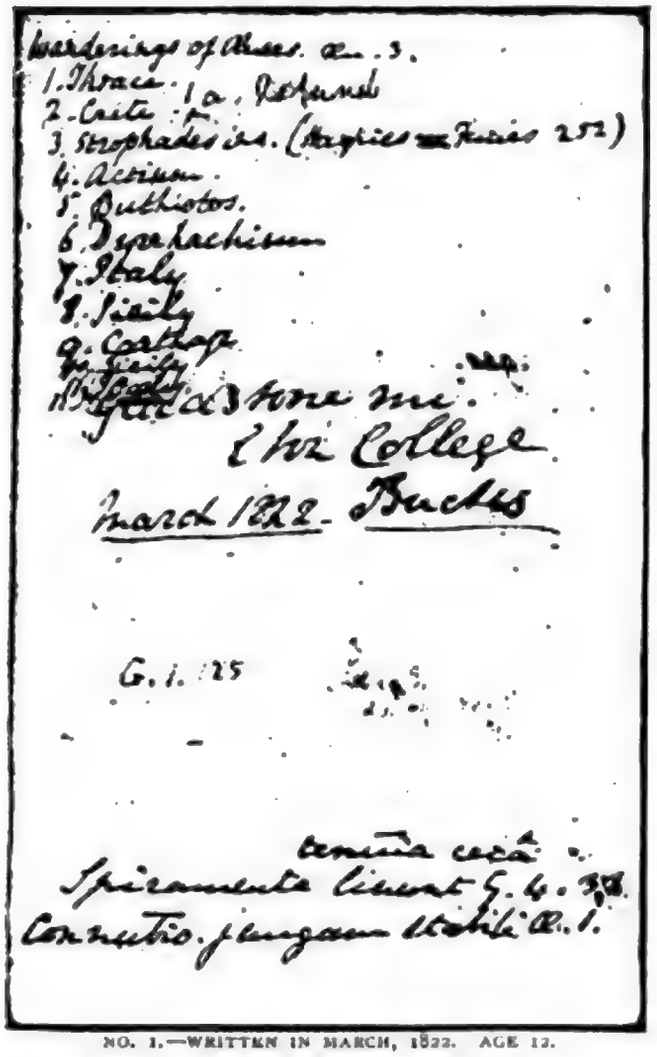
BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

ONE day while I was collecting the materials for this article, an observant man said to me: "There's not much character about Gladstone's writing. His signature is very commonplace." The speaker had not made any special study of the form of gesture which handwriting gives to us.

Is this series of human actions—traced by perhaps the most notable man of this century—lacking in characteristic traits, and are those signatures at which we will look commonplace? Perhaps yes—perhaps no. Let us examine them and try to answer the questions.

The great man who has been great among great men for nigh on fifty years, and who has been specially exposed to the peculiar for-and-against bias that stamps and invalidates political opinions of all shades, will not be studied here as the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the politician, orator, and demagogue — but as plain William Ewart Gladstone, the man. It will indeed be strange if he whose facial movements, eyes, voice, walk, and general bodily gestures go some long way to show his individuality, should fail to show us something of himself in the recorded gestures traced by his hand when acting under the direct control of certain nerve-centres of his brain.

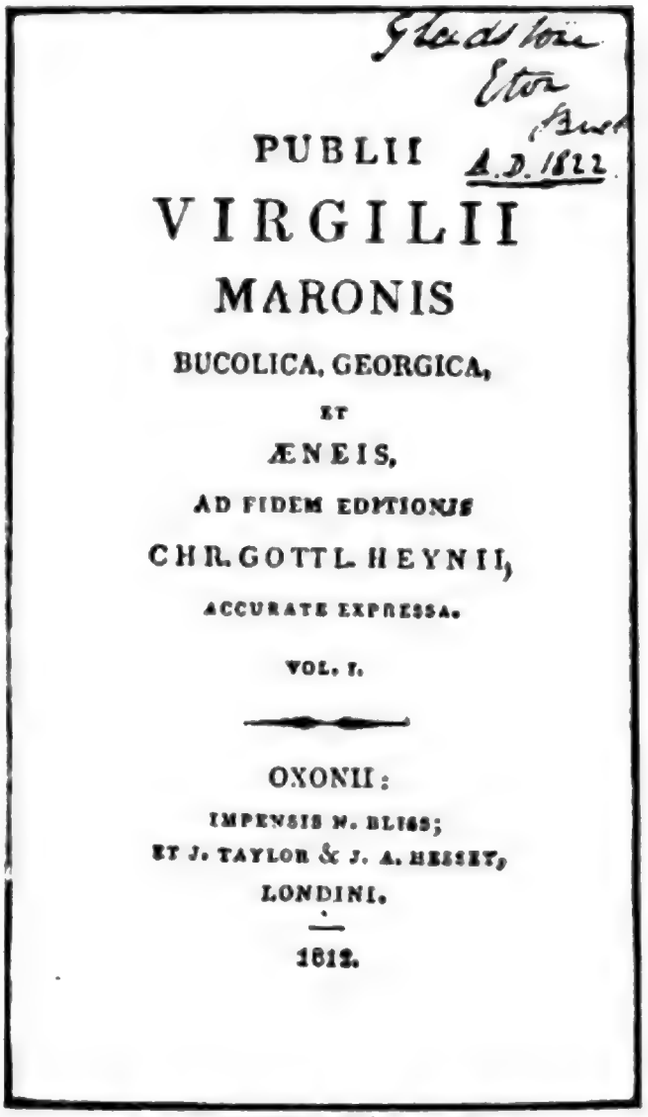
Look at every specimen of Mr. Gladstone's writing which is on these pages—in no one


Wanderings of Æneas. Æn. 3.
1. Thrace.
2. Crete.
3. Strophades ins. (Harpies Furies 252)
4. Actium.
5. Buthiotos.
6. Dyrrhachium
7. Italy
8. Sicily
9. Carthage
10. Sicily
11. Italy
Gladstone mi.
Eton College
March 1822 - Bucks
G. 1. 125
tenuia cecâ
Spiramenta linunt G. 4. 38.
Connubio jungam stabili Æ. 1.

NO. 1.—WRITTEN IN MARCH, 1822. AGE 12.

(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)

Gladstone mi.; the notes about the "Wanderings of Æneas" were written during 1822—1827. From the fly-leaf of the "Virgil" used by Mr. Gladstone when at Eton.


Gladstone
Eton
Bucks
A.D. 1822

PUBLII
VIRGILII
MARONIS
BUCOLICA, GEORGICA,
ET
ÆNEIS,
AD FIDEM EDITIONIS
CHR. GOTTL. HEYNII,
ACCURATE EXPRESSA.
VOL. I.

OXONII:
IMPENSIS N. BLISS;
ET J. TAYLOR & J. A. HESSET,
LONDINI.
1812.

NO. 2.—WRITTEN IN 1822. AGE 12.

(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)

Gladstone, Eton, Bucks, A.D. 1822. The title-page of the "Virgil."

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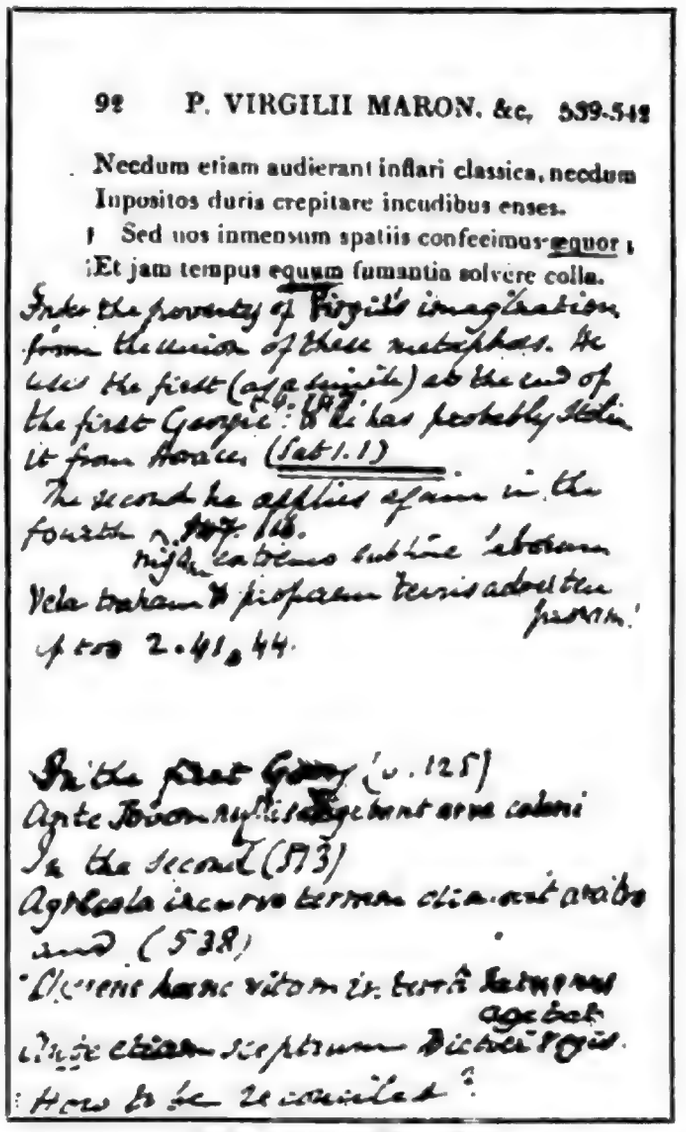
of them will you see any embellishment of the signature, nor any complicated movements. Is this feature commonplace? I venture to say it is not: on the contrary, such simplification of handwriting is a most rare trait, but it may be seen in the writing of men who are remarkable for integrity, sincerity, and absence of ostentation. Moreover, the fact of doing any action in a simple as contrasted with a complicated manner is, psychologically, one of the marks of a high intellect. "But what about some of Mr. Gladstone's speeches?" I hear my readers exclaim. Ah! There we touch the tactful politician—not the man. When Mr. Gladstone intends to express himself definitely he stands unrivalled for a simple and direct choice of words: when Mr. Gladstone does not intend to express himself definitely, and when—*as a politician*—he thinks it wise to evade a point, he stands unrivalled for ingenious indefiniteness and subtle evasion. This quality of finesse is shown by the undulating, non-rigid direction of the lines of his handwriting across the page, and by the gradually decreasing height of the letters of his signature towards the end of it—for an illustration of my statement see No. 8; for a proof of its truth use your own observation in daily life.

What is another prominent characteristic of Mr. Gladstone? His vigour? Aye! that it is. His opponents have felt *that*, while they admired the strength that hit them, and which has sometimes seemed badly directed—like the power of a steam-hammer whose gear is for a while faulty. A power that, well controlled, will now lightly crack an empty egg-shell, and now deal mighty blows at a mass of iron worthy of the Titan's force. Where will you find such up-and-down direct vigour of movement as is plain—even to the non-expert eye—in these facsimiles of Mr. Gladstone's adult handwriting? I cannot match these gestures in vigour and energy with those of any other man except Prince Bismarck, and of Cromwell in his prime.

Is a strong—nay—a passionate nature one of the qualities of this great fighting man? How does a strong, earnest man often disclose himself by gesture alone—by gesture which will reinforce or even effectually take the place of spoken words? Is it not by the emphasis of nerve-muscular action that we judge a strong emotional side of a man? An earnest voice, a deep eye as compared with a shallow glance, a strong hand-gesture as contrasted with lax movement, will often show to us such a trait. Now look at the incisive and clearly-traced writing with its deeply-cut strokes—they are the actions of a man who is thoroughly in earnest and whose nature is fiery and strong; no cynic, no insincere or shallow man can write in the way now mentioned. Had I the space, I would ask you to compare a letter written by Charles II. with the splendid writing of No. 23. And note this: strong as these movements are, they are held in thorough control; it is not until we reach the later specimens that some want of control over the strong nature is evidenced by the writing, which is also caused to be more irregular by defective sight.

Another point about this writing is the attention that is given to detail. The *i*'s are dotted, the *t*'s are crossed, the punctuation and arrangement of the writing are careful. These things show order and attention. See, too, how frequently Mr. Gladstone has placed a little separate stroke at the top of the small *r*, in order to show


92 P. VIRGILII MARON. &c. 539-542

Nondum etiam audierant inflari classica, nondum
Inpositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.
Sed nos inmensum spatiis confecimus aequor,
Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

NO. 3.—WRITTEN 1822—1827.
(Lent by Mr. Gladstone.)
A page of the "Virgil" annotated by Mr. Gladstone when at Eton.

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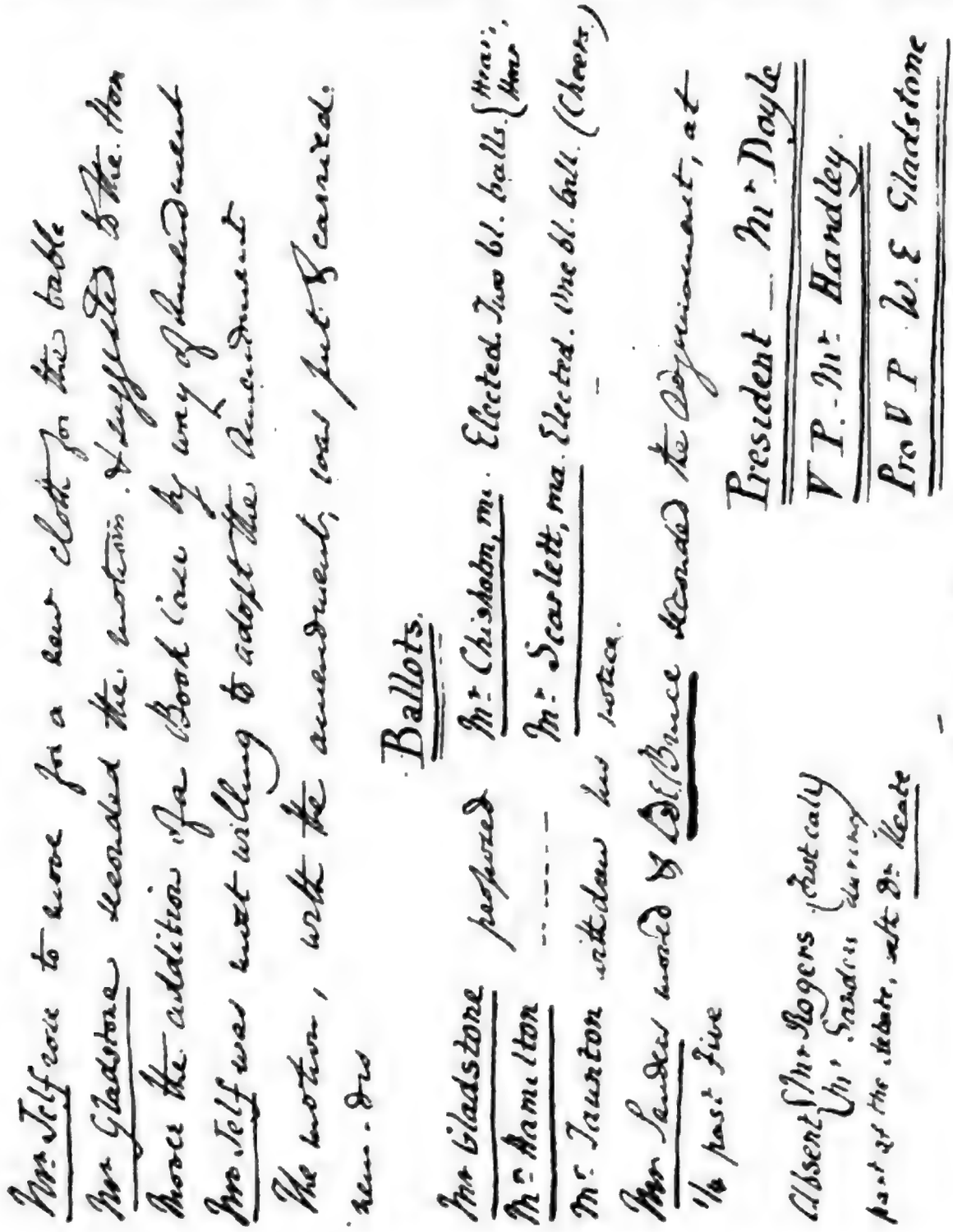
that it is an *r*. This may be seen in No. 6 *(Parsonage)*, in No. 7 *(spare)*, in No. 8 *(understand, presuming, urge)*, in No. 9 *(dear)*, in No. 11 *(sincerely)*; and even as late as No. 30 *(character, your, yourself)* there is the same peculiarity, which, small and apparently insignificant as it is, has yet some real significance—for this is a little bit of evidence of deliberate care and fastidiousness that no careless or slovenly man can show in his writing. The boy showed the same carefulness; turn back to No. 3, which time has made indistinct, and there is much evidence of a fastidious precision and care. The Eton scholar wrote at the bottom of No. 3, "How to be reconciled?" and this is why the question was written. The boy wished to know how Virgil could reconcile two contradictory statements occurring in the 1st Georgic, line 125, and the 2nd Georgic, line 513; in the former the poet states that before the time of Jupiter, in the Saturnian age, agriculture was not in use, being unnecessary for the production of crops; whereas, in the latter quotation, the rustic of the Saturnian age is represented as turning the soil with his curved ploughshare. "How to be reconciled?" asked Gladstone



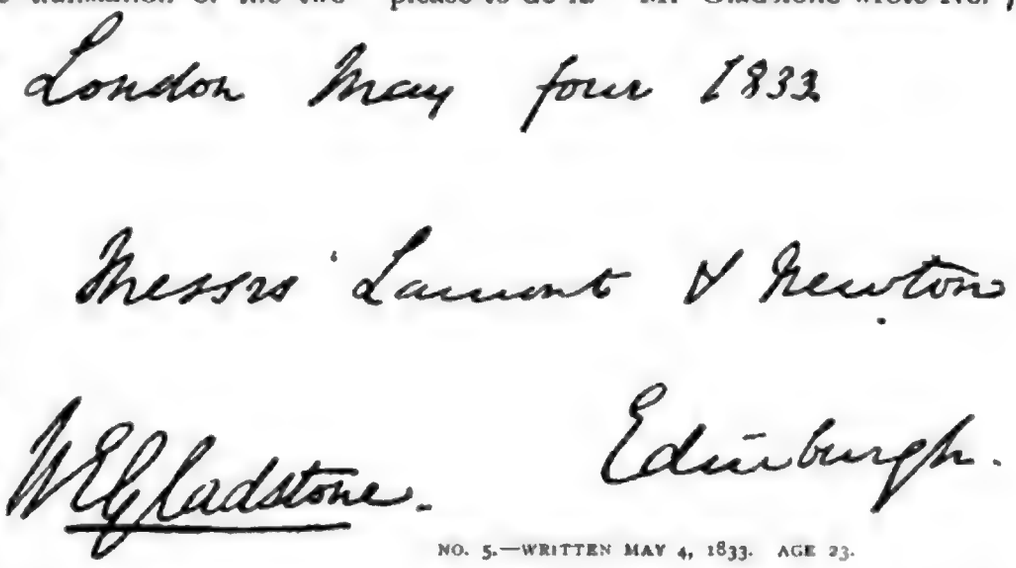
NO. 4.—WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1827. AGE 17.

(Lent by the President (1894) of the Eton Society.)

A page from the Journal of "Pup." This was all written by Mr. Gladstone as Pro Vice President of the Debate, which took place on the 20th October, 1827. The meeting was held over Miss Hat on's "sock-shop," the question for debate being: "Was Cæsar Justified in Passing the Rubicon?"

minor. When, at the top of No. 3, he wrote, "Infer the poverty of Virgil's imagination from the union of these metaphors," Gladstone minor made a slip, despite his care, for *æquor* here means "level surface" and not "sea," as the youth seems to have supposed. There is only one metaphor used, viz., that of a race-course, and the translation of the two printed lines marked by young Gladstone is as follows: "But we have covered a large surface in the lists (race-course), and now it is time to loose the steaming necks of the steeds." Thus, Virgil did not commit the error attributed to him of faulty metaphors, confusing horses and sea.

By the way, is it not curious even to think of Mr. Gladstone ever having been Gladstone *minor?* A line worth noting occurs in No. 4: "Mr. Gladstone seconded the motion, and suggested to the Hon. Mover the addition of a Book Case by way of Amendment." As touching on Mr. Gladstone's love for books, I may point out that No. 19 was written to a bookseller: "Please to send me the marked lots as usual"; and that No. 32 refers to the removal of books from Downing Street when Lord Rosebery recently succeeded Mr. Gladstone. The words in No. 4, "Absent. Mr. Sanders during part of the debate, with *Dr. Keate*," suggest a *mauvais quart d'heure* for Mr. Sanders, as Dr. Keate was the head master of Eton, and was known as the "terrific" Dr. Keate. The letter from which No. 19 has been taken said, with reference to the books ordered, "if any require 'doing up' please to do it." Mr Gladstone wrote No. 7

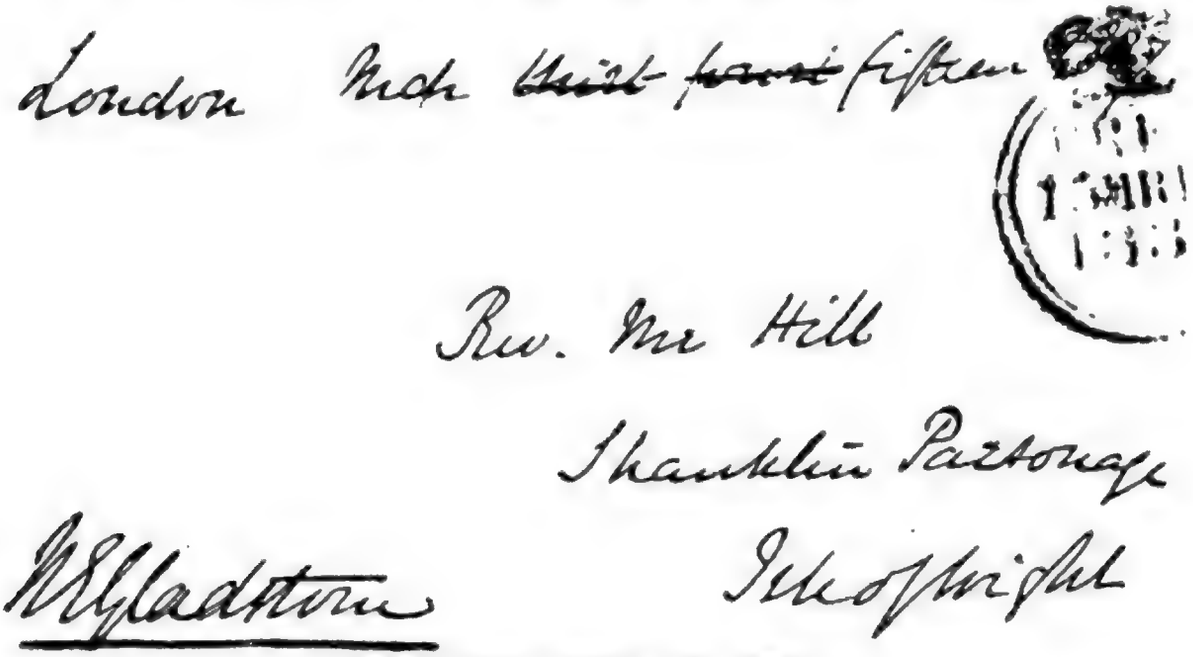

London May four 1833

Messrs Lament & Newton

W E Gladstone. Edinburgh.

NO. 5.—WRITTEN MAY 4, 1833. AGE 23.

at the Board of Trade. It was sent by hand to Sir Robert Peel, who returned it, writing on the back: "My dear Gladstone, I shall be very glad to see you *now* on Mint matter, and then to fix a time to see you on some other matters.—R. P." This specimen shows very plainly—as, indeed, do nearly all the others—the habit of clearly spacing-out the words in a line of writing, and the lines of writing in a letter: there is no confusion or entanglement of the upstrokes of one line with the downstrokes of an adjacent line—for the reason that a man whose mind works


London March ~~third~~ ~~four~~ fifteen

Rev. Mr Hill

Shanklin Parsonage

W E Gladstone Isle of Wight

NO. 6.—WRITTEN MARCH 15, 1837. AGE 27.

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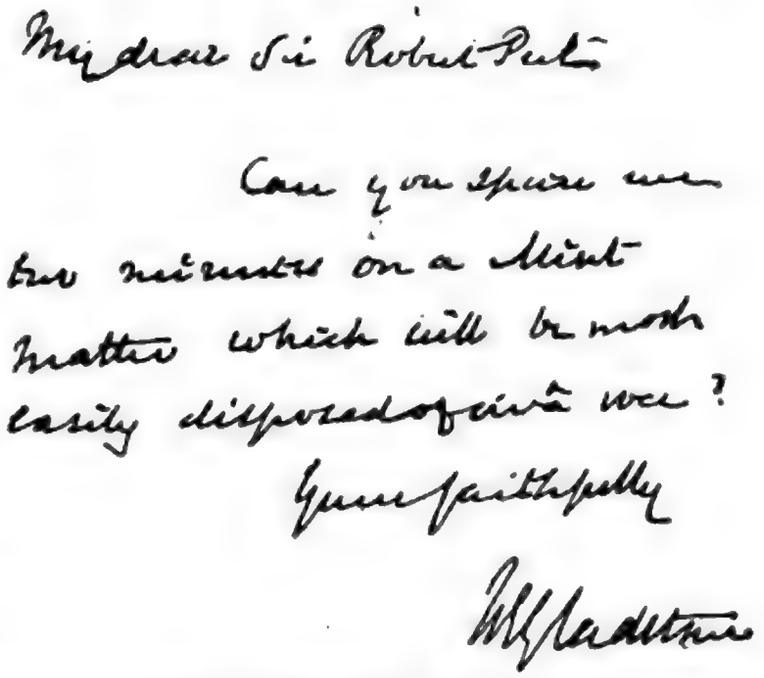
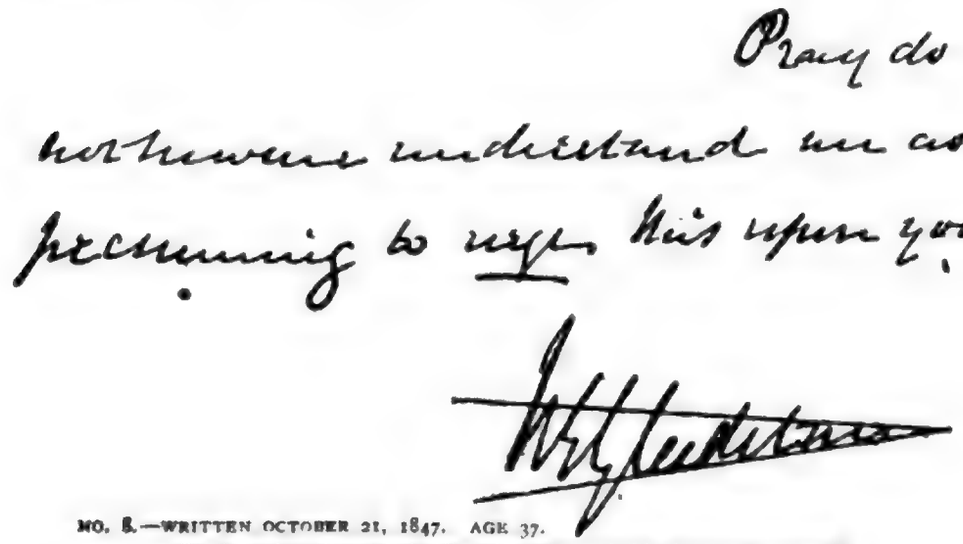
clearly and with precision, almost unconsciously performs all his actions with clearness and precision of method; he can only confuse and entangle his handwriting under exceptional circumstances, such, for example, as great agitation, illness, defective sight, etc. On the other hand, it is usually the case that persons who are not in the habit of forming clear and distinctive ideas upon the various sensations conveyed to the brain, also show in the choice and arrangement of spoken words a more or less marked degree of confusion and of want of lucidity, and the handwriting of such persons is remarkable for the lack of a proper spacing-out of the words or of the lines of words on a page of manuscript; frequently, the downstrokes of one line will be confused and intermingled with the upstrokes of the line below. A man who thinks clearly and with precision avoids all such confusion in his writing, even when circumstances cause him to write much on a small piece of paper—he merely varies the size of his writing, and thus preserves a clear differentiation of the symbols used in the act, a procedure which is in itself evidence of an intelligent adaptability to circumstances. For an illustration of this point compare Nos. 23 and 28, and notice how the confusion of gesture now alluded to is absent from every specimen on these pages, even from No. 32, which was written when eyesight was seriously defective. In fact, the letter from which No. 32 has been copied contains these words: "I hope, however, to reach Victoria on Wednesday, at eleven, and see Nettleship at 12"—this statement referred to Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to the oculist. This feature of lucidity, and the great attention to detail already noticed in the writing, show a marked capacity for exactness in thought, rigorous definition, and fastidiousness in the choice and arrangement of words made use of to express thought—although, as has been stated, such expression is sometimes purposely obscured and rendered vague for the reason pointed out when I referred to the signature of No. 8 as illustrating finesse and a subtle mind.



NO. 7.—WRITTEN JANUARY 17, 1844. AGE 34.

The entire absence of pretension that is so strongly evidenced by the handwriting of Mr. Gladstone is also illustrated by the wording of many of his letters. No. 8 is taken from a long letter full of careful and precise advice to a relative; the reasons for a certain line of action are set out with the most painstaking detail, and then comes the sentence facsimiled: "Pray do not, however, understand me as presuming to *urge* this upon you." Look also at the simple and considerate statement in No. 10: "do not let any one wait beyond usual



NO. 8.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 21, 1847. AGE 37.

For the explanation of the two lines drawn through this signature, see page 74.

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hours"; and at No. 11, which contains the first announcement of Mr. Gladstone's famous work on Homer. Can anything be more graciously simple than No. 12, both as regards the wording and the gesture which clothes the words? And No. 13, which is a fine specimen of simple, unpretentious movement, says: "If you have a mind to mention to your Editor a classical article for the Quarterly, I think I could write one." It is curious to observe

I intend to send the Spottiswoode MS. in the beginning of the week.

I remain my dear Sir

Faithfully yours

W E Gladstone

NO. 9.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 16, 1851. AGE 41.

have already laid stress upon the sincerity and conscientiousness that are shown in this writing, the absence of pretension has just been illustrated, and yet I am now pointing out an imperiousness which some may consider contradictory to the previous statements. But this is not the case. The writer of gestures such as these must be he is, as I have shown, a man of strong convictions and earnest nature, and I explain the

I now send you a crossed cheque for £170 7. 11. 3. The Debentures you will perhaps retain until send for them. it may be this afternoon between five & six but do not let any one wait beyond usual hours I remain dear Sir

yours faithfully

W E Gladstone

6 Carlton Gardens

May 24, 52

NO. 10.—WRITTEN MAY 24, 1852. AGE 42.

the utter want of anything like pretension or conceit in this handwriting, and then to notice side by side with this trait of character a pronounced — I had almost written a reckless — imperiousness of temper. This latter trait comes out in the vehement and sustained "rush" of the handwriting across the paper, in its strong and rather ascendant movement, in the heavy downstrokes, which sometimes end with a significant little angular hook, and in the rigid commencing strokes of the signature, which are often carried up much higher than the strokes which follow them. I

aware of his own superiority;

I have completed the substance of a work which I propose to call 'Studies on Homer and the Homeric age.' It will I think extend to two volumes.

Very sincerely yours

W E Gladstone

NO. 11.—WRITTEN JANUARY 7, 1857. AGE 47.
The first announcement of Mr. Gladstone's work on Homer.

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existence of this vehement imperiousness of gesture by the fact that Mr. Gladstone has probably a deeply-rooted, sincere, and conscientious conviction that what he does and thinks is right and true—it is not possible, in the presence of the fine traits noticed, to ascribe this imperiousness to a mere personal vanity and love of power.

Would eleven on Wednesday suit you for the final touching yet to be done to your work? I could then bring my wife, who I do not doubt will be much pleased. I remain

Very faithfully yours

W E Gladstone

NO. 12.—WRITTEN NOVEMBER 30, 1861, TO MR. G. F. WATTS, R.A. AGE 51.

No. 14 shows the two ends of a slip of paper, similar to those now used, that was placed inside a locked despatch-box sent by Mr. Gladstone to his private secretary, Mr. West. When the House is sitting you may see official messengers carrying these despatch-boxes to and fro. One end of the slip projects from the lid and shows the name of the addressee and the name of the sender of the despatch-box: when this is returned, the position of the slip in the locked box is reversed, the other end being left projecting. Notice the strong line below the signature, how it thickens and ends in a sort of club shape at its end—it is a gesture of determination and resolute force, which is again well shown, for example, in No. 18.

If you have a mind to mention to your Editors a clerical article for the Quarterly, I think I could write one

Sincerely yours

W E Gladstone

NO. 13.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 17, 1867. AGE 57.

In No. 15 there is much less of the strong angularity we have observed and do observe in many of the other speci-

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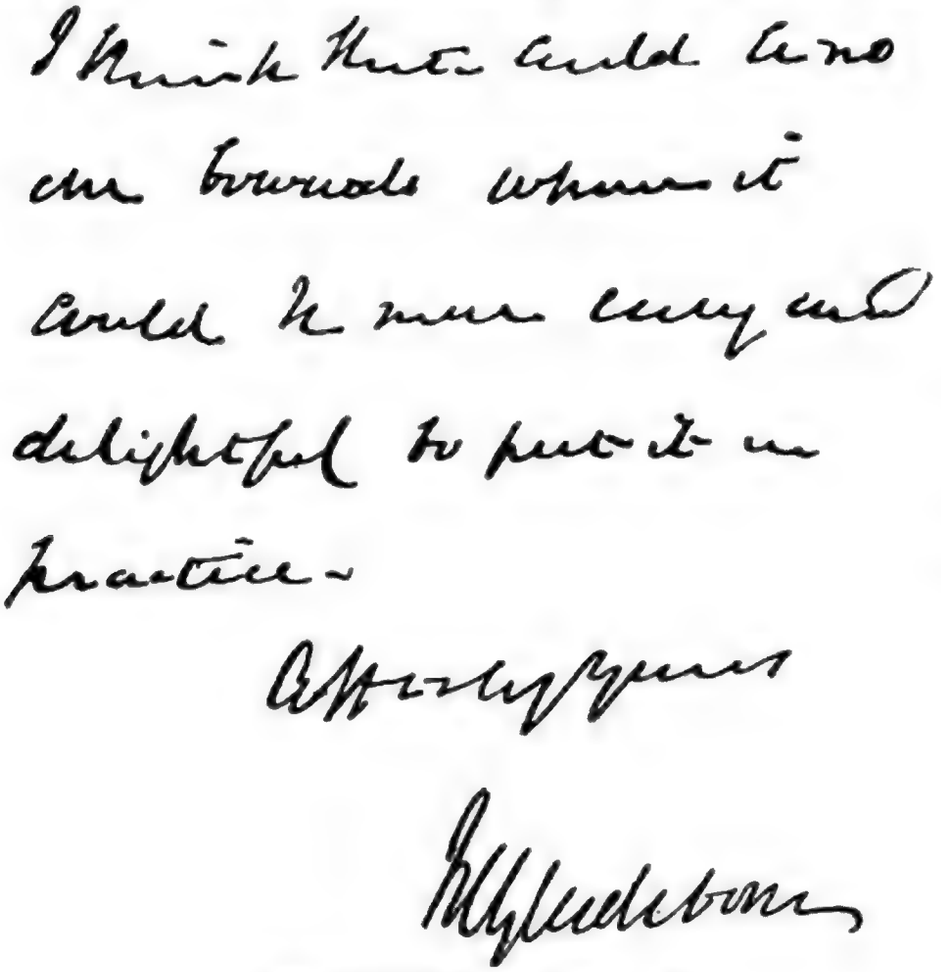
mens. Notice the more curved form of the final strokes of the words in No. 15 as compared with the vigorous angles of many other illustrations: for example, the *e* of *one*, the *t* of *it*, the *d* of *could*, the *l* of *delightful*, the *e* of *Gladstone*, etc. The words of this facsimile, "I think there could be no one towards whom it could be more easy and delightful to put it in practice," are taken from a very splendid letter in which the writer referred to the exercise of the "virtue of forgiveness." The graciousness of the words is matched by the graciousness of their gesture, and we do not need to be very observant to know that kindly and gracious acts are usually accompanied in their expression by pliant and gentle movements, rather than by abrupt and angular bodily gestures. In such cases, the nerve-muscular machinery that controls the hand will impart to that also a gentler and more rounded movement. This is specially true when a man of sensibility and feeling acts upon the impulse of kind feelings. We here touch upon another side of Mr. Gladstone's nature—his sensibility. Even a casual glance over the many facsimiles now given will show considerable variation in the handwriting, even at short intervals of time. There is variation in the slope of the writing and in the size of it, in the shape of the same letter of the alphabet; and, most marked of all, there is variation in the height of letters composing single words. All these little facts, which are plain enough when pointed out, combine to show a sensitive as contrasted with a phlegmatic and immobile temperament—and for the following reason: A calm, philosophic, unemotional man, who is guided mainly or entirely by cold processes of reason, shows little variation in his various forms of outward expression, handwriting

NO. 14.—WRITTEN IN 1869. AGE 59.
A despatch-box slip.



NO. 15.—WRITTEN JULY 14, 1870. AGE 60.

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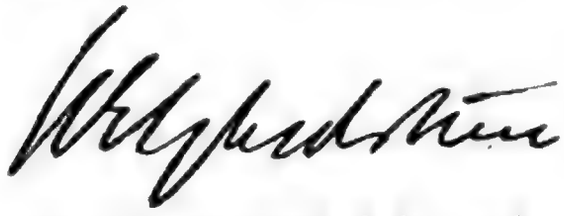
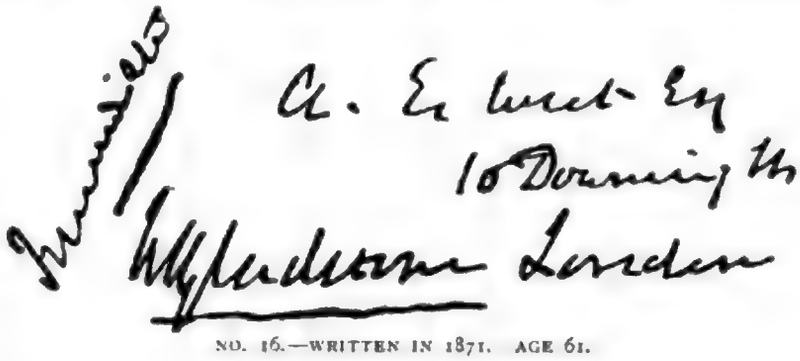
among the number. He may appeal to the intellect of others, but he will not stir their emotions and feelings as will a man of keen sensibility, who is also a man of great intellectual power and vivid energy and force. Such a man is Mr. Gladstone, but we may see the signs of sensibility I have now mentioned in the handwriting of many persons who show no signs of the great power which is here enhanced and rendered brilliant by this very quality of sensibility to impressions. With many men, this trait is a defect of the character, even though it lead, as it often does, to the *delicatesse* of observation and quick perception which go to make the temperament of an artist—whatever be his art.

A good contrast with No. 15 is the quick,



NO. 17.—WRITTEN DECEMBER 28, 1871. AGE 61.

impetuous movement of No. 16. Here, nearly every stroke combines with another to form an acute angle—a sufficiently plain example for the observant reader of how the movements of a sensitive man vary with his mental state. Again, it has been noticed that when we write under the impulse of strong affection for the person addressed, our writing slopes more to the right hand, more away from a vertical position than when we write a letter upon some business matter to a person about whom we care nothing. No. 17 illustrates this, for it slopes very considerably, and it was written to a person to whom Mr. Gladstone is deeply attached. Of course, I speak of free and natural gesture in writing, because handwriting is not free and natural gesture when a writer deliberately cultivates a special style of writing, such, for example, as that of a Civil Service candidate, who may spend six months in de-naturalizing his own handwriting in order



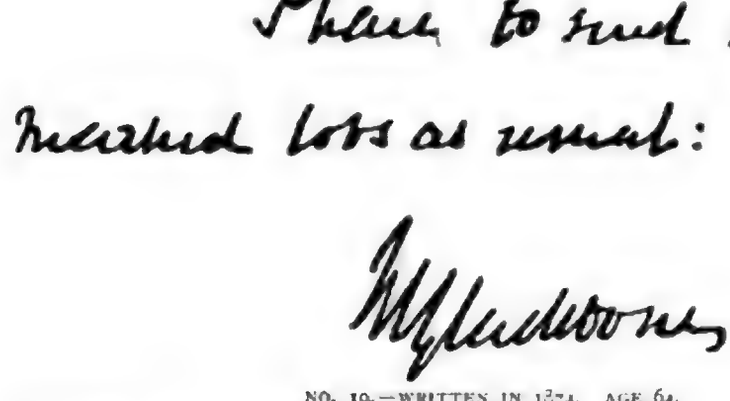
NO. 16.—WRITTEN IN 1871. AGE 61.

to acquire the conventional style that his examiners may require from him. Quite recently, a letter of this sort was submitted to me, and at once rejected as faulty data upon which to base an opinion, simply because the gesture of it was obviously studied and non-natural.

One of the ways in which Mr. Gladstone shows his extraordinary energy and ardour is the almost constantly ascendant movement of his writing upon the paper—his signature especially. To maintain this peculiarity through the seventy-two years of his life that are now under analysis is an altogether abnormal instance of vitality and force. Examine your own writing when you write under conditions of mental depression or bodily fatigue, and note how the words in a line tend to

NO. 18.—WRITTEN IN 1873. AGE 63.

droop below the horizontal level from which each starts, and how the lines of writing will often descend towards the right hand of the page. In No. 20 we have one of the very few instances, out of a large number of specimens, where even Mr. Gladstone's writing droops. Inspection of this facsimile of a black-edged post-card will show that numerous words drop down, and that the "W. E. G." at the end shows the same abatement of ardour. This was



NO. 19.—WRITTEN IN 1874. AGE 64.

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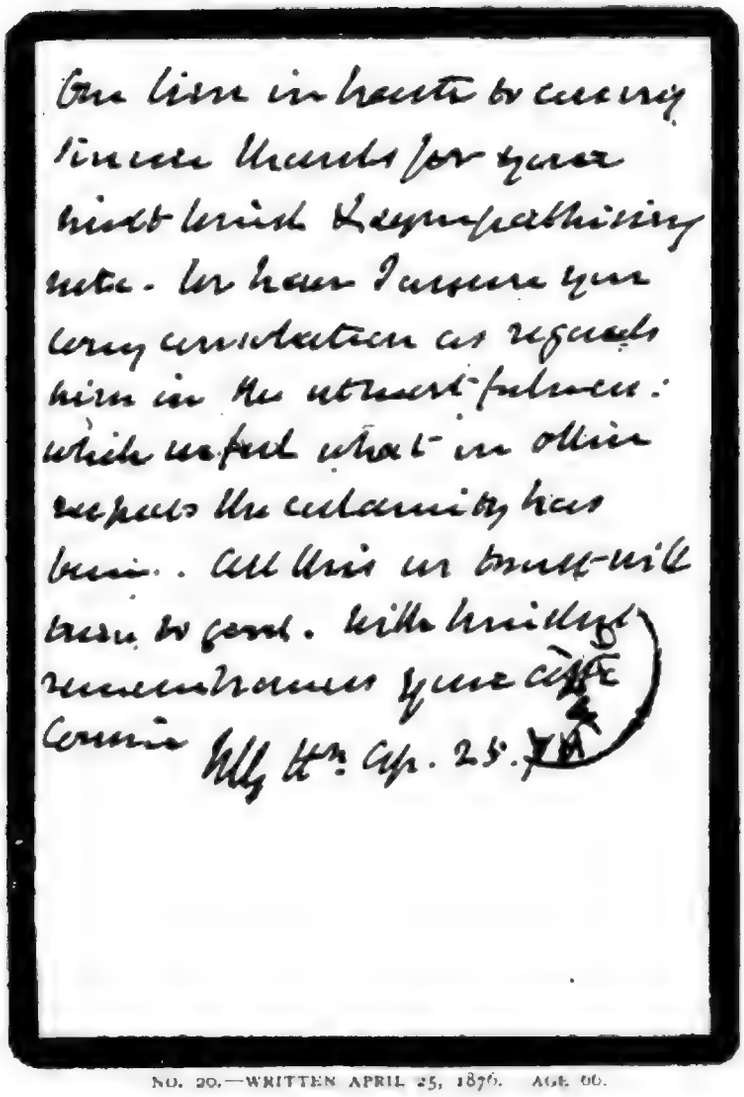
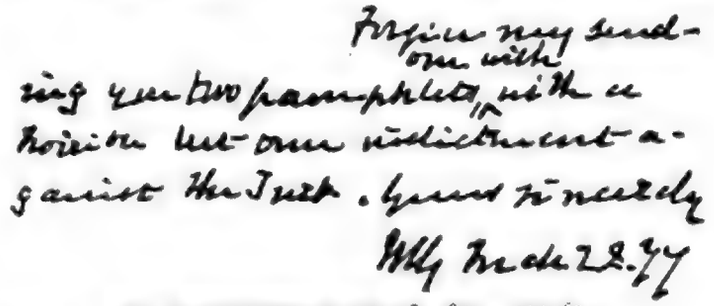


One line in haste to convey sincere thanks for your kind brief & sympathizing note. For have I assure you every consideration as regards him in the utmost fulness: which indeed what in other respects the calamity has been. All this in itself will turn to good. With kindest remembrances yours ever truly
Wm E Gladstone
Hly Hrs Apr. 25.76

NO. 20.—WRITTEN APRIL 25, 1876. AGE 66.

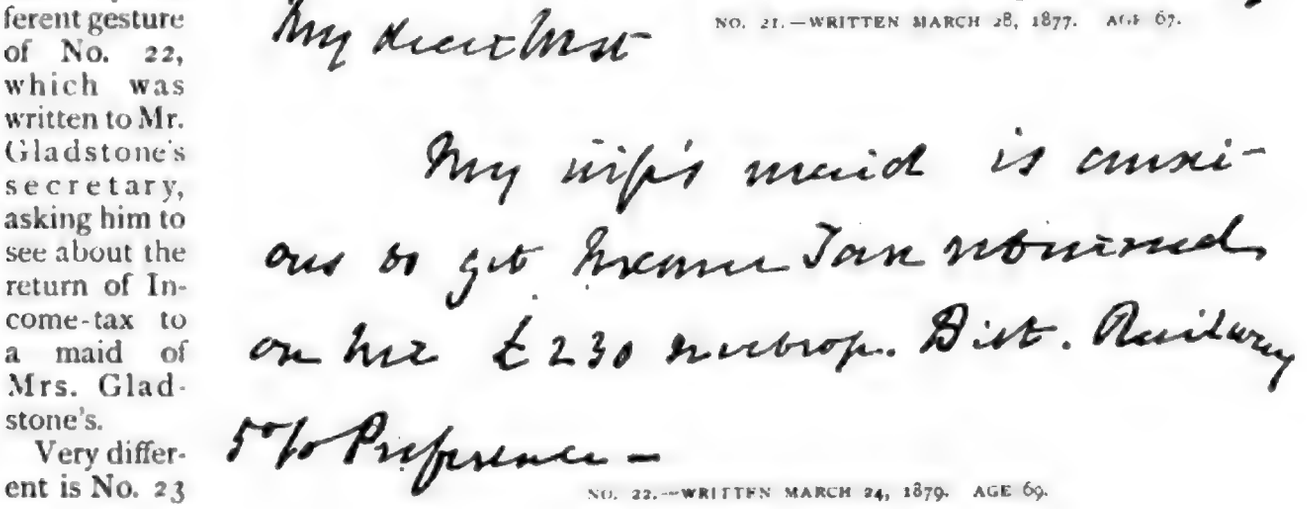
written under sad circumstances. If we wish to see how deep feeling, emotion, or agitation will sometimes cause us to unnecessarily repeat our written as well as our spoken words, we can look at No. 21, which says: "Forgive my sending you two pamphlets, one with with a horrible but true indictment against the Turk." We may also compare the agitated movement of No. 21 with the much calmer and very different gesture of No. 22, which was written to Mr. Gladstone's secretary, asking him to see about the return of Income-tax to a maid of Mrs. Gladstone's.

Very different is No. 23 from either No. 21 or No. 22, which have just been referred to. In this splendidly simple and vigorous piece of movement, which, to the sensitized eye, seems to diffuse courage and manful action as much by its black and white tracing as by the noble words it contains, we have as plain a piece of evidence as we could wish to see of the noble simplicity, integrity, and fiery earnestness of Gladstone the man. Nearly every line runs straight across the paper—there is scarcely any of the undulating direction of the lines which has been cited as evidence of the politician's subtlety—the strokes are all firm, strong, and simple. Mr. Gladstone was speaking right from his heart when he wrote these lines, and the words which follow those facsimiled are: "Be thorough in all you do, and remember that though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong, and the exercise of your strength to-day will give you more strength to-morrow. And may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labours with reward." So long as the page of handwriting shown in No. 23 remains in existence, so long will there exist for future biographers indisputable evidence of the great and noble



Forgive my sending you two pamphlets, one with a horrible but true indictment against the Turk. Yours sincerely
Wm E Gladstone 28.3.77

NO. 21.—WRITTEN MARCH 28, 1877. AGE 67.



My dear Mr

My wife's maid is anxious to get Income Tax returned on her £230 income. Dist. Railway 5% Preference —

NO. 22.—WRITTEN MARCH 24, 1879. AGE 69.

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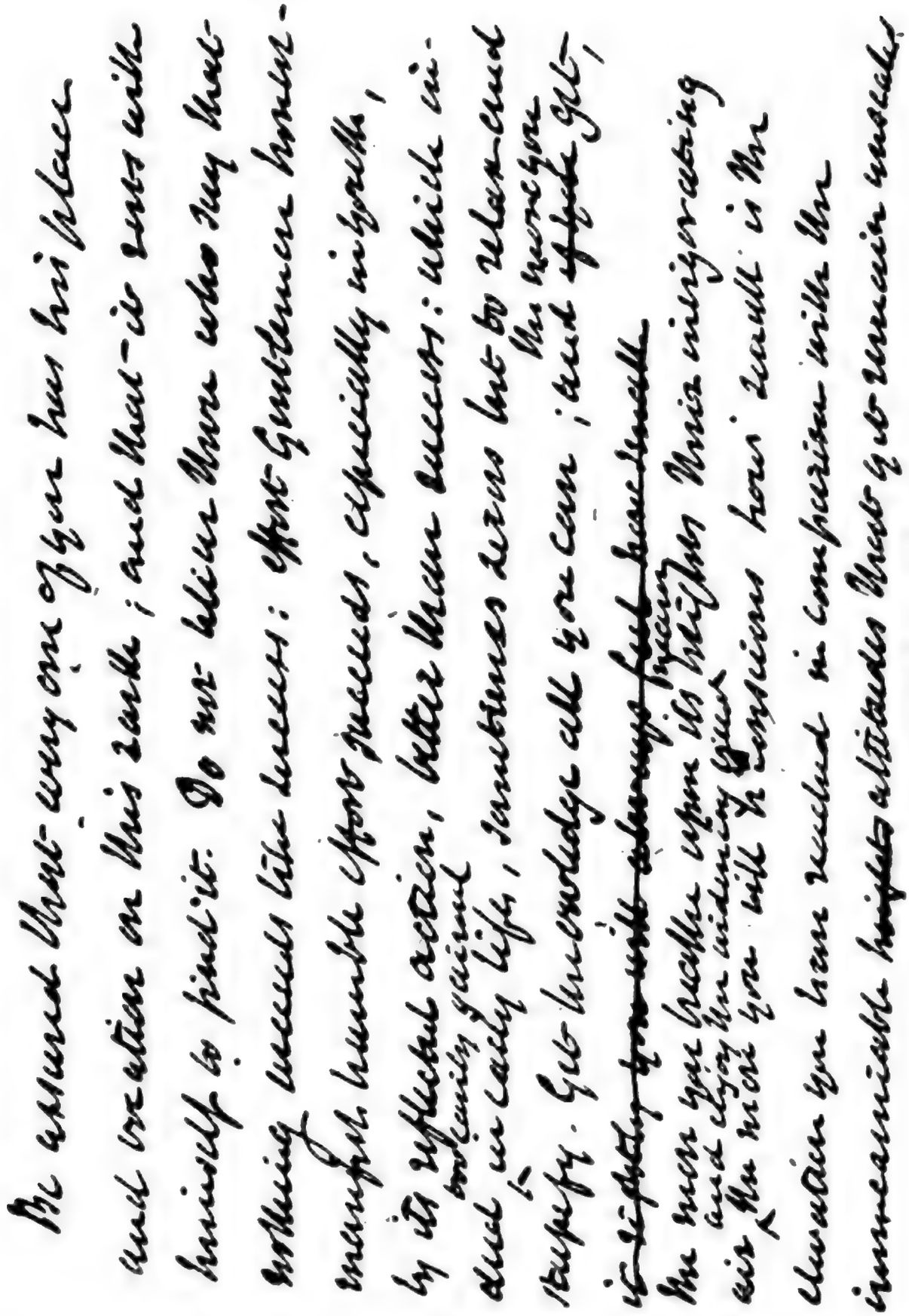

NO. 23.—WRITTEN IN 1879. AGE 69.

A page of Mr. Gladstone's Rectorial Address to the Students in Glasgow University.

qualities possessed by Mr. Gladstone—the more so because this study of gesture is advancing in the estimation of men who observe carefully and who reflect cautiously upon what they see.

To those who can catch the spirit of this interesting study there will come something like a revulsion of feeling when they look at No. 24 and then again scan No. 23. In No. 24 the politician comes out, although the letter is, of course, a perfectly proper one in the circumstances under which it was written

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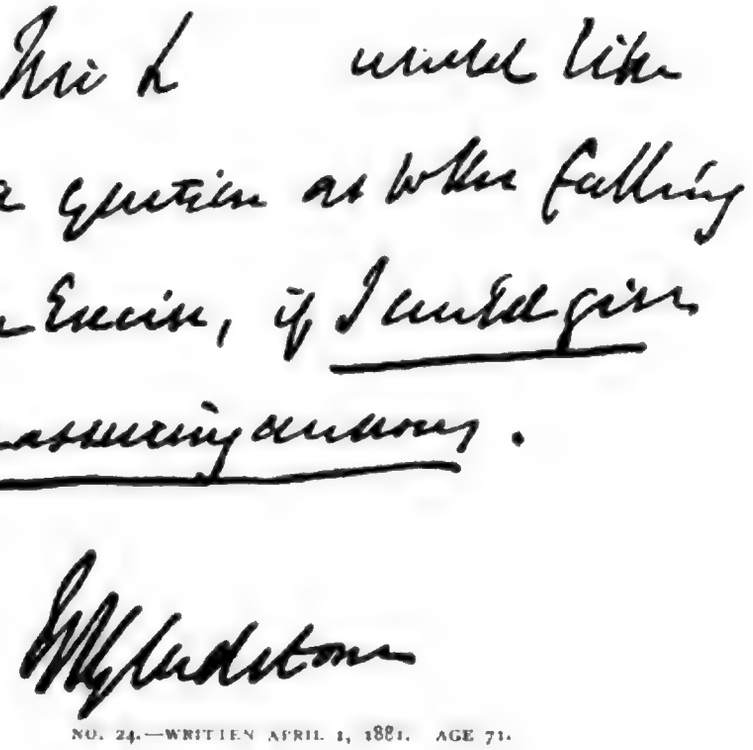
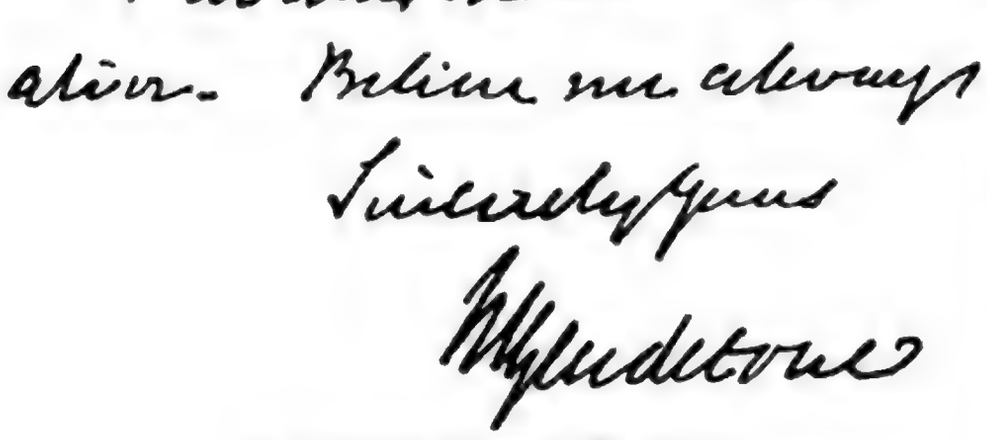
Here we again see the undulating lines of writing across the page, and here is a good specimen of the undulating signature dwindling into a point. If Mr. Gladstone had tried to write his Glasgow address (No. 23) in the same kind of writing used for No. 24, he could not have written the splendid words of that address—for the reason that his mental conditions differed widely upon the two occasions. Is it not to be regretted that so many little persons with political sentimentalities will rancorously express opinions upon this or that great politician which are based, if indeed they can be said to have any base, upon a scanty and superficial survey of political actions of any kind—for who can understand the mazes and intricacies of a prominent political life? And how few are the politicians who can show to us in their recorded gestures upon paper the magnificent qualities that are here detected and exposed—the handwriting of some of these men makes me wonder at their effrontery in occupying a seat in the House of Commons, while the election of them reflects small credit upon the intelligence of their constituents, and upon the capacity of these voters for drawing even the most elementary deductions from facial expression.

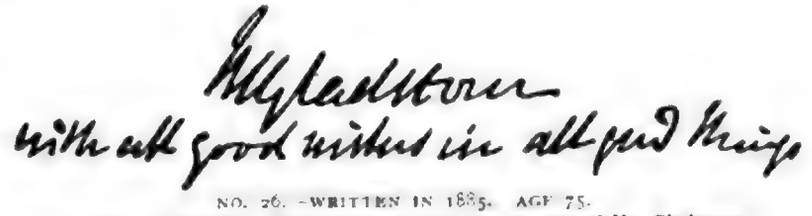


NO. 24.—WRITTEN APRIL 1, 1881. AGE 71.

In No. 25 we have the concluding words of a specially interesting letter that contains Mr. Gladstone's sentiments towards Edmund Burke. After writing, "Yet I venerate and almost worship him, though I can conceive its being argued that all he did for freedom, justice, religion, purity of government in other respects and in other quarters, was less than the mischief which flowed out from the Reflections," Mr. Gladstone wrote the one short sentence facsimiled, "I would he were now alive." This No. 25 is an excellent



NO. 25.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 13, 1884. AGE 74.



NO. 26.—WRITTEN IN 1885. AGE 75.

From a "Tennyson" Birthday-book, lent by a relative of Mr Gladstone.

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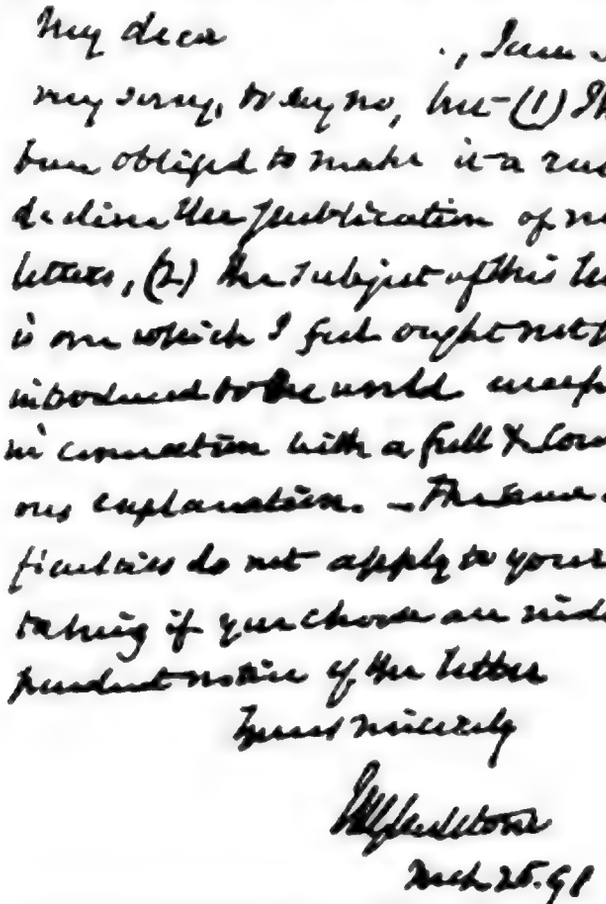
illustration of sincere, earnest, and frank gesture—observe the straight "run" of the writing, and see how the concluding letters of the signature increase in size instead of being fine-drawn down to a point. The "Tennyson" birthday-book, from which No. 26 has been taken, contains three quotations printed in the space allotted to the 29th of December. I quote the first and last of these because, curiously enough, they illustrate with approximate truth two extremes of the opinion held, as regards Mr. Gladstone, by some of his most ardent political adherents and opponents. The first quotation is, "Our noblest brother and our truest man" ("Gareth and Lynette"); the last, "He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin" ("The May Queen"). As the great majority of those who hold strong opinions in favour of or against Mr. Gladstone have probably no surer basis for their appreciation of him than the published accounts of his political words and acts, it would appear that an equally reliable way of forming such opinion lies in the chance association of this or that quotation in a printed book with the great man's name—certainly, this method would be far less troublesome in its application.

Beyond this what can
one say but that a Christian is
gone home.

Believe me my dear Cousin
Affectly yours
W E Gladstone

NO. 27.—WRITTEN OCTOBER 10, 1888. AGE 78.


My dear , I am very,
very sorry, to say no, but (1) I have
been obliged to make it a rule to
decline the publication of my
letters, (2) the subject of this letter
is one which I feel ought not to be
introduced to the world except
in connection with a full & continu-
ous explanation. The same dif-
ficulties do not apply to your
taking if you choose an inde-
pendent notice of the letter
Yours sincerely
W E Gladstone
Mch 25. 91

NO. 28.—WRITTEN MARCH 25, 1891. AGE 81.

The letter from which No. 27 is copied was written in reply to one sent to Mr. Gladstone by a relative announcing the death of a kinsman: "Beyond this, what can one say but that a Christian is gone home." Simple and homely words, that illustrate the plain sincerity of their writer's religious belief. No. 28 is worth more than casual attention, and for more than one reason. In the first place, the "rule" expressed on this post-card has limited the illustrations here given to a careful selection of extracts, and has prevented the insertion of many passages of even greater interest than those now facsimiled; in the second place, the painstaking detail of No. 28 is specially noteworthy, not only as regards the words written, but also on the score of the marked attention that is given to the details of the writing—here comes in another feature of Mr. Gladstone's nature, his courtesy.

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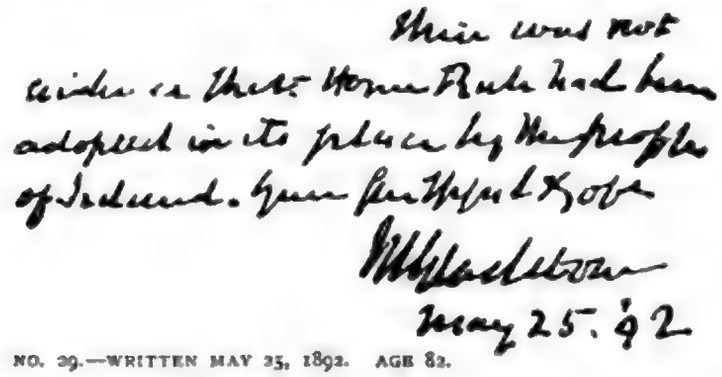
In going through a large number of his letters, etc., I have been much impressed by the courteousness of the gesture, quite apart from the wording of the letters. For when we write a letter, it is surely a mark of courtesy to give full attention to the way in which we perform that action, just as much as the numerous little courtesies of speech will proclaim the refinement and politeness of a speaker. Whether Mr. Gladstone is writing to a stranger, or sending an order to a bookseller, or writing to a personal friend, there is the same attention given to the details and arrangement of the handwriting—he cannot permit his written gestures to be slovenly and therefore wanting in proper courtesy to

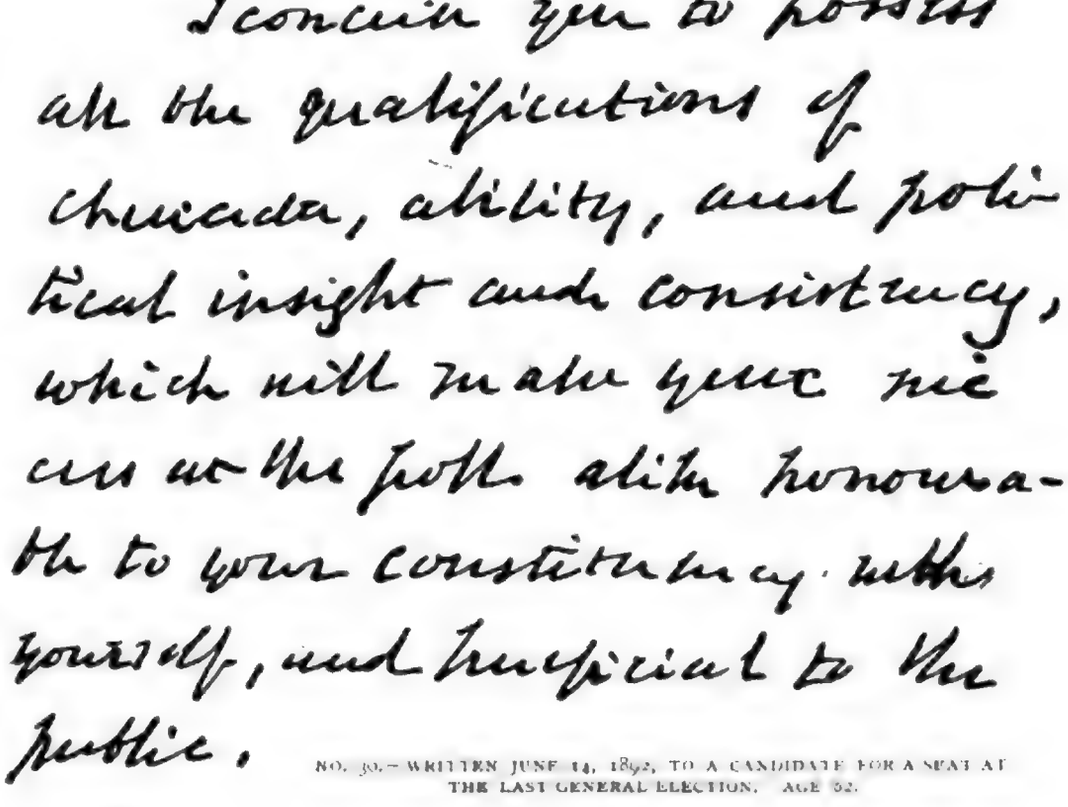


NO. 29.—WRITTEN MAY 25, 1892. AGE 82.

his correspondent. This peculiarity, the reason of which is obvious as soon as it is pointed out, might escape notice if I did not specially mention it, for many intelligent persons overlook the fact that in the act of writing each of us performs that act in our own individualistic way—a courteous man will employ courteous nerve-muscular movements, and a slovenly and impolite man will take no more heed of the little courtesies shown in handwriting than he will of the polite details of speech. A point like this serves as a simple and sufficiently good illustration of the reasoning processes which may be usefully employed in this study of gesture: it will probably appeal to those who can recognise that facts entirely overlooked, or which are regarded as being of small account by ordinary observers, are really of great moment in their special provinces—it will probably not appeal to those who attach no weight to facts unless they are presented to their consciousness by the ton weight or by the square acre.

An article upon Mr. Gladstone—even a non-political one—could, perhaps, scarcely be regarded as complete without some reference to Home Rule, so, in No. 29, I give part of a post-card, written prior to the general election of 1892, that contains a statement by Mr. Gladstone about Home Rule and "the people of Ireland." No. 30 also relates to political matters, and must have been pleasant reading to the receiver of this letter, especially as he probably attached no importance to the droop below their horizontal level of many words in this specimen—even if he noticed this unusual peculiarity in Mr. Gladstone's writing, which smacks of weariness and fatigue, that we are not surprised to notice when we consider how many letters similar to No. 30 were, almost of necessity, written at the stated time by this aged leader of men.

I am not permitted to give the text of the letter from which No. 31 has been extracted, nor can the name be mentioned of the person



NO. 30.—WRITTEN JUNE 14, 1892, TO A CANDIDATE FOR A SEAT AT THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION. AGE 82.

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to whom it was written. It must suffice to say that the last sentence, part of which is shown, ran: "This is all the more kind because we do not altogether agree in matters of opinion, although I trust we have a deep concurrence in what underlies them." Here again is the fine signature, larger than preceding ones, perhaps because of eye-trouble, but with the end of the signature as large or larger than the other non-capital letters of it. The whole of this writing is a wonderful piece of movement, in its earnest vigour, to come from the hand of a man aged 83–84—despite certain irregularities which may have been

trust we have a deep
concurrence in what
underlies them. Believe me
Sincerely yours
W. E. Gladstone

NO. 31.—WRITTEN MARCH 21, 1893. AGE 83.

on E. Monday or Tuesday:
you will see between them
we may, or they may be
kept here. And the circ^s
it is difficult to be pre
cise. —
Yours sincerely
W. E. Gladstone

NO. 32.—WRITTEN MARCH 19, 1894, FROM LION MANSION, BRIGHTON. AGE 84-85.

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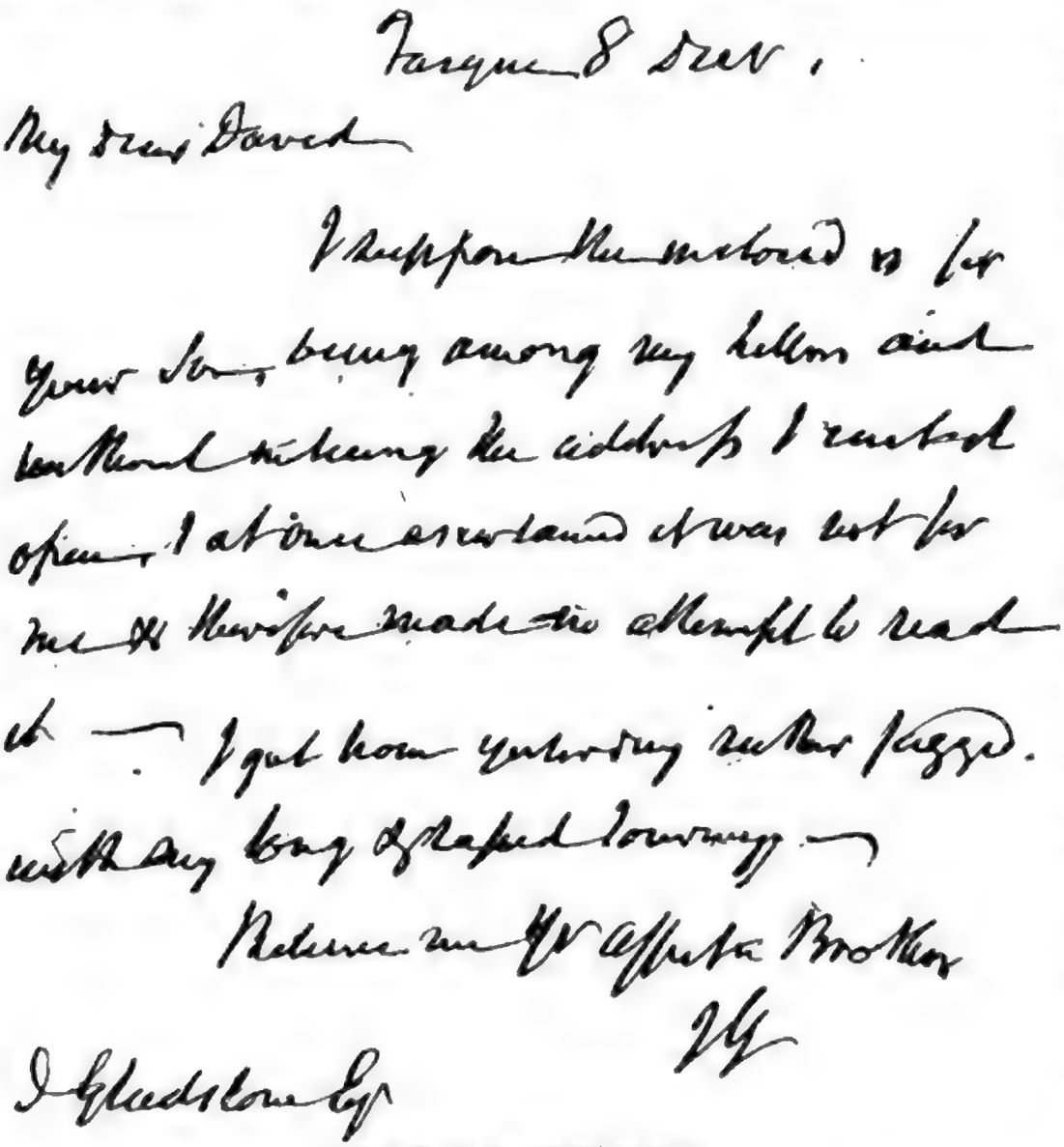
caused by defective sight as well as by the emotional feeling expressed in the letter: genuine and deep feeling is often a sad disturber of regularity in handwriting, as it is, indeed, in speech and in other modes of expression.

Not the least remarkable of the pieces of Mr. Gladstone's writing that we have here is that given in No. 32. It was written two or three days before the oculist consulted by Mr. Gladstone gave his recent opinion upon his patient's eyesight. Although many individual strokes are here indistinctly defined —owing to the infirmity mentioned—there is no confusion between word and word, or between line and line of the letter. The clear-thinking, precise, and fastidiously courteous mind triumphs over grave physical trouble, backed up and invigorated as it is by the splendid energy of the man. Look at the signature of No. 32, straight, firm, and powerful; with an upward movement instead of the droop that might so well be expected in the signatures of smaller men in similar circumstances—there is but one slight defect at the top of the *W*. Not only did this letter refer to an appointment with the oculist on the 21st of March, but it mentioned the illness of Mrs. Gladstone, and said: "Our little grandchild has the beginnings of what will probably be declared measles or whooping-cough." Notwithstanding the illness of those dear to Mr. Gladstone, despite his own illness and trouble, he goes on to mention details about "some book-clearing-out business for Thursday morning" at Downing Street. The portion facsimiled relates to the moving of these books, the last words being: "and in the circumstances it is difficult to be precise." The first words of this letter are: "The stars seem rather to fight against us." If no other act of Mr. Gladstone, except the gesture of this letter, existed to prove his splendid courage, this facsimile alone would furnish ample proof of it.

We have answered the questions with which we started, and now for a word of explanation blended with an apology—if such be needed—for plain speech. In these sketches of character based upon written ges-



LETTER BY MR. GLADSTONE'S FATHER.

A letter written by Sir John Gladstone, Bart., on December 8th, 1847, at the age of eighty-three. In this facsimile there is a general likeness to the handwriting of Mr. Gladstone, and there is a particular correspondence as regards the forceful energy, marked simplicity, and the clear "spacing-out" of the written gestures of both father and son. The extreme angularity of Sir John Gladstone's handwriting runs almost into harshness; certainly it shows a stern and imperious nature, while the graciousness that comes out in Mr. Gladstone's writing is not so apparent in this specimen of his father's gesture.

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Mehemet Ali. Mehemet Ali was a native of Kavala, a town on the Turkish coast of the Aegean Sea. He was a Turkish officer, and was sent to Egypt with a force to drive the French out of that country. He was successful in this, and was made governor of Egypt. He was a man of great ability, and he made himself master of the country. He was a great ruler, and he made Egypt prosperous. He was a great builder, and he built many fine buildings. He was a great soldier, and he made Egypt a great military power. He was a great statesman, and he made Egypt a great nation. He was a great man, and he made Egypt a great country.

THE PARISH AND DIOCESE OF LONDON. Under the Bishop of London, the Archdeacons of London, Middlesex, and Hackney, and the Rural Deans of Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Bloomsbury, Camden, Chelsea, Finsbury, Hackney, Hampstead, Holborn, Islington, Kensington, Lambeth, Marylebone, Poplar, Shoreditch, Stepney, Tower Hamlets, Westminster, Wandsworth, Whitechapel, and Wimbledon.

Mr. Ch'ang Ch'ung-ch'ing, the president of the Ch'ang Ch'ung-ch'ing Tea Company, Limited, is a native of Ch'ang-shu, Kiangsu, and is a member of the family which has been engaged in the tea business for over a hundred years. He was educated in the Nanking Normal School and in the Nanking Technical School, and was for some years a teacher in the Nanking Normal School. He was also for some years a member of the Nanking Chamber of Commerce, and was one of the promoters of the Nanking Industrial Exhibition held in 1910. He is now a member of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, and is a director of the Shanghai Commercial Bank, Limited, and of the Shanghai Cotton Cloth Mill, Limited. He is also a director of the Shanghai Electric Construction Company, Limited, and of the Shanghai Electric Power Company, Limited. He is a member of the Shanghai Municipal Council, and is a member of the committee of the Shanghai Municipal Council for the Chinese Public Schools. He is also

Figure 1. Cross section of the Ventricle of the Heart, showing the Valves, Tendinous Cords, and Papillary Muscles.

A terrible and mysterious dwelling-place was that castle: its vestibules dark with priests, its courtyards glittering with soldiers, its chapels ever ablaze with candles, its drawbridges always raised, gave to it the double aspect of a citadel and a convent. People talked in whispers, walking on tip-toe, in its great halls, as in a cemetery; captives by hundreds, indeed, lay groaning and buried from the world in its vaults—some for having spoken of the King, some for having spoken of the people—but by far the larger number for nothing. Every stone in the castle might be looked upon as the gravestone of a living prisoner; and it was there that, idle, with an adventurous spirit, an ardent soul, the Dauphin Charles, then in his twelfth year, was being reared.

Poor King's son! He sought in vain to rest his eyes from the horrors surrounding him. A fresh and green forest waved at the foot of the castle; but from the oaks there hung, not acorns, but the bodies of men. The Loire flowed by, brightly and gaily—but every night the King's justice troubled and reddened its waters. So passed his early youth, wearily and painfully.

One day, however, his looks and gestures betrayed a less passive state of weariness.

The noonday angélus had already been rung, and his morning meal, consisting, in accordance with his orders, of light pastry and sweetmeats, stood untouched on a table, which the young prince rapped impatiently. Every now and then he rose from his seat, panting with hope, inquietude, and called:—

"Blanchette! Blanchette! why don't you come? The breakfast is melting in the sun, and if you don't soon come, the flies will eat up your share!"

And as the forgetful convive returned no answer to his appeal, the poor amphitryon continued to tap the floor with his feet and become more and more uneasy. Suddenly a slight sound in the tapestry made him start; he turned his head, uttered a cry, and sank back in his chair, filled with joy, and murmuring a sigh of immense relief:—

"At last!"

No doubt it will be imagined that the "Blanchette" so much desired was some noble lady, a sister or cousin of the young prince. She was nothing of the sort. Blanchette was simply a little white mouse, as her name indicated—so lively that, on seeing her run across the floor, she might have been mistaken for a flitting sunbeam, and so gentle she might have found mercy even with a hungry cat.

Charles caressed his pretty visitor, gazing at her with delight while she nibbled a biscuit in his hand; but then remembering that he owed it to his dignity to scold her a bit, he said to her in a pleasantly grave tone:—

"HE SANK BACK IN HIS CHAIR."

"Now, mademoiselle, will you tell me what you think I ought to say to such conduct? Here, I treat you like a duchess; I have forbidden my door to my father's barber and favourite, Olivier le Daim, because his cat-like face is displeasing to you; Bec-d'Or, my beautiful falcon, has died with jealousy; and every evening, ungrateful that you are, you leave me, to race about the fields like a mere vagabond mouse! Where do you go in this way, heedless of your own danger and of my anxiety? Where do you go?—tell me; I insist on knowing!"

Pressing though the question was, poor Blanchette, as may be imagined, returned no answer to it; but, with a look of sadness, fixing her intelligent eyes on those of the scolding lad, she turned over the pages of the book of the Gospels, which was lying upon the table, and placed her rosy paws upon these words: "Visit the prisoners."

Charles was surprised and confused, as happens to presumptuous persons when they receive a lesson at the moment when they

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Mrs. Jones's daughter Mary, who is a young lady of fifteen, is very much in love with a young man named Smith, who is a clerk in a dry goods store. Smith is a very good young man, and Mrs. Jones's husband, who is a retired grocer, has no objection to him except that he is poor and has no prospects. Mrs. Jones, however, is a very proud woman, and she has set her heart on her daughter marrying a rich man. She has invited a rich young man named Brown to come to her house and meet her daughter, and she has told her husband that he must be very polite to him. Mrs. Jones's husband is a very kind man, and he has promised his wife that he will be very polite to Brown. Mrs. Jones's daughter Mary is very fond of her father, and she has promised her father that she

at each in turn, her sparkling little eyes seeming to say:—

"To both, my children!"

Here it must be explained that Blanchette, as her intelligence, tender-heartedness, and gentle manners may have suggested, was something more than an ordinary mouse; she was, in fact, a fairy—named, for her compassionateness, The Fairy of Tears—who, for a slight offence given to a malignant sister fairy, had been transformed into her present shape for one hundred years, ninety-nine of which she had already passed, going from palace to prison (often prisons both), and from sorrow to sorrow, pitilessly gnawing to pieces all the bad books she came upon (there are, alas, no such mice nowadays!) and even munching up death-sentences in the pocket of Tristan, the headsman!

It was not long before that worthy companion of Louis XI. returned to the castle and his master with him; and with them came back distrust and terror. The prince, however, did not discontinue his visits to the prisoner; in fact, they became from day to day longer and more frequent, and even the gaoler—a fact which would have awakened suspicion in any mind less ingenuous than the young prince's—from having obeyed him reluctantly and with fear and trembling, seemed now to encourage these interviews and provoke them by his complaisance.

One evening he and the poor young duke were talking as usual, Charles with his elbows resting on the ledge of the window in the door of the dungeon, while Blanchette flitted backwards and forwards between them, distributing her caresses with edifying partiality. The conversation, which had for some time been desultory, turned at last to the subject of Charles's projects for his future reign.

"What are you going to do, when you become King?" gaily asked the prisoner, who, older in years, and more still in misfortune, exhibited in the conversation a marked superiority over his young friend.

"A pretty question to ask me! I shall make war."

Nemours smiled sadly.

"Yes," continued the Dauphin, tapping his forehead, "I have long had my plan formed, here. I shall, first, go and conquer Italy: Italy, you see, Nemours, is a wonderful country, where the streets are full of music, the bushes covered with oranges, and where there are as many churches as there are dwelling-houses. I shall keep Italy for myself; then, in passing, I shall take Constantinople for my friend André Paléologue; and, lastly, with the help of God, I count on being able to deliver the Holy Sepulchre."

"And after you have done all that?" asked the young duke, mischievously.

"Oh!—after that—after that," repeated the Dauphin, slightly embarrassed, "I shall have time, perhaps, to conquer some other kingdoms, if there are any others."

"And will taking so much care of your glory make you neglect your people?—will you do nothing for *them*, Monseigneur?"

"Certainly I will! In the first place, before setting off, I'll give Olivier and Tristan to the Evil One, if he will have them; and I will abolish executioners." And as Blanchette frisked more joyously and more caressingly than ever at these words, he added, gaily: "I'll do something for you also, Blanchette; I'll suppress cats."

Both burst into laughter at this sally. But their gaiety was brief as the passage of a flash of lightning. They stopped suddenly and looked at each other in terror, for they had seemed to hear other laughter—altogether too unlike their own to be an echo—ring from out the shadow beside them. They presently recovered from their alarm, however.

"Hope and courage!" said the Dauphin to the young duke, holding out his hand in sign of leave-taking.

The poor captive raised himself to press this consoling hand; but his limbs, stiffened by long torture, served ill his pious desire; he uttered a cry of pain and sank back upon his stool.

"Oh, God! when shall I be King?" the young prince could not refrain from crying, as his eyes filled with tears.

"Soon, please God!" said Nemours.

"Never!" exclaimed a third speaker, until then invisible. And Louis XI. appeared, followed by Tristan, Coictier, and some others of his familiars. By the light of a lantern, which one of them had held hidden beneath his mantle, the Dauphin beheld the terrible old man move with slow and feeble steps towards him like a spectre, muttering these words, broken by an irrepressible cough:

"Ah! gallant damoiseau, you turn hungry eyes towards my crown, while I still live! Pious and provident son, you are looking forward to my funeral! Wretch, your sword!"

A fit of coughing more violent than the others interrupted him.

Charles offered no resistance; only, with a gesture of indignation, he repulsed Tristan, who moved forward to disarm him, and him-

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"A CROWD BEARING TORCHES."

ceased to exist, and the Bohemian who constructed it has long since disappeared."

"Let him be sought for and brought before me," said the King. "To the man who finds him—honour and largesses!—a diamond from my crown if he is noble, his weight in gold if he is of low birth."

And with a wave of his hand he dismissed his brilliant retinue.

Left alone, with the exception of a few pages, who watched them from a distance, the two friends gazed at each other in silence. A terrible anxiety, which they dare not express, made their hearts palpitate in unison: "If the magic workman were dead! —if the cage could never more be opened!"

They wept—and, strange fact! —Blanchette appeared unmoved by their tears. There was a strong and natural reason for this.

It will be remembered that her expiatory metamorphosis was to endure for one hundred years. Now, at that moment, ninety-nine years three hundred and sixty-four days twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes had elapsed since she became Blanchette. The clock of Plessis-lès-Tours began to strike the hour—and instantly the dark and fetid dungeon was filled with sweet perfume and light; the iron cage fell to the ground and disappeared. The terrified orphans thought that the castle had been stricken by a thunder-bolt.

"Blanchette! Blanchette, where are you?" they cried, trembling for the existence of their adopted sister.

"I am here, my children," replied a gentle voice above their heads. And, raising their eyes, they beheld with amazement the retransformed fairy, standing, wand in hand, upon a pedestal of cloud.

"Have no fear," she continued; "I am she whom you called Blanchette: my companions call me the 'Fairy of Tears.' Your tears are staunched, and my mission to you is fulfilled. Farewell!"

The little duke and the little King besought her not to abandon them yet; but she replied, gravely:—

"It must be; you have no need of consolation, but it is wanted elsewhere. I hear, near this castle, the sobbing of a beggar-child, and hasten to her. Adieu, Sire! Adieu, Monseigneur!" And she disappeared in a great burst of light.

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The Queer Side of Things.

THE MAN WITH A MALADY.

THE only silent person at our table d'hôte was a very tall, careworn man, who passed nearly every dish offered to him,

and played with such scraps as he did take as if unaware of their presence on his plate. He sat with knitted brows, painfully preoccupied and obviously brooding. The comfortable German next to him, who sat with both elbows on the table, picking his teeth with one hand and ladling spoonfuls of chopped-up meat into his mouth with the other, tried to draw him into conversation in well-masticated English, but the thin man replied either monosyllabically or not at all.

But suddenly, while the German, with many snorts and gurgles, was sucking in an ice from a spoon, the bowl of which rested in the palm of his hand—his elbow being, of course, always on the table—the silent man suddenly turned to him and said :—

"I think you had better begin to see about packing your portmanteau—you will have to do it in such a hurry after the telegram arrives."

"Telechram ?" said the German, the words, the ice, and a gulp of wine all struggling for mastery in his throat. "Vwat telechram ? Vwich telechram ?"

"Oh ! about your warehouse in Hamburg, you know—the fire in it——" Then he broke off suddenly, and said : "Ah—I forgot—I was only thinking aloud."

The German choked, gulped, snorted, and sputtered—even more than he had during the meal ; but his ejaculatory inquiries failed to elicit anything more from his neighbour ; and at length, stuffing a fig, a piece of cheese, some bread, and some wine all at once into his mouth, he tore the table-napkin from his collar, and choked indignantly out of the room.

During the next day I did not come across the thin man. In the middle of the night following I was violently waked by a heavy stamping and a stentorian shouting in the corridors ; this was followed by loud chokes and gurgles, which died away down the stairs and were heard again on the front steps—and I knew the German was departing by the night train. Next morning, at breakfast, I heard from the waiter that the German had gone to Hamburg in consequence of a telegram he had received. He had appeared greatly excited and upset, and the "boots" had heard him talking excitedly to himself about a fire.

That evening, as in duty bound, I stepped over to the Casino ; in the peristyle I found the thin man, with his arms behind him, walking very slowly backwards and forwards ; the cigar between his teeth being hopelessly out, and unnoticed. Suddenly he flung away the cigar and hurried into the theatre ; but he did not seem to hear the concert, and as the music ceased he started up, muttering to himself, "Let's go and see that fellow lose his seven thousand pounds !" and hurried away feverishly to the tables. He walked straight to the second roulette table on the right, where a visitor was engaged in staking little piles of gold pieces—twenty little piles at a time. That time he won on his tallest pile, staked on a full number, making a considerable addition to the heap he had already won.

"I should advise you to stop *now*," murmured the thin man, standing by his chair ; but the plunger merely stared at him and resumed his placing of little piles all over the table.

"Hum ! of course, if you *will* do it," muttered the thin man. "But don't say I didn't warn you !"

Zero turned up ; and the plunger (who despised the even chances) lost all his little piles : but on he went again—full numbers, full transversals, carré, à cheval ; and again zero turned up, and away went the little

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"Of course it is," replied the thin man; "and doesn't that make it all the worse?"

"But what does it spring from?"

"Why, from the fashionable, up-to-date complaint—nervous exhaustion. Overwork, sir, resulting in super-excitation of the cerebral tissues—or some jargon of that sort. I tell you it's a disease, sir: the ancient seers suffered from it, I suppose: anyhow, *I* do and that's enough for *me!* And I came away to get rid of it by change of air."

"Pray forgive me," I said, "but your case is so very peculiar and interesting that I am impelled to ask how this ailment first manifested itself."

"Oh! — usual thing. I felt tired and depressed — couldn't sleep —had no energy— couldn't fix my thoughts. Then one day, when somebody asked me whether I thought the fine weather was likely to last, I surprised myself by saying 'No; it will begin to rain at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and keep on all night.' I *knew* it would, sir; and when my prophecy turned out correct, my feelings were mixed, sir.

"First I was surprised—then frightened—then glad; but on the whole fright prevailed. It wasn't comfortable, sir; and I tried to believe it was all nonsense; but events *would* turn out as I foresaw, and conviction was forced upon me.

"Now, sir, I daresay you think, 'What a wonderful power to possess! What a magnificent advantage!' *Is* it? Take my word for it, you'd have a different opinion if you actually suffered from it. Advantage, sir! Do you consider it an advantage to foresee a lot of miserable and horrible things which are destined to happen to you years hence, and to look forward to them and brood upon them all the time until they happen? It's bad enough to remember a past misfortune if its effects continue, but it's a confounded deal worse to foresee one, and see it getting bigger and bigger like an express train advancing from the distance to smash you like a fly!

"I TELL YOU IT'S A DISEASE, SIR."

"Eh — what? 'Certain worldly advantages attached to the disease.' What's the good of them, sir, when you know what's going to happen to you? *I* don't want wealth, sir; shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it. I'm well enough off for all *my* requirements: and I don't want power, sir—nor influence; I want to be quiet and jog along — and how the deuce can a man afflicted with the gift of prophecy be quiet and jog along? I tell you, my knowledge of my future is like a nightmare; and it makes me nasty and vindictive; and the only use I care to put my ailment to is to worry people out of their wits. You, sir, for instance, would be deuced uncomfortable—and that's putting it pretty mildly —if I were to tell you what will happen to you just about this date three years hence. I'll spare you that; and you have reason to be very thankful to me."

I began a smile of amused incredulity: but somehow it would not work! I tilted my hat a little to one side, and gave my cigar a jaunty cock to show my indifference; but I very soon put my hat straight again and allowed my cigar to fall into its usual serious position. I turned away from the thin man and sauntered into the reading-room, took up *Galignani*, and sat down; and it took five minutes to reveal to me the fact that I was holding the newspaper upside down.

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Then I got up resolutely and went out again to the thin man, and, staring boldly at him, began: "I shall take it as a favour if you will tell me," but here my voice somehow seemed to die of inanition, and I finished up with "the time."

The thin man chuckled inside him in a Mephistophelean way which told me he knew well enough that I had not come to ask the time. With a sudden violent resolve not to be a fool, I began to talk again about his affair at the table.

"You must have puzzled them considerably over there," I said.

"I have," he replied. "The administration fellows are talking the matter over now in a pretty state of mind! One of them will call on me here this afternoon with a cheque for my winnings, and an inquiry as to what I propose to do. Of course they've long ago grasped the fact that I can smash the entire concern if I choose; but my conduct has puzzled them. I could have broken the bank at every table if I had liked last night—but that's not my object. I want to tease them. If you're curious, you may as well be present at our interview."

I accepted eagerly—anything to distract my mind. After lunch I went up with the thin man to his room; and within fifteen minutes the porter came to say that a gentleman wished to speak with the thin man.

"Show him up," said the latter.

The visitor entered.

"You are anxious—very anxious—to have a chat with me?" said the thin man, settling himself luxuriously in his chair. "Pray go on—my friend here does not matter at all—you can speak quite freely in his presence."

The visitor hesitated; then proceeded:—

"I have brought to Monsieur his winnings which he forgot to take last night at the table. This cheque——"

"Ah, many thanks," said the thin man; "but I'm not in need of it just at present. If you would like to put it aside for me—or, better still, if you would like to devote it to the good of the poor hereabouts—eh?"

The Casino official looked bewildered, and fidgeted, and stroked his beard. There was a silence — awkward on the part of the official; employed in suppressed chuckles by the thin man.

"Monsieur proposes to make a stay in Monte Carlo?" asked the official, very uneasily.

"Well—I really haven't decided," said the thin man, cheerfully.

"Ah!—then—Monsieur proposes to continue towards us the honour of visiting the tables?"

"Why, I haven't made any plans about that, either."

The official stroked his beard in a desolated way: the expression of anxiety on his brow was obvious and painful. He glanced from the thin man to me.

"Monsieur might—ah!—might perhaps be disposed to acquiesce in some little arrangement touching his departure?" he said at length, somewhat hoarsely. "The administration are always liberal, and ——"

"Oh, I'm not in want of money," said the thin man, cheerfully. "You might glean that from my leaving my winnings last night."

"That is true, my faith!" said the official. "But—the truth is—Monsieur appears to enjoy extraordinary good fortune — wonderful chance!"

"Luck, you mean, of course. It is not luck, however, my dear sir: it is simply a knowledge of the future—that is all. Will you kindly keep your eye on the corner of that house on the sea-front there, while I tell you about the persons who will pass from behind it on the pavement? A fat man in a brown coat—there he is, you see; three ladies and a little dog—there they are; a policeman and a gendarme carrying a white parcel;

"A GENDARME CARRYING A WHITE PARCEL."

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next, a white dog; now a woman with a large basket."

There was no possibility of the thin man having seen the pedestrians before they appeared from behind the house. The Casino official turned pale and scratched his nose.

"You perceive—there's no 'luck' about it," continued the thin man; "I wish there were, confound it! Well, it may have occurred to you that it is in my power to foretell every coup in the play-rooms?"—he kept his twinkling eye fixed on the official, whose jaw had dropped in despair, and chuckled inwardly all the time he spoke—"to communicate the knowledge to others—to everyone in the rooms, in fact. I might break every bank, every day, until the place simply had to be shut up; think of that, my dear sir—*shut up!* I could simply sweep away the whole place; just turn that over in your mind! But perhaps you *have?*"

There was little doubt that the official *had:* he was ghastly pale, and his eyes were staring like a madman's; while the thin man, grinning cheerfully, sat up in his chair and looked straight into the other's eyes.

"But — surely — Monsieur — *mon Dieu* — Monsieur has not the hardness of heart to propose to himself so terrible a plan? We have not offended Monsieur in any way? We are at Monsieur's commands. Anything we can do to make him pleasure—all our possible—is at his disposition! Monsieur would like to accept a share in the undertaking—a very large share? Even a quarter —a half? Monsieur will do the honour of joining the administration?"

The thin man laughed softly.

"Oh, dear, no!" he said, pleasantly; "I have no ambition in that direction. Really, I haven't decided on any plan. I may amuse myself at the tables"—(the official winced, and his teeth chattered)—"or, on the other hand, I may never enter again. Goodness knows."

"But—at least—Monsieur will give me his promise to abstain from communicating his terrible knowledge to persons—to the crowd? He will be so gentle as to promise——"

"Oh—I really can't make any promises, you know. Why should I?"

"But — reflect — you do not hate us, Monsieur?"

"Oh, dear, no," said the thin man, agreeably. "Not a bit of it. You have amused me with splendid concerts, and all that, all for nothing. I am inclined to like the administration. Whatever I do will simply be to amuse myself—of course, it *may* be bad for you—I don't say it *will*, you know."

The official rose, pale and bewildered. He

"THE OFFICIAL ROSE."

passed his hand across his forehead, damp with drops. He went towards the door—hesitated and turned back—then bowed and went slowly out.

"Now, you know, this affair will tease those fellows. They'll be in an awful state of mind, eh? That's what I want—I shall leave them in perplexity—see? Hang over them like a sword—they'll always be on the tremble for fear I'm going to turn up, or set up an establishment to give people tips about the winning numbers!" He chuckled consumedly; then he added:—

"As a matter of fact, I'm off to-night; but I shall tell the landlord that I may return very shortly; *they'll* find that out over there; and they will have a time of it!"

I could eat no dinner that day; I could not keep my pipe alight that evening; I could not listen to the concert at the Casino; the thin man's words to me, "I'll spare you that, and you have reason to be very thankful to me!" buzzed in my head until I felt giddy. Three or four times I went to his door to seek him and beg him to tell me at once *what* was to happen to me; but I could not screw up my courage to hear it. I loathed him; but that did no good. He was

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there's a nice thing to happen to him in three weeks' time; egad, I should like to get down and tell him about it, only I can't speak French well enough. Dear, dear; now I regret that I can't; what a drawback it is to be unable to speak a language!"

I let him rattle on, and ceased to hear what he said. Should I refuse to hear what my fate was to be—get out at the next station and hurry off? Or should I beg him to tell me, for mercy's sake? Or should I *make* him reveal it—threaten to kill him unless——? Pooh! He *knew* I could not kill him: he *knew* he had to live seven years at least—until that calamity came upon him.

So I determined to keep touch with him; travel with him to Paris, and never lose sight of him: and I went to the same hotel with him at Marseilles. I overheard him tell the porter of his intention to leave by the train on the following night: but next day I found he had gone by the morning train. I took the next train to Paris, and used every plan I could think of to find him—for three weeks I was on his track: but I had lost him.

So there was that 19th of March three years thence hanging over me! I struggled hard to thrust the thing from my mind, taking up all kinds of occupations to drive it away; but the thought would come upon me at intervals with such force that I could get no sleep for weeks together. My hair began to turn prematurely grey, and my face became wan and furrowed.

I was told by friends that I was a ghastly sight; and my unconquerable gloom drove them from my society.

And one day I was travelling on the District Railway, face to face with the only other occupant of the compartment. He was a plump, contented-looking man; and there was something in his manner which I seemed to recognise. Suddenly he began to stare at me; then an expression of great mental distress passed over his face; and he said: "Were you ever at Monte Carlo?"

A conviction was growing in my mind as I replied, "Yes — unfortunately for me!"

He placed his hand on mine, nervously, as if in great pity.

"I WAS TRAVELLING ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY."

"In March—two years ago?" he asked.

"Yes—curse the time!"

"Do you know me?" he said, in a trembling voice.

"Yes!" I almost screamed, starting up. "You are the fiend who—— *Will* you tell me *now* what is to happen to me—a year hence—the 19th of next March?"

He was silent; he passed his hand over his brow as if in a strained effort to remember; and he looked at me in a way so helpless, so remorseful, so beseeching, that I felt my expression of deadly hate relax and my clenched fists open. Again he laid his hand on mine, and said, in a faltering voice:—

"I can recollect nothing—*nothing*—of the things I foresaw during my ailment. When I returned to London I recovered from my abnormal condition of mind, and all the future faded from me. I can remember that I foretold something which was to happen to you at some date or other, but that is all." He looked at me and shuddered; there was no need for him to *tell* me how changed I was.

"Try!" I said, hoarsely. Again he tried—it was useless.

Then, suddenly, it came over me that *now* had arrived my opportunity for revenge; he had evidently forgotten that a horrible fate was to overtake *him* five years from then. I chuckled inwardly in a demoniac way, and thought over the words in which to remind him of the coming catastrophe—but he was still looking at me with that crushed look of remorse and pity; and I could not say the thing. He covered his face with his hands, and tears trickled from between his fingers. I was silent. "Why don't you kill me?" he said.

"Perhaps," he said, suddenly brightening—"perhaps that foreknowledge of mine was all nonsense—merely a mental hallucination. It must have been—the thing is impossible!"

"Do you recollect the numbers on the roulette table?" I said, "and the people passing along the sea-front? and the German's telegram?"

"I will try my hardest, day and night, to recollect!" he said. "Here is my address ——. Come and stay with me, so that if, at any moment, the recollection

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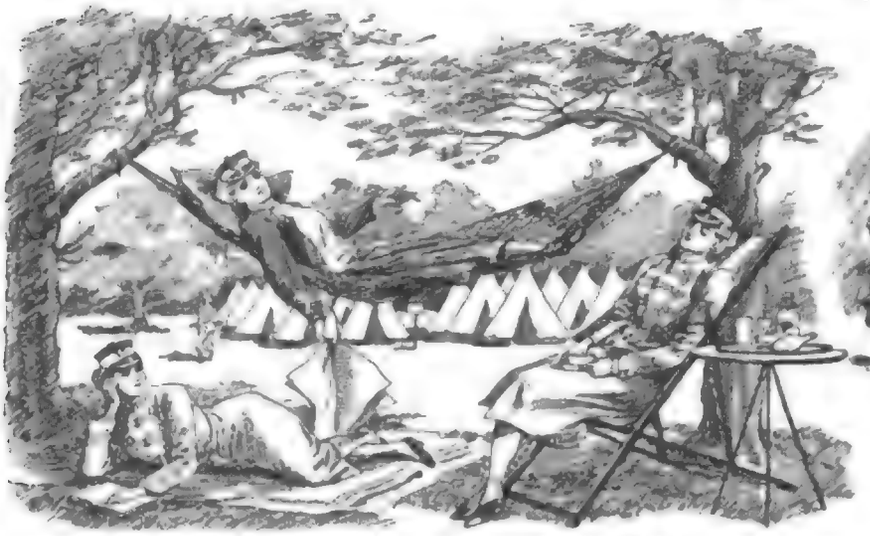
[illegible] Ministry of Education, Science and Culture, Tokyo, Japan, 1964. Pp. 1-2. Reprinted in Kyoto Journal, Issue 1, 1986. Pp. 4-5. Reprinted in Kyoto Journal, Issue 2, 1986. Pp. 4-5. Reprinted in Kyoto Journal, Issue 3, 1986. Pp. 4-5. Reprinted in Kyoto Journal, Issue 4, 1986. Pp. 4-5. Reprinted in Kyoto Journal, Issue

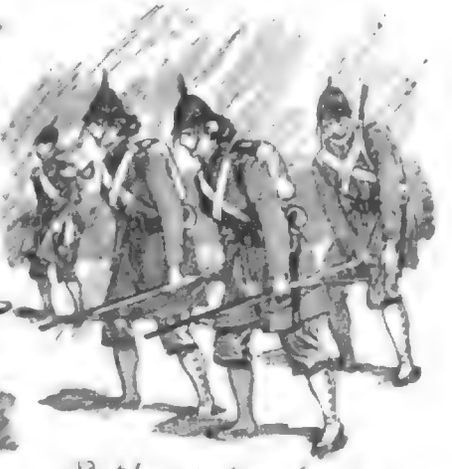
A writer tells us that the coming Women Volunteers are divided on the question of uniform into a 'progressive' and 'moderate' section. The former boldly advocates the adoption of the ordinary Volunteer uniform, without addition or subtraction of any kind. The less advanced party suggest an alternative of a short skirt.

Some ingenious mediator has already come forward with a third suggestion—that a little skirt should be worn over and above the ordinary 'continuations' of a Volunteer uniform, and be fastened at the back with a single button, to the end that it may be promptly discarded by its wearers at the word of command when going into action.

But would that button always work?—might not the nervous excitement of the moment paralyze the fingers of the fair combatants?



Of course in summer time, and given fine weather, Volunteer camps from the picnic standpoint, would be pleasant enough.



But how about marching or manœuvring in bad weather?—unless umbrellas and mackintoshes are included in the kit.

This is the sort of thing we may expect to see on Sundays in the park.

The two insuperable obstacles to the movement, as the writer points out, are firstly the necessity for firing, looking to the noise and the recoil; and secondly the difficulty of maintaining discipline having regard to the notorious objection of most women to submit to the authority of their own sex, and to their no less notorious tendency to argue the point.

Something of this kind would probably happen.
Sergeant. 'Shoulder arms!'
Chorus of Privates. 'No we shan't—why should we? We shall just carry the nasty things as we like.'

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Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

"But, brother, since it is you who have reared me, you are the father of the family? You must not go away—besides, you are married, for you are betrothed to Louise—who does nothing but weep, as if *that* would do anything!"

And the pretty rebel, who appeared to be charming in the moonlight, fell to crying too. Louise replied in a voice broken by sobs:—

"Christine—is unreasonable—isn't she, Eugène—unreasonable?"

"My poor dears!" replied Eugène, tenderly, pressing them to his bosom.

"Well, then, Louise," cried Christine, suddenly, "prove to me the strength of your courage! Since he will not listen to either of us—since he believes that we can do nothing for him—you see the quarry before us; it is deep and goes straight down from the brink—come with me!"

And, completely losing her head, she took the hands of Louise and drew her from the arms of Eugène.

"Are you both mad?" cried Eugène. "Can't you see that I must go with the others to fight for France?—for you?—for the cross? Louise, Christine, I shall return in eight years, and if I do not find my sister and my beloved one then, what will there be left for me? Do you wish me also to kill myself?—that I should not have the memory of you in my heart, to make me fight like a lion, to bring you back a pair of epaulettes? Let me go; one only has to serve one's time, and all is said."

"Oh! his time!" replied Christine. "There was Stephane, the mechanic, who went away with the others to Russia: *he* served his time—he died at Moscow—and his mother is in mourning for him. The others, will they ever come back? His time! with their dog of an emper——"

"Will you hold your tongue?" interrupted Eugène, clapping his hand over her mouth.

"No, I will not hold my tongue! Haven't you a colonel—he who enrolled you? Well, go to him, throw yourself on your knees before him and say, 'Monseigneur, I don't want to go with you—I don't want to be killed. I have a sister and a wife who cannot live without me, and who will throw themselves into the river if I am taken from them. Beat me, Colonel—put me in prison, but don't take me away for a soldier. Long live the Emperor!—he's a worthy man; let him leave me in peace and go wherever he likes. Look you, Colonel, I am a man, I am free, and I have no right to leave my sister Christine against her will—and she'll detest you, Colonel, if you compel me to go.'"

"That would be pretty conduct on the part of a soldier!" replied Eugène, who could not help laughing.

"Unfeeling, cruel brother!" she cried, in tears, throwing herself into the arms of Louise.

II.

A MOMENT of silence followed. I was deeply touched—so absorbed in the situation, that I forgot my own. Presently Christine raised herself, and was apparently a little more calm.

"Heavens!" she said, "is there not a man—a comrade—who will replace you? Others have means. Oh, how I would love him!"

"It could all be done as you say," assented Eugène, "only to do it we need money—and that by to-morrow."

"Well," cried Christine, "I'll give all I have—my gold cross, my earrings, my neck-handkerchiefs, my lace collars, all my jewellery—to whoever will go in your place."

"All that would not make the price of a man," replied Eugène.

Christine reflected for a while, and then, seizing her brother's arm, said:—

"But I—I am worth a man—more than a man; I am sure I am! I'll give myself; I'll say to someone: 'Go instead of my brother, and I'll be your wife! See! I'm good-looking—a little over-petted, but that's no harm. I'll love you so dearly, if you save my brother!—I swear it on the gold cross in which there is a lock of my mother's white hair! I'll cheerfully marry whoever will devote himself for you.'"

"Good sister, I know you would do all you say, but you are over-excited to-night, and do not see how utterly impracticable are all your dear follies. Let us get away from here," he added, laughingly, "for if you go on, I shall really become afraid of the precipice before us."

I could not catch what Christine said in reply, and presently I lost sight of all three in the shadow of the trees; but both my head and my heart remained filled with the charming girl, and I became lost in thought.

That evening, as they were seated at their supper without being able to eat a morsel, and gazing at each other through their tears, somebody knocked loudly at the door.

"Come in!" cried the young man, hastily drying his eyes.

An old sergeant appeared before them and said:—

"Good evening! Does the conscript Eugène Livou live here?"

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Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Self-Portrait, 1914

means of keeping him—and—and I wish to love him! For the rest, he has done well not to show himself—perhaps I might too much have regretted it. I will take my cross, as he directs; but I should like to know—Sergeant, have you seen him?"

"Yes, I've set eyes on him."

"Well, he's not hunch-backed or bandy-legged, is he?"

"Thousand thunders! Hunch-backs and bandy-legs in the French army!" cried the sergeant, scandalized.

"Is he a good fellow?" asked Eugène.

"That I can answer for," replied the old soldier, heartily.

"Well, then," said Christine, detaching her cross with its black ribbon from her pretty neck, "tell him that what he has done was well done; and, yourself, put this cross in the side of the great yew-tree. Do not tell him anything about it: but do not lose sight of him, and try and return with him; he is worthy of you—he has begun as a brave man, and he will continue as a brave Frenchman."

Eugène and Louise gazed at her without being able to speak. The grenadier rose, and received the cross, while tears sparkled in his eyes.

Christine then turned towards her brother and future sister. She was no longer the same: her character had suddenly become serious. She said to Louise:—

"I, too, am betrothed; my pledge is in the hands of a soldier of the guard."

Next morning, on setting off, my knapsack on my back, I found the cross hidden in the side of the yew-tree—and I fancied I saw amid the close-grown branches the uniform and red epaulettes of a sergeant of the guard who was watching me.

III.

A YEAR later, the campaign of Saxony was finished: the campaign of France was going to begin. Eugène was married to Louise. The terrible requisition reached him as well as others, but this time he was not kept back. It was foreseen that the anxiety would not be of long duration; and then it was so clearly evident that the defence of France was necessary; lads ran away from their colleges to get to the frontier, and it would have been shameful in any man who, in default of a sword, had not seized up his ploughshare, shameful in the woman who still hung upon the arm of that man.

Eugène went this time, and joined the army in Champagne. At the bridge of Montereau, after having long fought at the outposts, he found himself without cartridges, and was defending himself as well as he could with his short infantry sabre against five Austrian grenadiers, when a lieutenant of carabineers sprang before him, crying:—

"Conscript, go and find your sister and your wife; leave those to die who have nothing to live for!"

And the lieutenant cut down two white-coats with his long sabre. But his horse received a bayonet stab and fell under him. He received two others and fell also. A French fusillade laid low the three men of the enemy; and Eugène, who had sprung to the body of his rescuer, carried him to a neighbouring house and brought him back to life.

The soldier and the officer became friends and brothers in arms; but the soldier could not understand the devotion of the officer, nor the sense of the words that had accompanied it. He was but the more proud, the more fascinated; and then, the officer was so fond of him and spoke to him so kindly, that he was wholly at a loss how to repay so much goodness. When, at the end of the drama, the armies were disbanded, he said to him:—

"Lieutenant, if you have neither father, children, nor family—if you are alone in the world—come to my home. I am only a workman, but my people will be very fond of you. I have a good wife and a pretty sister—you hear what I am saying, Monsieur Charles? You will not disdain my family, even if you do not consent to make part of it? At least you will not deny me the pleasure of showing them my preserver."

The lieutenant could only throw himself on Eugène's neck and thank him warmly. A week afterwards, Eugène, stifled in the embraces of Louise and Christine, tore himself free from their arms and, pointing to the friend he had brought home with him, cried:—

"Here is a brave man who saved my life without knowing me, and exposed his own because he had no family to weep for his death; but now he has one! He is my brother; he has said that he will not disdain my home—let it be his! We will work together, and, some day, perhaps, we shall be rich and my house more worthy of a lieutenant."

"A lieutenant!" cried Christine, involuntarily.

"Sister," whispered Eugène, "this one is worth more than the other."

Christine cast down her eyes and looked

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Fig. 1. Photographs of Energy Emanations from Human Beings. Photographs taken by Dr. Kilner, showing the emanations from the hands of a healthy man. The photographs were taken with a screen of dicyanin and alcohol, and a plate sensitive to the violet rays. The emanations are seen to be very strong, and to have a definite form, which is quite different from that of the emanations from the hands of a person suffering from a disease of the heart. The emanations from the hands of a person suffering from a disease of the heart are very weak, and have no definite form. The emanations from the hands of a healthy man are very strong, and have a definite form, which is quite different from that of the emanations from the hands of a person suffering from a disease of the heart. The emanations from the hands of a healthy man are very strong, and have a definite form, which is quite different from that of the emanations from the hands of a person suffering from a disease of the heart.

Favourite Books of Childhood.

By Frances H. Low.

THE following paper is mainly concerned with a sketch of children's books from early days, and a comparison of the stories in favour with children of to-day with those of preceding generations. The difficulty of finding out what boys read thirty, forty, and fifty years ago has been solved in the happiest manner by the graceful courtesy and co-operation of a group of distinguished living men, whose personal reminiscences will give a great fund of innocent pleasure and delight to all those who admire greatness, whether in statesmanship, literature, or science.

Story-books written especially for children are of comparatively modern growth, the first systematic attempt at supplying juvenile literature having been made in 1765 by Newberry, the publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, of whom Leigh Hunt speaks with affection as being "the most illustrious bookseller of our boyish days, his little penny books being radiant with gold and rich with bad pictures."

But if children's books were unknown in the earlier days of English national life, it is not to be concluded that the little people were without rhyme and romance about which to delight and dream. Legends, the common inheritance of every race and nation, ballads, fables — there was the ever ingenious "Æsop," as well as others — were told and retold, and handed down by tradition until they were eventually printed; and in the chap-books of the 17th century most of the old-time nursery rhymes and legends are to be found. These entered every farm-house and cottage, and naturally came into the hands of the children.

Steele, in the *Tatler*, speaks of a little boy of eight years, who frankly declared he did not care much for "Æsop's Fables," because he did not believe they were true, but who was much better pleased with the lives and adventures of "Don Belliani of Greece," "Guy of Warwick," "The Seven Champions of Christendom," and other historians of that age. "Guy of Warwick" was a popular hero with boyhood, and no wonder. His adventures and prowess out-hero Baron Munchausen's, and on one occasion he is set upon by sixteen assassins, whom he overcomes, slaying *en passant* bears, monsters, dragons, and the like.

The valiant "Jack the Giant-Killer," the complacent, boastful little "Jack Horner," "Tom Thumb," and many another nursery hero, were familiar and beloved personages to 17th century children through these odd little chap-books. Some of these chap-books—written with an eye to edify, or, as it would seem to us, to terrify, the small folk—are very curious reading.

By way of compensation, the 17th century child had one book that has ever had a perennial charm for generations of children, as well as for their elders; and the allegory, imagery, and poetry of which have imprinted spiritual truths upon immature minds with an ineffaceable stamp. I mean, of course, the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is in no way necessary here to point out the qualities of this beautiful tale that strike a child's fancy and captivate his imagination, whilst at the same time interesting, satisfying, and delighting the sage and philosopher.

About this book, and the masterpiece of Defoe, which appeared a little later, in the early part of the 18th century, there is a remark to be made. The head masters of some of the London and country public schools have kindly aided me in discovering what books are most popular with modern schoolboys, by having an inquiry made upon this point. The boys examined for the most part belong to the middle and upper middle rank, and their sincere, undraped confessions are instructive as well as (to me, at least) astonishing. Three hundred of these lists lie before me, and in only five of their number does the name of Bunyan's wondrous legend occur at all. It is the same with the girls. The head mistress of a large school for girls in the north of London kindly permitted a similar inquisition, with the result that only two little girls out of one hundred and fifty gave in their allegiance to the "Pilgrim's Progress."

But if I turn to the roll-call of stirring names contributed by the older men, I find that the "Pilgrim's Progress" has frequently, if not invariably, a place of glory. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. W. E. Lecky, Mr. Walter Besant, Prof. Dowden (who says, "I had a

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and the Rev. Dr. Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, who was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Thomas Stiles, who came to Boston in the ship Hopewell, in 1635, and was a member of the church in Dorchester, Mass., and afterwards one of the first settlers of Windsor, Conn. Mr. Stiles was a man of great energy of character, and was a prominent and influential citizen of Windsor, and was a member of the Connecticut Legislature for many years. He was a man of great wealth, and was a liberal contributor to the cause of education, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of Yale College, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Theological Seminary, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Female Seminary, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Orphan Asylum, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Bible Society, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Tract Society, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Sunday School Society, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Temperance Society, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Anti-Slavery Society, and was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Hartford Colonization Society

Mr. Gibbs, a Mr. Bell, and Mr. Ellis, who had been a pupil of Mr. Bell's, and who had published a work on the subject, which was very popular, and which was adopted by the Lancaster Society, and was called the Lancasterian system. Mr. Lancaster was a Quaker, and was a man of great energy and zeal, and was very popular with the Society of Friends, and was supported by them in his work. He

Probably, as Mr. Rossetti points out, inherited tendencies had no little influence on the taste of these gifted children, for their father had written a great deal of poetry on Italian patriotic subjects, with which they were familiar.

But what a wonderful list it is! What a rich array of the greatest names, what high and rare atmosphere for boyhood to grow up in! Keep that scroll, admit it into your memory, and then glance at a few lists sent in by the boys of to-day. Here are three taken at random from the pile that lies before me:—

"The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain; "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "Tom Brown's School Days"; "Dropped from the Clouds," by Jules Verne; "Three Men in a Boat"; "A Robbery Under Arms."

"The Boys' Own Paper"; "Strand Magazine"; "The Amusing Journal"; "Eric, or Little by Little," editor, Rev. Farrar; "Dick Cheveley"; "The Ludgate Monthly"; "Three Midshipmen"; "Three Lieutenants"; "Three Commanders;" "Three Admirals."

"Chums" (Cassell's); "Boys"; "Boys' Own Paper"; "A Bad Boy's Diary"; "A Good Boy's Diary"; "Strand Magazine" ("Sherlock Holmes' Adventures" and "The Diary of a Doctor"); "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Old Curiosity Shop" (Dickens); "Three Men in a Boat" (not to say anything about the dog); "Boy's Annual"; "Ludgate Monthly."

Another poet in whom a feeling for literature showed itself at an early age is Mr. Alfred Austin.

"I do not remember," he says, "that any story-books, merely as story-books, excited in me the childish emotion that was aroused by works more directly allied to literature; though, as a matter of course, if at a somewhat earlier age, one had one's share of traditional delight in 'Robinson Crusoe,' in 'Gulliver's Travels,' no doubt specially edited *virginibus puerisque*, and in Mungo Park's 'Travels.' But my first real experience of enthusiasm in connection with books was when my father read to me the First Canto of 'The Lady of the Lake,' and with the sound of the four verses:—

> The stag at eve had drunk his fill
> Where danced the moon on Monar's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade—

I had a sensation never again experienced till I caught my first sight of Italy. No doubt that opening out of a new world and of a real life occurred somewhat before the period named by you; but I think it awoke, or perhaps only discovered, the preferences that manifested themselves later on. A love of form and sound, in other words, I suppose, of style—however elementary and deficient — henceforward seemed to decide one's tastes. Hence, Pope's translation of the 'Iliad,' Cowper's 'Lines on My Mother's Picture,' copious extracts from Byron, Pope's 'Eloisa to Abelard,' the more martial passages from Shakespeare, were associated in one's reading with Livy, in whom I delighted, especially where that writer—greater, it seems to me, as an orator even than an historian—records the speeches of Roman worthies; with Fénélon's 'Télémaque' and with Bossuet's 'Oraisons Funèbres.'

"I was, however, anything but a voracious reader, and I must confess that I then preferred, as I do still, all forms of open-air exercise, and even a certain receptive vacancy of mind, to all the books in the world."

In the same strain and in strengthening of my theory is the record of one of the living masters of prose, Professor Dowden. After recalling with pleasure "Masterman Ready," "The Children of the New Forest," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he says, "with the latter my imagination was caught; and I think I was a little in love with Eva as shown in a picture. Before I was eight I was much impressed by 'Macbeth,' and I longed for the complete 'Shakespeare' which was locked up in my father's bookcase. Before I was thirteen I had earned this 'Shakespeare' by writing thirty-six short essays, three for each volume, and I still possess the book. It does not contain Shakespeare's poems, and (as I began to collect early) I remember buying a little copy of the poems, which became a great treasure. When about thirteen I was lucky in coming across Henry Reed's 'Lectures on English Literature,' and this led me on to Wordsworth, in whom I lost myself for years (or, perhaps, found myself for the first time). I read nearly all the 'Waverley Novels' in bed during my frequent illnesses as a little boy. I remember that I cared much for Horace's 'Odes,' and got a vivid feeling of the power of style from Tacitus. Among my early favourites were the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and Goldsmith's 'Plays and Poems.' That excellent book, 'Télémaque,' gave me great pleasure, and I believe that it would do so if I read it now. It was, however, quali-

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Yours very truly
Mrs. Pinkham

Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills

Mrs. Pinkham's Blood Purifier

Mrs. Pinkham's Nervine

Mrs. Pinkham's Sarsaparilla

Mrs. Pinkham's Cathartic Compound

Mrs. Pinkham's Uterine Tablets

Mrs. Pinkham's Kidney Cure

Mrs. Pinkham's Cough Cure

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Piles

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Nervous Prostration

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Female Weakness

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Dyspepsia

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Constipation

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Sick Headache

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Nervous Headache

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Neuralgia

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Rheumatism

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Sciatica

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Lumbago

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Backache

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Leucorrhœa

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Menstrual Disorders

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Ovarian Troubles

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Inflammation

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Ulceration

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Tumors

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Cancer

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Bloating

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Flatulence

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Dizziness

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Nervous Debility

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Sleeplessness

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Hot Flashes

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Sweating

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Nervous Irritability

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Nervous Prostration

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Female Weakness

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Dyspepsia

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Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Sleeplessness

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Hot Flashes

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Sweating

Mrs. Pinkham's Cure for Nervous Irritability

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who plays the part of Lord Ronald Gascoyne, is a son of the late Colonel Thesiger, and a nephew of Lord Chelmsford. He was educated at Eton, and at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and has played in many plays, including "Dear Brutus," "Hindle Wakes," "Ghosts," "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "Macbeth," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Peter Pan," "Pygmalion," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Mrs. Dot," "Tilly of Bloomsbury," "Fanny's First Play," "Ann Veronica," "Mr. Wu," "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath," "Ladies Night in a Lunatic Asylum," "Ladies Night in a Restaurant," "Ladies Night on Board a Yacht," "Ladies Night in a Boarding House," "Ladies Night in a Bathing Costume," "Ladies Night in a Dressing Gown," "Ladies Night in a Nightmare," "Ladies Night in a Dream," "Ladies Night in a Bedroom," "Ladies Night in a Dressing Room," "Ladies Night in a Bathing Machine," "Ladies Night in a Lifeboat," "Ladies Night in a Dreadful Dream," "Ladies Night in a Dreadful Nightmare," "Ladies Night in a Dreadful Dream Nightmare," "Ladies Night in a Dreadful Dream Nightmare Dressing Room," "Ladies Night in a Dreadful Dream Nightmare 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By Grant Allen.

"THE only thing known about her with certainty," said the papers next morning, "is that the wretched woman was an associate of the man Laminski, who is believed to have been the real author of this atrocious outrage. She lodged in the same house with him in the Boulevard St. Michel; she worked at the same studio; the relations between them are described as most cordial; and it is even said that she was engaged to be married to him. By this fortunate disaster society is well rid"—but, there, you know the way the papers talk about these things, and how very little reason there is, as a rule, in all they say of them.

Let me tell you the true story of that sweet little American woman.

She was small and slight: one of those dainty, delicate, *mignonne* New England girls, with shell-like ears and transparent complexions, who look as if they were made of the finest porcelain, yet spring, Heaven knows how, out of rough upland farm-houses. It was in her native Vermont that the hunger of art first came upon Essie Lothrop. You must know America to know just how it came, seizing her by the throat, as it were, one day, among the cows and the apple-harvest, at sight of some early Italian pictures engraved in a magazine. From her childhood upward, to be sure, Essie had drawn pictures for her own delight with a plain lead pencil; drawn the ducks, and the lambs, and the wild orange-lilies that ran riot in the woods; drawn them instinctively, without teaching of any sort, for pure, pure love of them. But these early Italian pictures, then seen for the first time, crossing her simple horizon on the hills of Vermont, roused a fresh fierce thrill in that eager little breast of hers. She had heard of art, from a distance, as a thing glorious and beautiful, which sprang far from New England. Now those four or five wood-cuts in the magazine suggested to her mind unknown possibilities of artistic beauty. She said to herself at once, "I must know these things. I must see them with my eyes. I must live my life among them."

From that day forth it became a fixed idea with Essie Lothrop that she should go to Paris and study painting. Where Paris was, what Paris could do for her, she only guessed from the meagre details in her common-school geography. But with American intuition she was somehow dimly aware that if you wanted an artistic education, Paris was the one right place to go for it.

"Paris!" her father cried, when she spoke of it first to him, in the field behind the barn; "why, Essie, do tell! That's whar folks are allus gettin' up revolootions, ain't it? An' I guess them furriners is most all Papishes."

"But it's the place to study art, father," Essie cried, with her big eyes wide open.

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Ancient Egypt

Ancient Egypt

Figure 1. Cross section through the ventral nerve cord of a crayfish showing the giant axon (GA) and the giant fibers (GF). The giant axon is surrounded by a sheath of glial cells (GC). The giant fibers are surrounded by a sheath of connective tissue (CT). Magnification approximately 1000 X.

smiling. "Will you come in and rest awhile, monsieur?" she asked, with her innocent frankness. Laminski hesitated. The others were not by. After all, what harm? Why not accept that innocent invitation in the spirit in which she gave it?

He stammered out a vague acquiescence. Essie flung open the door and preceded him into the room. It was a bedroom of the common Parisian Jack-of-all-trades sort, with the bed huddled away into a niche in the background, and the rest of the apartment furnished like a *salon*. Essie waved him to the sofa. He seated himself on it, gingerly, very close to the edge, as if half afraid of making himself too comfortable. Essie noticed it and laughed. "But why so?" she asked, merrily. Then her eye fell on an envelope on the table close by. "Ah! a letter from Dicky!" she cried, and took it up and opened it.

"And who is Dicky?" Laminski asked, gazing hard at her, inquiringly.

"My brother," Essie answered, devouring the letter. "He tells me all about our farm, and my father, and the chickens."

The young man leaned back and watched her respectfully with a stifled smile, till she had finished reading it. She went through with it unaffectedly to the end, and then laid it down, glowing. Laminski was charmed at so much natural simplicity.

"Dicky tells me all about our pets at the farm," she said, simply; and to Laminski the mere mention of the farm was delicious in its *naïveté*. "He tells me about my ducks, and how our neighbour has broken his arm, and that Biddy, the servant" (at home she would have said "the hired girl") "is engaged to be married."

Then she felt amused herself, to observe how formal all these domestic details of Vermont society sounded, even in her own ears, when one made French prose of them. But to Laminski, they were still stray breaths of Arcadia.

"I suppose you Russians can hardly understand what America's like," she added, after a pause, just to keep conversation rolling; "but we Americans love it."

Laminski started back like one stung. "Mademoiselle!" he cried, angrily.

"What have I done?" Essie asked, drawing away in surprise. "What have I said? Why do you start? Surely we Americans can love America?"

"*A la bonne heure!*" he answered, gazing hard at her in a strange way. "But why treat me like this? Why call me a Russian?"

"I thought you were one, from your name," Essie replied, taken aback. "Isn't Laminski Russian?"

"Thank Heaven, no," the dark young man answered, with a fierce flash of the eyes. "I'm a Pole, mademoiselle, and, like all good Poles, I hate and detest Russia. Call me a Chinaman, if you will, a negro, a monkey; but not a Russian."

"But isn't the Czar your Emperor, too?" Essie inquired, innocently. She was too unversed in European affairs to understand that a Pole could differ from a Russian otherwise than as a Californian differs from a New Englander.

Laminski suppressed an oath. Then he went on to explain to her in brief but sufficiently vigorous terms the actual state of feeling between Poles and Russians. Essie listened with the intent interest of the intelligent American; for, as a rule, with the average Yankee, you may feel pretty sure of finding that he is absolutely ignorant of any piece of information you may desire to impart to him, but eagerly anxious to know all about it. A great desire to learn and capacity for learning co-exist with an astounding want of information and culture.

"Then you are a Catholic?" Essie said, at last, after listening to his explanation with profound interest.

The young man gazed at her with an expression of amused surprise. "I am of whatever religion mademoiselle prefers," he answered, courteously—"except only the religion of the accursed Russians."

"I don't understand you," Essie said, much puzzled. Such easy-going gallantry was remote, indeed, from the sober, God-fearing New England model.

Laminski smiled again. "Well, we advanced politicians in Europe," he said, twirling his black moustache, "don't, as a rule, belong to any religion in particular—unless it be the religion of the ladies who interest us."

"Oh, how very sad," Essie replied, looking hard at him, pityingly. "But perhaps you may see clearer in time."

"Perhaps," Laminski answered, with a curious puckering of the corners of his mouth. "Though I hardly expect it."

"Will you take some tea?" Essie asked, just to relieve the tension. For the first time in her life she was dimly aware of that barrier of sex which she had never felt with the young men in Vermont. But these European men are so strange and so different! They always make you remember, somehow, that *they* are men and that *you* are a woman.

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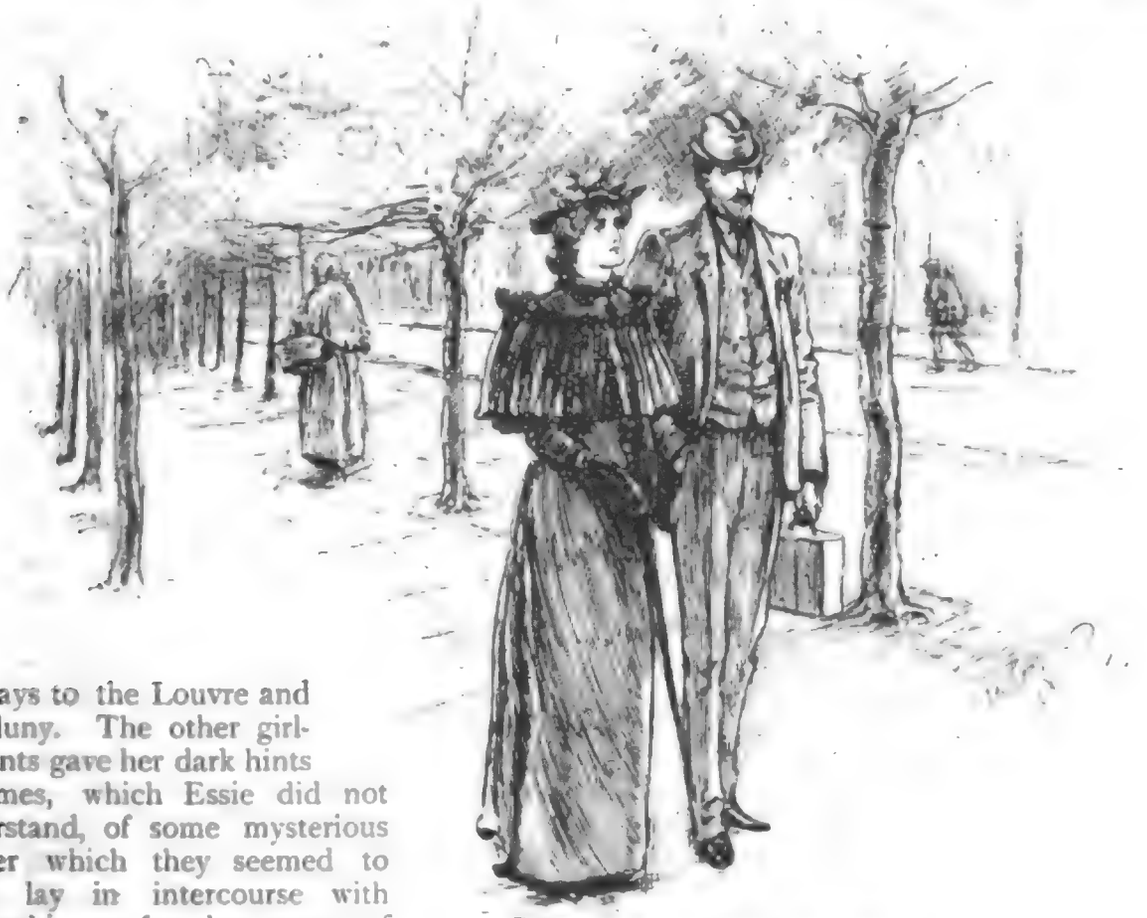
"Thank you," he replied; "mademoiselle is very good." And he sat looking on while Essie prepared it.

When it was ready, he tasted it. He had drunk tea in quantities when he was a boy near Warsaw, but never since the first day he came to Paris. "How innocent it is!" he exclaimed, as he tasted it. And Essie stared again, not knowing what to make of him.

From that day forth, it was the gossip of the *atelier* that Laminski had his eyes upon the little American. He walked home with her daily; he took her to *cafés* more reputable than was his wont; he escorted her on Sundays to the Louvre and to Cluny. The other girl-students gave her dark hints at times, which Essie did not understand, of some mysterious danger which they seemed to think lay in intercourse with Laminski, or, for the matter of that, with any of the other men who frequented the studio. But the dark hints glided unnoticed past Essie. Clad in her triple mail of New England innocence, she never even guessed what the hinters were driving at. These men were gentlemen (as Essie understood the word), students of art like herself; and why should a self-respecting girl be afraid or ashamed of accepting their kind escort to the *café* or the theatre? She walked unharmed through the midst of that strange, unconventional Bohemian Paris, as unconventional as itself, by dint of pure innate goodness and simplicity.

The strangest part of it all was that the men themselves were silenced by her innocence. "*Chut!* Not a word of that!" *gros* Kérouac would exclaim, to the laughing group around him as Essie entered; "here comes the little one!" and, instantly, a demure silence fell on the noisy crowd; or if they laughed after that, they laughed at something where Essie's own silvery voice could join them merrily.

"As for Laminski, he is reformed," Alphonse said more than once, with a shrug, to Jules. "You would not know that man. He half forgets the Dead Rat, and hasn't been seen for fifteen days at Bruant's."



"HE WALKED HOME WITH HER DAILY."

Month by month went on, and indeed a strange change came over Laminski. He stopped away more and more from the *cafés chantants* and the open-air balls; he was found continually till late hours of the evening at Essie Lothrop's apartment. "And mind you," said Alphonse, "what is strange, it is all for the good motive. Laminski reformed! Is it a good one, that? Take my word for it, comrades, he will marry her, at church, and settle down into a *brave bourgeois*."

Meanwhile, Essie painted. Oh, how Essie

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painted! Valentin's heart rejoiced. Since Marie Bashkirtseff, no *atelier* in Paris had had such a promising woman pupil. And Laminski painted, too; the pair of them, side by side: she, with grace and refinement; he, with fiery force and Slavonic vigour.

At last, the other students began to murmur that if that went much further, *allons!* that would end by compromising the little one. Laminski's brow clouded when they spoke these things darkly; and when Laminski was angry, it boded no good to anyone. However, in order that nobody should ever say he was seen too often coming down the stairs of that angel's house, he adopted an excellent and saving device: he removed from madame's, that Bohemian pension, and took a room *au sixième*, just above Essie's, in the self-same house in the Boulevard St. Michel. Sacred name of a dog, nobody can blame a man for being seen at night about his own apartments.

And then, he employed his spare hours at night by painting Essie as Ste. Geneviève in a great historical composition.

What wonder that Essie Lothrop fell in love with him? All men are human; still more, all women. He was so handsome, so clever, so fiery, so incomprehensible, so utterly unlike the young men in New England. That very incomprehensibility was a point in his favour; it appealed to woman's love of the mysterious and the infinite. Besides, Alphonse was right; strange to say, Laminski meant it all for the good motive. The more he looked at her, the more vividly did he feel that fate, blind fate, was drawing him against his will to marry that pure and beautiful girl—to marry her at church, like any ordinary *bourgeois*.

They never exactly arranged it. It grew up between them imperceptibly. As he painted her in her simple white robe as Ste. Geneviève, they found themselves addressing one another as Essie and Stanislas, "presque sans le savoir."

But step by step, they both of them came to regard it as natural—nay, almost inevitable. Essie admired him unspeakably: and indeed, there was much to admire in Laminski. A man who could paint with such poetical feeling, who could make such sweet fancies breathe upon canvas, must have much that was good in him. And then, his fiery eloquence! Essie loved to hear him, when work was over, pouring forth his untamable Slavonic soul in torrent floods of denunciation against tyrants. She didn't know much about this European world, to be sure, but she had been taught to believe that tyrants were plentiful as blackberries in Europe. Here in France, of course, we were living under a Republic, which made it almost as good as America. But Russia and Germany, and all those other outlying countries—well, Stanislas told her the Czar was a monster, and she had read Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century*, and could well believe it.

Once or twice a week, however, it was Stanislas's way to go out at night to some mysterious meeting. On such occasions, Essie asked him what society he frequented. Laminski smiled a curiously self-restrained smile, and answered in a somewhat evasive voice that it had something to do with the Friends of Freedom. These Friends of Freedom were often on his lips; Essie didn't exactly know what they were driving at, but she took their plan to be some benevolent scheme for emancipating the people of Poland by touching the hearts of the Russian officials. She fancied they disseminated humanitarian tracts, and in that bland belief she went on, unconcerned, with her painting at Valentin's. It was all very dreadful, no doubt, as Stanislas said, this European tyranny; but, with art at her door, she couldn't pretend to interest herself in politics. Her heart was absorbed in her work and in Stanislas.

Yet she loved his rhetoric. She loved to see him stop in the very act of painting Ste. Geneviève's halo; loved to see him stand, palette on thumb, in his room *au sixième*, and enforce with aggressive and demonstrative paint-brush his angry charge against the crimes of the *bourgeoisie*. Who the *bourgeoisie* might be, Essie didn't quite know, but she understood them to be wicked oppressors of the poor, which, of course, was quite enough to justify Stanislas's righteous indignation. He looked so handsome when he opened the vials of wrath on the heads of the *bourgeoisie* that Essie just loved to see and hear him demolish them. Nothing could be too bad for those wicked creatures, if half of what Stanislas said was true about them.

By-and-by, while Essie was still working at Valentin's, and Laminski was vaguely reflecting upon the ways and means by which at last to marry her, all Paris was startled one memorable morning by the terrible news of an Anarchist bomb-outrage. It was the first that had taken place since Essie's arrival; and it shocked and surprised her. To think people should act with such reckless folly!

At Valentin's that day, when the news

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from his hands; the other man caught it hastily away, with a gesture of horror not unmixed with anger. He said something aloud in Polish, which Essie did not understand. But she knew what it meant, for all that. It meant, "Take care, stupid!" And then, after a pause, "That was a narrow escape, that time!"

Yet even so, she had no glimpse of the truth. She merely felt in some dim way this was a Friend of Liberty, and that Stanislas and he were engaged in animated political discussion. She slank back, abashed that she should have seemed to dear Stanislas to have been spying and eavesdropping. Her one strong feeling was a feeling of self-reproach for the obvious untimeliness of her awkward intervention.

The man stopped upstairs in Stanislas's room for two long hours; and Essie, listening hard, could hear no voices. That was odd, for, as a rule, when dear Stanislas's friends came, be they Poles or painters, they were noisy enough in all conscience, as she could hear for herself without any need for listening. But this evening, not a sound. What on earth could it mean? Essie's heart stood still. Could they be whispering together? And if whispering, what then? Must not that mean plotting? Plotting to get rid of that terrible Czar? Essie's tender little soul couldn't bear to think of it.

At last the man went. Essie heard Stanislas come to the door to say "Good-night" to him. "Au revoir, camarade!" "Au revoir, Laminski! Courage, mon ami!" and then —the heavy footsteps.

As soon as they had died away, Essie could stand it no longer. She stole quietly upstairs, and knocked a gentle knock at Stanislas's door. There was a moment's pause; then, slowly, hesitatingly, it opened an inch, and through that timid chink a white face looked out at her. Oh, so white and terrified! Who could ever have believed Stanislas Laminski's face could grow in a moment so transformed and unbeautified? It frightened her to see it. But as for Stanislas himself, after a second's pause he became suddenly calm: his colour returned, and he burst out laughing. It was a foolish laugh, such as often comes upon one in the moment of reaction after a passing terror. "Ho, it's you, then, dear little one?" he cried, much relieved, bundling something away hurriedly, and closing the cupboard door. "You took me by surprise. I thought it was the *concierge*, come to ask for my rent, which I hadn't got ready for him."

Essie looked in his face, and knew he was playing with her. But her own self-respect wouldn't allow her to say so to him. She only gave a glance of those innocent eyes, and asked him, earnestly: "Stanislas, you *must* tell me! What had you just now on the stairs in that basket?"

He gazed at her once more with a tender yet mocking smile. "My little one," he said, "it was thus that Eve fell: you have too much curiosity. Eggs, eggs, my dear Essie; and I was afraid of breaking them. See, here is the proof: I've been making an omelette for Lorikoff's supper." And he held up the dish, a small frying-pan, before her.

"Stanislas," she cried, drawing back, "you are deceiving me! I know you are playing with me. You ought to tell me this. I can't think what to make of it."

He laid his gentle hand on her bright head once more. "Essie, darling," he said, "I told you long ago, you don't understand, and will never understand, European politics."

She let him draw her to his side, and kiss her pale and troubled forehead. But that was all. Then she broke away from him, sobbing. With a heavy heart, she rushed downstairs to the lonely solitude of her own little bedroom. For the first time in her life, since she came to Paris, she was aware of her loneliness. Oh! why had she ever left her dear, quiet Vermont to come and study art in this terrible Europe?

All night long she lay awake. Yet even so, she never for one moment suspected the worst. She never once realized it. She only knew that Stanislas had some grave political secret he would not reveal to her, and she feared if she knew it she would greatly disapprove of it.

Next day was Sunday. Stanislas had told her before he would be engaged next morning, and she watched at the window to see him go out—sat and watched, she knew not why, in an agony of foreboding. At last she heard his step, light and resonant, on the staircase. He did not look in as he passed to say "Good-morning." That increased her suspicion, for 'twas Stanislas's way, even when going to his political meetings, to "take his sailing orders," as he playfully phrased it. This time he went rapidly out, without saying a word, and emerged into the street. He was carrying something in the pocket of his coat, nursing it tenderly as he went. Essie's heart stood still. What could Stanislas be bent upon?

She couldn't bear the suspense. She

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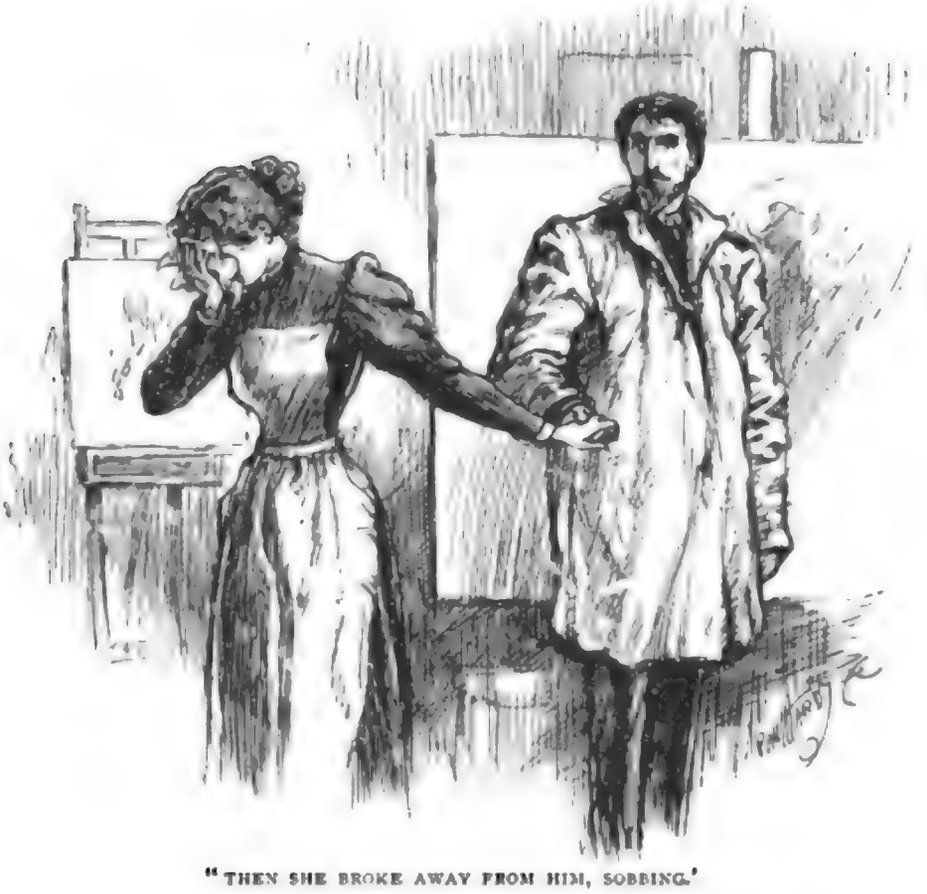

"THEN SHE BROKE AWAY FROM HIM, SOBBING."

snatched up her hat and hurried eagerly after him.

As for Stanislas himself, he was by no means in a hurry. He strolled gently along, selecting the least crowded side of the street, and carefully avoiding contact with anybody. Essie followed him, unperceived, dogging his steps as he went, but pausing behind the trees that lined the boulevard whenever he looked behind him with a glance of caution. Even now, she hardly knew what it all could mean; she could not believe such horrors of anyone with whom she herself had mixed on terms of affection. Her simple little New England mind could not grasp the full awesomeness of Continental Anarchy.

Laminski crossed the Pont St. Michel, with a careless glance at Notre Dame as he passed, and took his way along the quays of the North Bank, by the least crowded side, in the direction of the Louvre. Essie followed him, breathless. At the corner by St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the man who had spent so long a time with him the night before stood idly lounging. Essie knew him in a moment. As they passed one another, the two men gave a nod of recognition, with a meaning glance. The stranger's eyes seemed to ask, "Is everything ready?" Laminski's answered, mutely, "Yes, ready, quite ready."

They took no further heed of one another; but Essie noticed that when Stanislas had passed on twenty yards or thereabouts, the other man followed him, just as she herself was doing, with an attentive air, as who should say, "I will watch that you do it."

Stanislas turned aside towards the church doors of St. Germain. The bells chimed merrily. People were flocking in and out to mass. Essie stood still and trembled.

Stanislas took a little bottle half imperceptibly between his left finger and thumb, and fumbled for a second with the unseen object in his coat pocket. Then he turned round with a look of recognition and triumph toward the other man in the background. "See here," he seemed to say; "I am keeping our compact." At the very same instant, his eye lighted on Essie. Suddenly his hand faltered; his cheek grew pale; the dare-devil look faded fast out of his eyes, and a terrible fear seemed to come over him at sight of her.

Essie felt she *must* find out what it meant. She rushed up to him imploringly. Stanislas held a long, round cylinder of iron in his hand. With a gesture of fierce love Essie flung her arms round him. His face grew deadly white. He tried to unwind her arms. "Take care, darling!" he cried. "Run as far as you can! If it explodes, it kills you.

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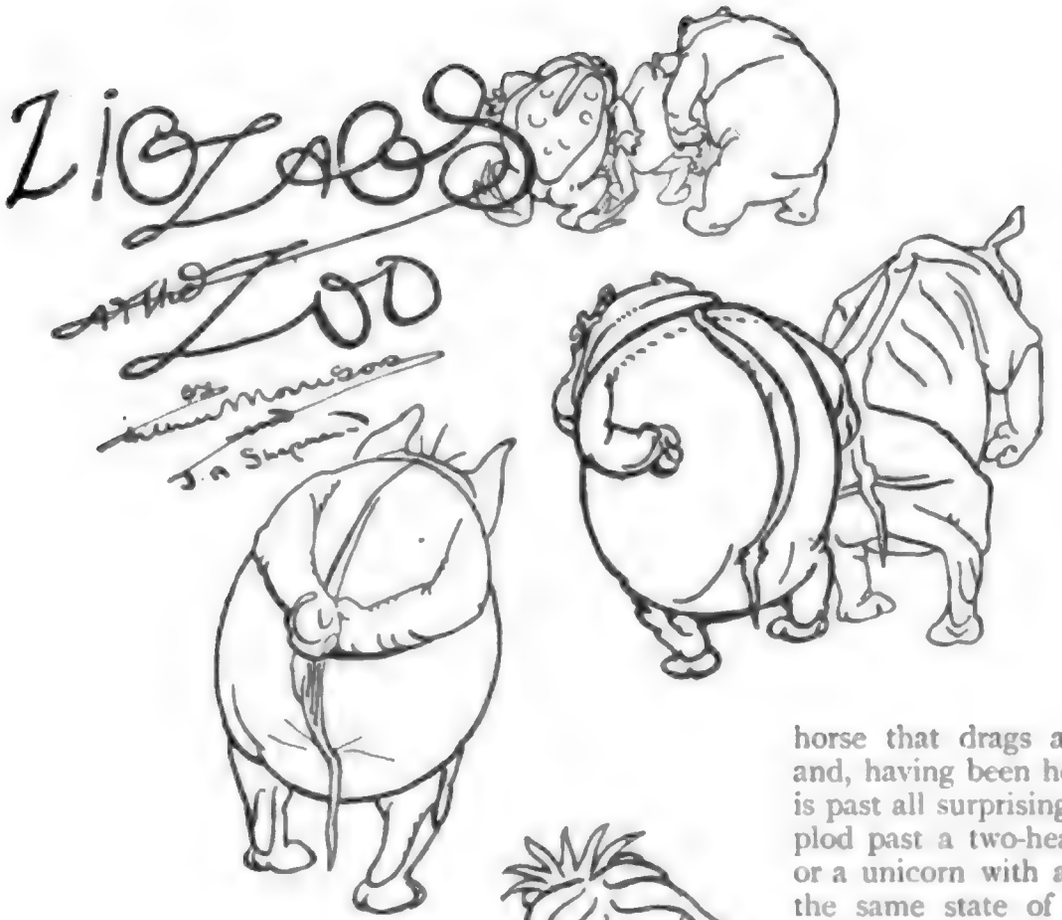
THE CHAPEL AT ST. ANNE'S



XXVI.—ZIG-ZAG FINAL.

Now, after I have classified and displayed many things in a system of confusion proper to my want of design, at the end there remain many old friends, from the woolly llama that lives by Tom, the white camel, to the vagrant mouse that steals pinches of the porcupine's dinner. Some are in the catalogue, many are not. There is an old horse that drags a refuse cart, and, having been here for years, is past all surprising. He would plod past a two-headed dragon, or a unicorn with a fiery tail, in the same state of calmness in which he plods past Jim the rhinoceros or Jack the bison. Far different is it with the venerable canal horses that tramp

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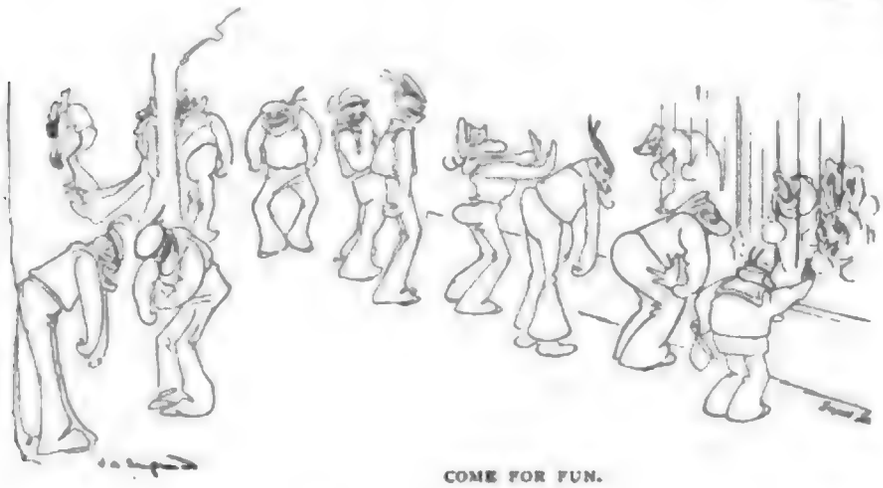
about distracted, half afraid of her family and half of the gallinaceous Mrs. Grundy. The life is undermining her nervous system. No hen's nervous system will stand an eternal uncertainty as to whether a particular egg will turn to a thing all beak, or a thing all legs, or a thing to swim, a thing to run, or a thing to fly; with a reserve possibility that it may turn to a snake or a lizard. There is dignity in Mrs. Gamp's official position, I grant; but it is a wearing work, hatching out a perpetual succession of nightmares.

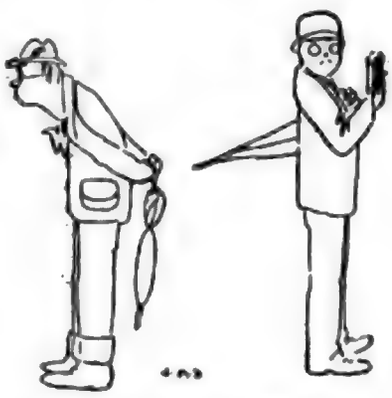
MRS. GAMP.

In the Zoo you may find curiosities on both sides of the bars. On the human side there are, at least, as many as on the other. Maybe a company of sailors, who go to a show for a laugh, and guffaw conscientiously at everything, to the intense scandal of the serious creatures, like Bob the Bactrian and most of the owls: or a worthy group of country cousins, each brimming over with perfect ignorance of any animal more recondite than a cow, and imparting their mis-information to each other with great freedom and confidence. The intelligent foreigner comes here, too, in those peculiar felt and straw hats that only he knows how to get; hats often with little cockades of feathers stuck in the sides of the bands. He begins at house number one, and solemnly and diligently broods over each animal in succession, to the very last in house sixty-four. He is fat of face, and usually wears spectacles. Also there is the unhappy elementary school, sternly marshalled in a trotting column and dragged neck and crop through the grounds for the enlargement of their information and the improvement of their beraddled minds; whom the unbending schoolmaster impels over the gravel paths at the pace calculated to get them out of the gate within the time allowed for their free visit; and whose precise acquisitions in zoology on the run, and impressions of the whole business in general, one would rather like to analyze.



COME FOR FUN.

But pre-eminent, perkiest, cheekiest of all things not in



INTELLIGENT FOREIGNERS.

"NOW THEN! HURRY UP BEHIND THERE!"

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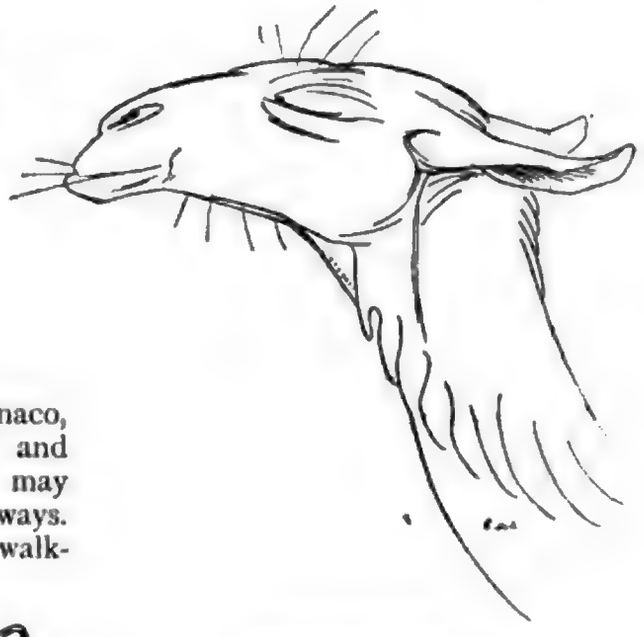
PREPARATION.

him with the proper grace, suggesting various impossible alterations in regimen by way of improving Duke's digestion and mending his temper. He hops across the Gardens and discusses the prospects of the hay-crop with Jim the rhinoceros, who is dietetically interested in the matter; then, having swaggered past the retiring mice who assume a residuary interest in Jim's dinner, he hangs about a little at a bar—partly because it is the nobby thing, and partly because of the crumbs—and so across Regent's Park and off to a cricket match at Lord's.

But there are creatures that have not been spoken of in these pages, yet still have respectable positions in the catalogue. Instance the llamas and guanacos. I am not fond of the guanaco. He spits—and with an accurate aim. Take care how you rouse the ire of the guanaco, for he spits suddenly and without warning. You may rouse his ire in many hundreds of thousands of ways. By wearing a peculiar hat or an ordinary hat; walking quietly or with a swagger, or running or sitting or standing still; by speaking, shouting, or remaining silent, or by existing in the same world; and, his ire roused, he promptly spits, while Tom, the wicked old white camel next door, looks on with delighted approval. He would spit himself if he could, but prefers biting.



EXPECTORATION.

APPROBATION.

Then there is the secretary bird, with his many quills and his smart, War Office air. He has caused many a pitched zoological battle over the question whether he is a stork or a hawk; and his own battles with snakes cover him with glory and fill him with snake. He struts smartly about, plainly a secretary who knows his business and will stand no nonsense. There are all the stags, finest and largest and most disdainful of all being the wapiti. But a stag is always in a preliminary and incipient state of weeping, in spite of his assumption of

A SMART SECRETARY.

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"side," and until he becomes venison is really an uninteresting creature. Some day, perhaps, he will properly make up his mind and have a good cry and get it over. Then he may turn his mind to something else and take a worthy

THE YAK.

"SIDE."

position in society. As it is, the stag at best, if he has any definite character at all, is a hypocrite. He poses as the beautiful, mild, benignant, timid, loving and oppressed creature, and is at heart a savage. Worthy and well-meaning people, with soft hearts and heads of blubber, sob and squeal because he is hunted. He is such a darling, timid, trustful creature, say they, and to hunt him is the act of cowardly brutality. Now, I challenge any of these kind people to approach a group of the mildest park deer, any day late in August, select a quiet-looking buck, and attempt, in the most friendly way, to pat or stroke him. I am not particular as to the sort of deer—big red deer or little roebuck—but I hope the challenge won't be accepted, because the worthy adventurer will probably experience a dig in the ribs that will cause him a ride home on a hurdle. I say nothing of wilder deer. *Verb. sat sap.* Still, the stag is a characterless creature. There is even more character in the yak, just opposite, mild creature as it is, with its old womanish air of coddling in its black silk shawl, and its pathetic grunt.

SAVAGELY MILD.

Also there are the Barbary wild sheep, who turn up in all sorts of unexpected corners of the place. There is something truculently timid, savagely mild, about the name of the

NELL.

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Figure

Figure

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Die Kunst des Tanzens.

Von Dr. Eduard Hanslick.

Die Kunst des Tanzens ist eine der ältesten und allgemeinsten Künste, welche sich der Menschheit bis heute erhalten haben. Wenn wir uns die Geschichte der Menschheit in ihrer Urzeit vergegenwärtigen, so finden wir, wie sie sich in Gesang und Tanz bewegt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Freude und ihren Schmerz ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Gottesverehrung ausübt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Feste feiert, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Liebe und ihren Hass, ihre Begierden und ihre Leidenschaften ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Kriegsthaten verherrlicht, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Todten beklagt und begräbt. Wenn wir uns die Geschichte der Menschheit in ihrer Urzeit vergegenwärtigen, so finden wir, wie sie sich in Gesang und Tanz bewegt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Freude und ihren Schmerz ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Gottesverehrung ausübt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Feste feiert, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Liebe und ihren Hass, ihre Begierden und ihre Leidenschaften ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Kriegsthaten verherrlicht, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Todten beklagt und begräbt. Wenn wir uns die Geschichte der Menschheit in ihrer Urzeit vergegenwärtigen, so finden wir, wie sie sich in Gesang und Tanz bewegt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Freude und ihren Schmerz ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Gottesverehrung ausübt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Feste feiert, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Liebe und ihren Hass, ihre Begierden und ihre Leidenschaften ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Kriegsthaten verherrlicht, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Todten beklagt und begräbt. Wenn wir uns die Geschichte der Menschheit in ihrer Urzeit vergegenwärtigen, so finden wir, wie sie sich in Gesang und Tanz bewegt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Freude und ihren Schmerz ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Gottesverehrung ausübt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Feste feiert, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Liebe und ihren Hass, ihre Begierden und ihre Leidenschaften ausdrückt, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Kriegsthaten verherrlicht, wie sie in Gesang und Tanz ihre Todten beklagt und begräbt.

by the Colonial Office to the Gold Coast, and Sir Frederick Gordon Guggisberg, who was appointed Governor of the Gold Coast in 1919, and who, after a long and distinguished career in the Sudan, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast, was appointed Governor of Bermuda in 1927. Sir Frederick Gordon Guggisberg died in Bermuda in 1929.

gone, and I badly want it back. Of course, the police are hard at work at Claridge's, but I'm not quite satisfied. I have been there myself for two or three hours, and can't see that they know any more about it than I do myself. Then, of course, the police, naturally and properly enough from their point of view, look first to find the criminal—regarding the recovery of the property almost as a secondary consideration. Now, from *my* point of view, the chief consideration is the property. Of course I want the thief caught, if possible, and properly punished; but still more, I want the cameo."

"Certainly it is a considerable loss. Five thousand pounds——"

"Ah, but don't misunderstand me. It isn't the monetary value of the thing that I regret. As a matter of fact, I am indemnified for that already. Claridge has behaved most honourably — more than honourably. Indeed, the first intimation I had of the loss was a cheque from him for £5,000, with a letter assuring me that the restoration to me of the amount I had paid was the least he could do to repair the result of what he called his unpardonable carelessness. Legally, I'm not sure that I could demand anything of him, unless I could prove very flagrant neglect indeed to guard against theft."

"Then I take it, Lord Stanway," Hewitt observed, "that you much prefer the cameo to the money?"

"Certainly. Else I should never have been willing to pay the money for the cameo. It was an enormous price—perhaps much above the market value, even for such a valuable thing; but I was particularly anxious that it should not go out of the country. Our public collections here are not so fortunate as they should be in the possession of the very finest examples of that class of work. In short, I had determined on the cameo, and, fortunately, happen to be able to carry out determinations of that sort without regarding an extra thousand pounds or so as an obstacle. So that, you see, what I want is not the value, but the thing itself. Indeed, I don't think I can possibly keep the money Claridge has sent me—the affair is more his misfortune than his fault. But I shall say nothing about returning it for a little while: it may possibly have the effect of sharpening everybody in the search."

"Just so. Do I understand that you would like me to look into the case independently, on your behalf?"

"Exactly. I want you, if you can, to approach the matter entirely from *my* point of view—your sole object being to find the cameo. Of course, if you happen on the thief as well, so much the better. Perhaps, after all, looking for the one is the same thing as looking for the other?"

"Not always; but usually it is, of course—even if they are not together, they certainly *have* been at one time, and to have one is a very long step toward having the other. Now, to begin with, is anybody suspected?"

"Well, the police are reserved, but I believe the fact is they've nothing to say. Claridge won't admit that he suspects anyone, though he believes that whoever it was must have watched him yesterday evening through the back window of his room, and must have seen him put the cameo away in his desk; because the thief would seem to have gone straight to the place. But I half fancy that, in his inner mind, he is inclined to suspect one of two people. You see, a robbery of this sort is different from others. That cameo would never be stolen, I imagine, with the view of its being sold—it is much too famous a thing; a man might as well walk about offering to sell the Tower of London. There are only a very few people who buy such things, and every one of them knows all about it. No dealer would touch it—he could never even show it, much less sell it, without being called to account. So that it really seems more likely that it has been taken by somebody who wishes to keep it for mere love of the thing—a collector, in fact—who would then have to keep it secretly at home, and never let a soul beside himself see it, living in the consciousness that at his death it must be found and his theft known; unless, indeed, an ordinary vulgar burglar has taken it without knowing its value."

"That isn't likely," Hewitt replied. "An ordinary burglar, ignorant of its value, wouldn't have gone straight to the cameo and have taken it in preference to many other things of more apparent worth, which must be lying near in such a place as Claridge's."

"True—I suppose he wouldn't. Although the police seem to think that the breaking in is clearly the work of a regular criminal—from the jemmy marks, you know, and so on."

"Well, but what of the two people you think Mr. Claridge suspects?"

"Of course, I can't say that he does suspect them—I only fancied from his tone that it might be possible; he himself insists that he can't in justice suspect anybody. One of these men is Hahn, the travelling agent who

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sold him the cameo. This man's character does not appear to be absolutely irreproachable—no dealer trusts him very far. Of course, Claridge doesn't say what he paid him for the cameo—these dealers are very reticent about their profits, which I believe are as often something like 500 per cent. as not. But it seems Hahn bargained to have something extra, depending on the amount Claridge could sell the carving for. According to the appointment he should have turned up this morning, but he hasn't been seen, and nobody seems to know exactly where he is."

"Yes; and the other person?"

"Well, I scarcely like mentioning him, because he is certainly a gentleman, and I believe, in the ordinary way, quite incapable of anything in the least degree dishonourable; although, of course, they say a collector has no conscience in the matter of his own particular hobby, and certainly Mr. Woollett is as keen a collector as any man alive. He lives in chambers in the next turning past Claridge's premises—can, in fact, look into Claridge's back windows if he likes. He examined the cameo several times before I bought it, and made several high offers—appeared, in fact, very anxious indeed to get it. After I had bought it, he made, I understand, some rather strong remarks about people like myself 'spoiling the market' by paying extravagant prices, and altogether cut up 'crusty,' as they say, at losing the specimen." Lord Stanway paused for a few seconds, and then went on: "I'm not sure that I ought to mention Mr. Woollett's name for a moment in connection with such a matter—I am personally perfectly certain that he is as incapable of anything like theft as myself. But I am telling you all I know."

"Precisely. I can't know too much in a case like this. It can do no harm if I know all about fifty innocent people, and may save me from the risk of knowing nothing about the thief. Now, let me see: Mr. Woollett's rooms, you say, are near Mr. Claridge's place of business? Is there any means of communication between the roofs?"

"Yes, I am told that it is perfectly possible to get from one place to the other by walking along the leads."

"Very good. Then, unless you can think of any other information that may help me, I think, Lord Stanway, I will go at once and look at the place."

"Do, by all means. I think I'll come back with you. Somehow, I don't like to feel idle in the matter, though I suppose I can't do much. As to more information—I don't think there is any."

"In regard to Mr. Claridge's assistant, now: do you know anything of him?"

"Only that he has always seemed a very civil and decent sort of man. Honest, I should say, or Claridge wouldn't have kept him so many years — there are a good many valuable things about at Claridge's. Besides, the man has keys of the place himself, and even if he were a thief he wouldn't need to go breaking in through the roof."

"So that," said Hewitt, "we have, directly connected with this cameo, besides yourself, these people: Mr. Claridge, the dealer, Mr. Cutler, the assistant in Mr. Claridge's business, Hahn, who sold the article to Claridge, and Mr. Woollett, who made bids for it. These are all?"

"All that I know of. Other gentlemen made bids, I believe, but I don't know them."

"Take these people in their order. Mr. Claridge is out of the question, as a dealer with a reputation to keep up would be, even if he hadn't immediately sent you this £5,000—more than the market value, I understand, of the cameo. The assistant is a reputable man, against whom nothing is known, who would never need to break in, and who must understand his business well enough to know that he could never attempt to sell the missing stone without instant detection. Hahn is a man of shady antecedents, probably clever enough to know as well as anybody how to dispose of such plunder—if it be possible to dispose of it at all; also, Hahn hasn't been to Claridge's to-day, although he had an appointment to take money. Lastly, Mr. Woollett is a gentleman of the most honourable record, but a perfectly rabid collector, who had made every effort to secure the cameo before you bought it; who, moreover, could have seen Mr. Claridge working in his back room, and who has perfectly easy access to Mr. Claridge's roof. If we find it can be none of these, then we must look where circumstances indicate."

There was unwonted excitement at Mr. Claridge's place when Hewitt and his client arrived. It was a dull old building, and in the windows there was never more show than an odd blue china vase or two, or, mayhap, a few old silver shoe-buckles and a curious small-sword. Nine men out of ten would have passed it without a glance; but the tenth at

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Aqua vitae ad Vim Vivi

Ivo Vegter

Hot on the heels of the Ford Focus ST, Ford South Africa has released the Focus RS, a hot hatch with a 2.5-litre five-cylinder turbocharged engine that produces 224 kW and 440 Nm of torque. It is the most powerful production car ever made in Ford's Silverton factory, and it is the most powerful five-cylinder production car ever made in South Africa.

Ford South Africa has a long history of producing hot hatches, dating back to the Escort XR3i and Escort RS Turbo. The Focus RS is the latest in that tradition, and it is a worthy successor to those cars. It is a fast, fun, and practical car that is designed for the enthusiast driver.

The Focus RS is based on the Focus ST, but it has been significantly upgraded. The engine has been tuned to produce more power and torque, and the suspension has been stiffened to improve handling. The brakes have been upgraded to cope with the increased performance, and the interior has been fitted with sports seats and a leather steering wheel.

The Focus RS is available in three colours: Frozen White, Tangerine Scream, and Nitrium Grey. The Tangerine Scream is the most popular colour, and it is the most eye-catching. The Nitrium Grey is the most subtle, and it is the most sophisticated.

The Focus RS is a fast, fun, and practical car that is designed for the enthusiast driver. It is a worthy successor to the Escort XR3i and Escort RS Turbo, and it is the most powerful production car ever made in Ford's Silverton factory. It is a hot hatch that is designed for the enthusiast driver, and it is a worthy successor to those cars.

company; seeing and talking with the men, and, in short, for obtaining such information as was desired. It need hardly be said that the general managers of the two other lines selected, the Great Western and the London and South-Western, were equally courteous.

On all the railways of this country the locomotive department is under one responsible head, who has charge of the construction of the engines, as well as of their daily employment. Under him, however, are inspectors and foremen, who are responsible for the supply of engines, and for their assignment to their proper duties over a given district. To them also belong the selection and charge of the men who run the engines. No one is better qualified, therefore, to give information touching the work of drivers and others engaged about a locomotive engine than these inspectors, many of whom have risen from the ranks. This, however, is not the case with Mr. A. L. Mumford, who has charge of the locomotives on the London and North-Western Railway between London and Crewe, his office being at Rugby; but his knowledge of a locomotive engine and of the duties of those who have charge of it is as thorough as though he had gone through all the grades; and for much of the following account of an engine driver's career and duties I am indebted to him.

The future engine driver generally begins his career about fourteen years of age, though some may commence at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Sometimes they start in the fitter's room, in which repairs are done to running engines; sometimes as bar-lads and call-lads. The duty of bar-lads is to put the bars into the fire-boxes of engines. A call-lad is employed to call up drivers and firemen in the morning, so that there may be no delay through over-sleeping. As the men sometimes live a mile—or perhaps more—distant from the station, and they have to be called at all hours of the night, the call-boy must be free from tremors and night fears; in other words, he must be a youth of nerve and courage. This appears to be especially the case in the neighbourhood of Willesden, where, notwithstanding the very matter-of-fact character of a large railway junction, ghosts have been known to prowl, putting the call-boys into unseasonable frights.

From these various duties the youth generally goes on to engine-cleaning, helping an older cleaner at first, and doing the rougher parts of the engine; and then, when he knows the work thoroughly, having an engine assigned entirely to himself. By this means the future driver learns to know all about an engine, from observing it being prepared for duty, and seeing it come off duty, and likewise in all stages of "convalescence."

From cleaner, the next upward step is that of extra fireman, who is employed assisting drivers and moving engines in the shed from the coal stage to the place for going out. After some time spent in this way he goes as a regular fireman upon a goods train. But before he is made a full fireman he has to pass through an examination as to his general knowledge of his duties, and of the rules relating thereto. This examination, so far as men in Mr. Mumford's district are concerned, generally takes place in his office. Questioned on the point as to wages, Mr. Mumford said:—

"As an extra fireman, his pay when firing is 3s. 6d. a day. As soon as he passes as a regular fireman, and signs his agreement, he gets 3s. 9d. a day for twelve months; after that he gradually increases in wage until he goes on a main line express train, goods or passenger, when he receives 4s. 6d. a day. The next step in advance is to become a driver."

In answer to the question how long it takes to reach the last-named stage, Mr. Mumford said:—

"It depends upon the demand for enginemen and on the capacity of the man how long it takes him to go through the various stages of fireman to be a driver. The average time would not be less than five years. Some firemen remain in that stage eight or ten years, some as long as twelve years.

"The driver's first experience is to turn and move engines in the shed yard. Then he passes on to a shunting engine and to a local goods train, next to an ordinary goods train, then to a main-line express goods, then to a local passenger train, then to a better-class passenger train, and lastly to a through express."

In reply to a question as to the wages of drivers, Mr. Mumford said:—

"A shunting engine driver gets 5s. 6d. a day; a local goods train driver, 6s. 6d.; and so on, the pay gradually rising to 8s., according to the nature of the work done. As to hours of work, the engine-man's time is sixty hours a week. But, in running, 120 miles is reckoned as a day's work for through goods trains, and 150 miles for passenger trains. From here (Rugby) to London and back," added Mr. Mumford, "is 165½ miles,

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Peterborough, and went first on the goods. I have been sixteen years on express work, and am at the top of the tree. I always run express and mail trains."

"And your pay?"

"Eight shillings a day."

"How do you find driving as regards health?"

"I have always kept my health in the work, and have never lost a day through accident. I was selected to run the special express carrying the Empress of Austria from Herne Hill to Crewe."

"Have you driven the Queen?"

"Yes, I drove Her Majesty when she went to Derby twelve months ago last spring. I drove her from Leamington to Derby on our line."

"I suppose you have to take extra special precautions when the Queen travels?"

"Oh, yes; we take very great care of the old lady! We bring out one of our very best engines, and it is carefully overhauled. Then special precautions are taken all along the line, and nothing is allowed to move for half an hour before her train is due. Then a pilot engine runs a quarter of an hour before her train. The locomotive foremen of the respective districts and a guard, supplied with hand lamp and fog signals, travel on the pilot engine. Then there is a distinctive code for signalling both the pilot engine and the Royal train. This year when Her Majesty went to Ballater it was twelve strokes, like this: ---- ---- ----"

"You take it as an honour, then, to be selected to drive the Queen?"

"Oh, yes; we like to be put on that duty, although we do not much care to go off our own line."

Mr. Mumford here interposed with the remark that one driver who was chosen to drive the Queen, on getting back to Willesden from Herne Hill, exclaimed, "Thank God, we have got into England again!"

There is a good deal of character about some of these men, and many good jokes are told both of and by them. One old stager, who was driving a train that happened to be a bit behind time, observed a gentleman go up to the guard, put half a crown into his hand, and say: "Do your best, guard, to make up your lost time, or I shall lose my train at such a junction, which I want very much to get." "All right, sir," said the guard, touching his hat. Before starting he gave a hint to the driver; but the driver had his own views on the "morality" of the question, and when his engine sailed into the junction, the train the passenger wished to catch was seen to be quietly steaming out at the other end of the station. The disappointed traveller, greatly annoyed, approached the driver and said: "I thought, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train. Half a minute would have done it." "Ah, sir," replied the old driver, "it might have been done easily; but, you see, you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."

In reply to the question, "Will you now tell me what is your day's routine?" Walker said:—

"When we come on duty, the first thing we have to do is to report ourselves at the office in the shed. We there write our name in the book, and our time is taken. This is necessary, in order that the timekeeper may see that we are in a proper condition to go on duty. We then take a look at the notice board to see if there is anything there affecting our particular line. Everything in the way of change relating to the working of the line—change of signals, the arrangement of the 'links,' and so forth — is posted there. This done, we go to our engine and see that all is in order—the fire lighted and steam up. We are expected to be in the shed an hour before the time for us to join the train, in order to give us plenty of time for preparation. The next thing, after seeing that all is in order, is to proceed to the tank and take in water. Then we move up to the siding in readiness for the train.

"I am just now going out with the 5.2 to London. I arrive at 7, and leave Euston again at 10.10 with the Liverpool and Manchester express, arriving here at 11.45. My mate takes the train here and carries it to Crewe, and I go to bed. This trip constitutes my day's work, although I have only been out seven hours; I have, however, run 150 miles, which constitutes a running day."

"Having finished your trip, I suppose you have nothing else to do but to go home and go to bed?"

"Before we can do that, we have to take our engine to the coal siding and have it supplied with fuel for the next day's run. This is the invariable rule. Then we take her into the shed and hand her over to the turner, who puts her on the turn-table and turns her round, and places her in such a position that she can be taken out in the morning without any more trouble. The fire is then taken out of her, and she is handed over to the cleaners. If she is in need of any repairs, they have to be reported

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to the shed foreman, who sees that they are attended to. When everything has been done, we have again to go to the office and report ourselves, and sign the book. We generally give a look at the notice-board, too, to see if there is anything posted concerning our 'link' or the line we work on."

"And about your premiums for saving fuel: are you allowed a premium?"

"Yes; we are allowed so much coal per mile. My quantity is 30lb. Some have 36lb., others 38lb. The majority of the goods trains are allowed from 45lb. to 50lb. per mile. They require more than the passenger trains, because they have so much shunting—especially the coal trains. If a man takes an interest in his work it leads him to be economical; it also shows the company what men are interested in their work. All the coal is weighed out to the engine. At the end of each month a sheet is issued, showing, amongst other details, the actual working of each engine during the month, and if any driver has been able to do the whole of his work with a less consumption of coal than the standard allowance, he is paid a premium of 2s. for each pound of coal used per mile less than the standard, the fireman being allowed 8d. per pound. For instance, engines working the heaviest express passenger trains between Rugby, Crewe, and London are allowed 38lb. per mile; and if a driver can do his work for the whole month with a consumption of 36lb. per mile, he gets a bonus of 4s., and his fireman 1s. 4d. That pays the company and also the driver. In the last sheet issued I got 16s."

"When do you consider your work to be the most dangerous?"

"In times of fog and snow, of course. I do not mean when the snow is on the ground; that is simple enough. It is when the snow is falling that it bothers us, especially with a head-wind. It is then driven against the engine and covers the glass of the look-out, so that we can't see. Then driving becomes very difficult."

"Have you special rules to guide you in such cases?"

"The rules are the same as when fog prevails."

"And what are they?"

"Well, when the fog is so thick that we cannot see the signals we have to feel our way with the help of the fog-signalmen. The signals are working as usual, of course, but we can't see them. The fog-signalman, therefore, is employed to help us. He is stationed within call of the signal-box, and acts under the direction of the signalman. If I am coming from London and want to get into the station, I go on until my engine explodes a detonator. Then I know that I must shut off steam and bring my train under complete control, and wait for a signal from the fog-signalman. He has a shelter on the road near the signal-box, and generally has a fire blazing near (to give light as well as to keep him warm), and if he gives me the red, or danger, hand-signal, I must at once bring my engine to a stand, and then proceed cautiously to the point the hand-signal is intended to protect, or until I get the signal to proceed. If I am stopped by a detonator* and am kept waiting very long, I let them know of my presence by blowing my whistle from time to time. We are able to talk with our whistles, and so can let the station-master or the signalmen know where we are and where we want to go."

"You need all your caution at such times?"

"Yes, we do; but the only danger is when signals fail, or the wrong ones are given. When the 'block' is perfect there is no danger."

"I suppose it requires good nerves to be a driver of an express?"

"Yes; many men have not nerve enough for it. They refuse, saying they would prefer to remain at Pickford's work—that is their expression for the goods. But when a man feels equal to it, it is the lightest work, and he can keep at it until very old."

"Have you any very old drivers at work now?"

"I think I am one of the oldest in the express work. But up to very recently we had a driver at work who was sixty-seven years of age. He had to go to a somewhat lighter job than express driving towards the end, however."

In conclusion, Walker said that he and the next man interviewed constituted No. 3 link, known generally amongst engine-men and others on the line as the "Top Hat Link."

The next man interviewed, James Pennington, was a perfect picture of health, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, and evidently still full of "go." He said he started as stoker on a colliery line at the age of nineteen, remaining in that employ eight or nine years. He then went on to a stationary engine for winding coals from the shaft. "After that," he con-

* A detonator, or fog signal, is constructed in the form of a circular disc about 2in. in diameter; it is made of a mixture of iron and tin, is filled with gunpowder, and charged with three percussion caps. It is provided with strips of tin on either side, with which it is fastened on to the upper flange of a rail.

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Convicts Working in Quarry

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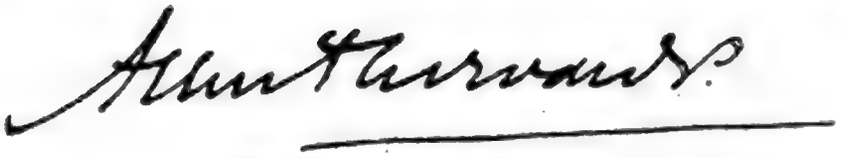
Ceol, the son of Cynric, succeeded his father in the year 534, and reigned five years. Ceol was succeeded by his brother Ceolwulf, who reigned twenty years. Ceolwulf was succeeded by his nephew Ceolwin, who reigned two years. Ceolwin was succeeded by his brother Ceolric, who reigned five years. Ceolric was succeeded by his nephew

Mr. Gladstone's Study at Hawarden, Where the Great Statesman Died. From a Photograph by Messrs. Valentine and Sons, Dundee.

Mr. Gladstone's study at Hawarden, where the great statesman died, is a room of moderate size, with a bay window looking out upon the lawn. It is lined with bookcases, and contains a large number of pictures, chiefly of a religious character. The table, which is covered with papers, books, and letters, is placed in the bay window, so that the occupant can see the lawn and the trees beyond. The chair in which he sat is visible in the picture, and the table is still covered with the papers he was accustomed to read and write upon. The room is now closed to visitors, and the family have left it as it was when he last occupied it.

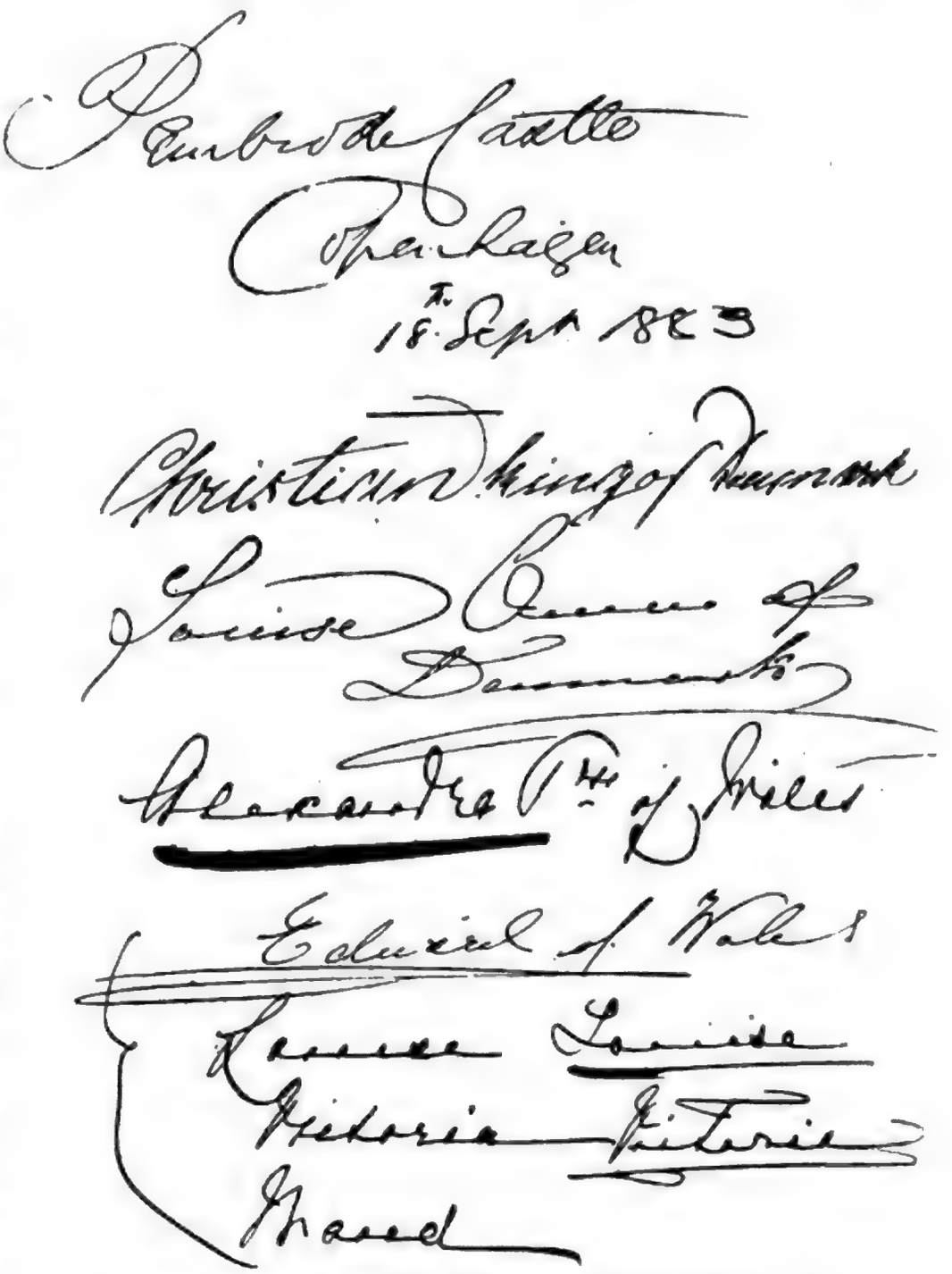


THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SIGNATURE.

was thus established a through service between France and America *viâ* Liverpool, which still exists, and which has been most successful. However, shortly after the Havre trade had been secured I went to Bremen and to Antwerp, and at both ports established similar branch offices and steamer services for the Cunard Company."

Here is what Mr. W. S. Gilbert would call a "highly respectable start." Sir Donald Currie is the first man to admit that he owes much to those early struggling days. He worked persistently, honestly, and with purpose not to be turned aside, and it was not long before he found himself in a very important position. The young man's capabilities, pluck, and tact had become a matter of common conversation, and from 1856 to 1862 Sir Donald Currie was attached to the head-quarters of the Cunard Company in the management at Liverpool, his brother conducting the business at Havre; but in the latter year he withdrew from the onerous labour connected with the Cunard Company's largely extended operations in the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean, and started for himself—the Castle sailing ship service between Liverpool, London, and the East Indies, which supplied him in due time with the nucleus of the efficient officers now employed in his fleet of steamers.

It is very interesting to note how Sir Donald, after leaving steamers for sailing vessels, finally took once more to steamers and discarded sailing ships. It was not his wish to go back to the exciting life



SIGNATURES OF ROYAL PERSONAGES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

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SIGNATURES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

Frederick, Crown Prince of Denmark; Louise, Crown Princess of Denmark, Princess of Sweden and Norway; Alexander (Emperor of Russia); Marie (Empress of Russia); Georgios (King of Greece); Olga (Queen of Greece); Nicholas (the Czarevitch); George and Xenia (the younger children of the Czar); Carl, of Denmark; Alexandra.

involved in steamship management; his capital was engaged in sailing ships in preference. He had said that he was for all time going out of the steam business, but the fates would have it otherwise. This is how he came to be connected with the South African trade, in which he now holds such a high position. But it was not only in steamship enterprise to and from the Cape and Natal that he was to be engaged, for in a very short time, owing to the singular political circumstances of that period, his capacity and readiness to serve South African interests became manifest.

"In 1875," said Sir Donald, "complications arose in South Africa in connection with the occupation of the Diamond Field District, known as Kimberley, by the British Government, and in connection with that, as well as with the Transvaal, President Burgers, of the late Republic, known as the South African Republic, visited England. Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon, acting for the Government of the day, intrusted to me the communication to be placed in the hands of President Burgers on his arrival at Plymouth; and the President accompanied me to my house, where he stayed for some two or three months, the correspondence of the President with the Government of the day being carried on with my assistance.

"It is worthy of note that at that especial time it was known that proposals had been made to Prince Bismarck for the proclamation of a Protectorate by Germany over the Transvaal; and this was not a matter overlooked in conversation between President Burgers and myself. On the settlement of

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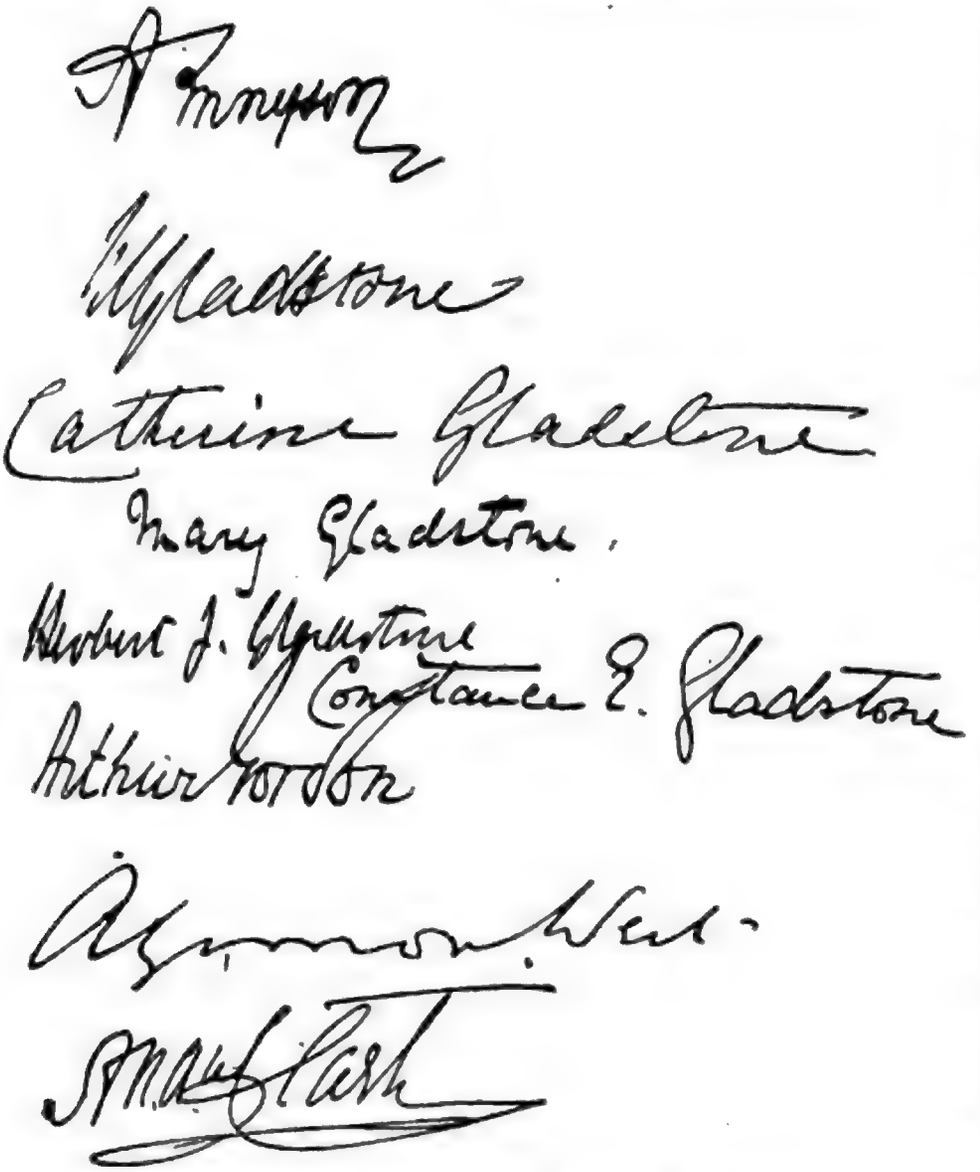

SIGNATURES OF CELEBRITIES FROM SIR D. CURRIE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

the treaty with Portugal which President Burgers completed, I did what I could, and secured for the Transvaal the transfer from Mr. G. P. Moodie, of Gold Fields fame, of the concession of the Delagoa Bay Railway, which had been granted to that gentleman by the Portuguese Government."

It is a fact worthy of interest that in that agreement Sir Donald was made arbitrator in case of dispute, and eventually gave a judgment in favour of Mr. Moodie subsequent to the annexation of the Transvaal by the British Government.

"Of the early history of gold mining," continued Sir Donald, "in the Transvaal, a singular illustration is the fact of the President having brought to this country and placed in my hands a nugget found at Pilgrims' Rest in that territory, of the value of about £600 sterling, and this nugget, by-the-bye, I exhibited at the first meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute at the South Kensington Museum, when President Burgers was present and received the welcome of his friends, people wondering if it could be true that there was gold in the Transvaal.

"The Swazi question was at that moment being discussed with the British Government, as well as the difference between the Orange Free State and the Imperial Government as to the Diamond Fields, the latter being claimed by the Orange Free State Republic as within their territory. Immediately after the return of President Burgers to the Transvaal, President Brand, of the Orange Free State, visited England, at the request of Lord Carnarvon, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the hope of arriving at a settlement of the Diamond Fields' dispute; and it was only after a long discussion with President Brand, spread over two or three months, that Lord Carnarvon made a final arrangement with him. Lord Carnarvon and President Brand, after agreeing upon the principles of settlement, left it to me to define the boundary and arrange the terms of agreement, and to draw up the agreement which is now in the Colonial Office, signed by Lord Carnarvon and President Brand."

For these services, acknowledged by Lord Carnarvon in the despatches published in the Blue Books of the time, the Queen made Sir Donald a K.C.M.G., and the Orange Free State Parliament voted him their unanimous acknowledgments.

"In 1876," Sir Donald said, "the mail contract with the Cape having come to an end, a new one was granted to the two mail

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Ceremonial dance of the Kwakiutl Indians, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada.

Fig. 18.—Steam Yacht "Ariadne" Fitted with Triple Screw Propeller.

Fig. 19.—Steam Yacht "Ariadne" Fitted with Triple Screw Propeller.

Fig. 20.—Steam Yacht "Ariadne" Fitted with Triple Screw Propeller.

Fig. 21.—Steam Yacht "Ariadne" Fitted with Triple Screw Propeller.

Fig.

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Fig. 1. Bow view of the Mark II Mine Sweeper, showing the Mine Cutter in the position it occupies when the vessel is at rest.

Fig. 2. Bow view of the Mark II Mine Sweeper, showing the Mine Cutter in the position it occupies when the vessel is in motion.

Sewer in Chicago, 8 feet 6 inches in diameter, 20 feet below the surface, and 1 mile long, constructed in 1885 by the Chicago Sewerage Commission.

Sewer in Chicago, 8 feet 6 inches in diameter, 20 feet below the surface, and 1 mile long, constructed in 1885 by the Chicago Sewerage Commission.

Mrs. Ethel Barrymore Colt, who has been in the cast of "The Dancing Girl" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, for the past two years, is the daughter of Lionel Barrymore, the well-known actor, and the granddaughter of Mrs. Maurice Barrymore, who was Miss Georgiana Drew, and who was a famous actress in her day. Mrs. Colt is the wife of Lieutenant Colt, who is now in the Philippines. Her little son, Lionel Barrymore Colt, is the fifth generation of the family to be on the stage.

Portraits of Celebrities of Different Times and Nations

The Hon. Mr. Justice Wilde, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Lord Cranworth, Lord Chancellor, Lord Chelmsford, Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice Pollock, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice Erle, Lord Chief Justice Jervis, Lord Chief Justice Tindal, Lord Chief Justice Abbott, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice Hardwicke, Lord Chief Justice Parker, Lord Chief Justice Holt, Lord Chief Justice Pemberton, Lord Chief Justice Scroggs, Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice Saunders, Lord Chief Justice Coke, Lord Chief Justice Popham, Lord Chief Justice Anderson, Lord Chief Justice Dyer, Lord Chief Justice Bacon, Lord Chief Justice Fleming, Lord Chief Justice Gawdy, Lord Chief Justice Wray

SYDNEY HOLT B.A.

BY MARTIN MILNER

"I'M very sorry for you, Leigh!"

"Thanks. You've said that before, though."

"Well, you need not be so disagreeable; I really am sorry for you, and would help you if I could."

The speaker was an elderly man, with an intellectual face and a head of tangled grey hair, who stood by a couch on which lay a young man with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling.

"You had better try and put it all out of your mind for a month," he went on, compassionately. "You can't work, so what's the good of worrying?"

"The fact that I can't work is the reason why I worry," said Leigh. "If I had only finished my book before this accident happened, I shouldn't care. But publishers are like time and tide, they wait for no man, as you might know, one would think!"

"I thought the doctor did not want you to use your head at all," said the elder man.

"Oh! he doesn't mind now. I'm all right again, really; only he says he must keep my eyes bandaged for another fortnight, 'just as a precautionary measure.' Precautionary humbug, I call it!"

"Well, then, employ an amanuensis," said Morris Holt, taking no notice of the last remark.

"So I would, if I could find one worth having; but how can I find one while I'm stuck here on this sofa? And somehow, when a fellow is ill, people seem such a bother."

"I have a young cousin whom I think might do," said Holt. "I never thought of it till this minute: I always forget everything! A London B.A. Worked in the British Museum. All that sort of thing. Too poor to ask high terms; very accurate and a really good scholar."

"Well, that praise means something from you," said Leigh, rather grudgingly. "We might have an interview to-morrow afternoon, anyway, if you'll arrange it for me."

"All right; I must be off now. I only meant to stay two minutes, but I had no idea you had been so ill."

He shook the uninjured hand, and made his way towards the door, tripping against a stool as he peered short-sightedly for the handle.

A shout from Leigh made him pause just as he was closing the door. "Stop a minute! What name did you say?"

"Holt. Sydney Holt!" he said, opening the door an inch or two and shutting it again.

"Poor chap!" he muttered, as he made

his way down the steep stone staircase of the flat. "But it's just the thing for Sydney. I'll go round there now."

Morris Holt was one of the most oblivious and absent-minded men in the world, but he had a fund of kindness within him when he remembered to use it, and on this cold, wet November evening he went nearly a mile out of his way that he might convey the news of employment to his young relative at once.

It was a dingy street into which he turned, and the house at which he stopped was one of the dingiest of the row. An untidy servant-girl admitted him, and stood aside to let him go up to the first floor.

Mr. Holt stumbled up the dark staircase and knocked at the first door he came to.

"Come in!" cried a voice from inside, and he turned the handle and entered. The room was like hundreds of others in cheap London lodging-houses. The furniture was worn and shabby, the ceiling discoloured, and the window-panes dirty; but there were a few touches here and there which showed that the occupant was a person of refinement.

A girl, whose curly hair was cut short over her head, and whose pale face showed the marks of over-work, threw down her pen and rose to greet him with a smile.

"Why, cousin Morris!" she said, "I have not seen you for weeks!"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Holt, sitting down in the chair she pushed forward for him, "I have been out of town. I was at the Museum yesterday and to-day, but I did not see you, Sydney. Where have you been?"

"At home," said Sydney, rather mournfully. "Or, rather, I tired myself out yesterday going to three different schools in want of teachers; but they were all filled up before I got there!"

"I am sorry I have not been able to help you more," said Mr. Holt, with a little remorse in his tone. "But it is next door to impossible; everything is so crowded. However, I am forgetting what I came to tell you, and I must make haste, because I am going out of town again to-morrow, and I am very busy. A friend of mine who is writing a book has had an accident, and can't use his eyes for a time. He is worrying himself to death about it, and wants to get someone to help him. It must be someone up in the classics, because there are a lot of Greek quotations; so I suggested you, and he would like you to go round to-morrow afternoon. There's the address." He threw a card on the table as he spoke and got up to go.

"But shall I be able to do what he wants?" said Sydney, doubtfully.

"Oh! yes; I told him all about you, you know, and he thought you would do."

There were many other things that Sydney wanted to ask, but her cousin was in a hurry to be off, and she could not detain him. She stood for a long time with the card in her hand after he had gone, as though it could tell her all the things that he had left unsaid.

"OLIVER LEIGH,
6, Lincoln Gardens."

That was all. She had never heard the name before, and it conveyed nothing to her mind. But she had no doubt about going, for her funds were so low that it seemed to her sometimes as though starvation was not far off. Her hopes had been very high when she got her degree and started on a career in London, but as she learnt more and more of the over-stocked condition of the teaching world, they had sunk lower and lower. Her cousin had no influence there, but he had procured her a few pieces of literary hack-work from time to time, which just kept her head above water.

She set out about three o'clock the next afternoon and made her way to Lincoln Gardens. It was as dull and damp a day as the previous one had been, and she debated within herself whether she should not do her dress more than eighteenpence worth of damage by walking; however, she had only five shillings in hand to last to the end of the week, so she picked her way as well as she could through the mud.

Lincoln Gardens was reached at last, and having pressed the electric bell at the door, a dirty little boy in buttons admitted her.

"Mr. Leigh?" he said, in answer to her inquiry. "Yes, 'e's in. Third floor!" and so saying, he disappeared down a passage, leaving Sydney to make her way up.

The door at the head of the third staircase stood open, and her timid knock was answered by a voice, in obedience to which she entered. The room formed a strong contrast to her own. A bright fire burned on the hearth, throwing its leaping lights and shadows over the picture-covered walls and the soft hues of carpet and curtains. But Sydney's eyes were not attracted by the room; they were fixed in mute surprise upon its owner. She had expected to see an elderly, grey-headed man, like her cousin; but the hair that appeared over the bandages was thick and dark, and the figure in the arm-chair was that of a man in the prime of youth. She was so taken aback that she

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"A DIRTY LITTLE BOY IN BUTTONS ADMITTED HER."

hesitated on the threshold, uncertain what to do; but in the meantime he could not see her and she was obliged to speak.

"My cousin, Mr. Morris Holt, asked me to call on you to day, about some work," she said.

"Oh! yes; come in," said Leigh. "Excuse my getting up, I'm rather lame. Holt was here yesterday, and said he thought you could do what I want; but I should think you're very young, by your voice!"

Sydney thought that his manners were decidedly peculiar, but she knew that she must not mind such things as these. "Yes, I am young," she said, "but I have taken the B.A. degree at the London University, and I have had some experience in literary work, too."

"Oh! well, I daresay you'll do all right," said Leigh. "I'll try you, anyhow. My doctor says I mustn't do more than three hours' work a day at present. He's a chum of mine, who comes in every morning to bandage me up for the day and all that kind of thing; so we had better work from two till five, if that will suit you."

"Very well indeed," said Sydney.

"All right, then. We ought to finish the work in a fortnight; I hope you can write a clear hand. Oh! and about terms: will two guineas a week do for you?"

"Certainly," said Sydney, who had not dared to expect so much.

"We may as well begin at once, then. You'll find the papers on the writing-table. Tell me when you are ready, and I'll fire away."

Sydney arranged the papers and began to write. The book was one dealing with certain aspects of Greek drama, and the quotations made the work difficult; but the subject was one which thoroughly interested her, and the time sped rapidly away.

Five o'clock chimed out at last from the little clock on the mantelpiece, and Leigh gave a satisfied sigh. "I suppose we must stop," he said, "or I shall get into a row with my doctor. However, we've got on capitally, so I won't complain. Be sure you come punctually to-morrow."

"I will be certain to be here," said Sydney, opening the door as she spoke.

"All right, and if you see your cousin, you can tell him I think you'll do very well. You really have a very decent amount of scholarship, though I should think you're not much more than a boy!"

Sydney gave a startled little gasp as he uttered the last words, and escaped before he could add anything more. So this was the meaning of his cursory remarks and his off-hand ways! Morris had evidently only spoken of her as his "cousin," without mentioning her name; or, even if he had mentioned it, it would have told nothing unless he added an explanation. Why had she not been called Ada or Caroline, instead of Sydney?

All through her homeward walk she was debating what she could do. Should she ask her cousin to explain? But he was gone out of town, and she did not even know his

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address. Should she explain the mistake herself? But the idea was too formidable! After all, it was only an hour or two in the day for a fortnight; it would soon be over.

She hardly noticed the discomforts of her room that evening; her mind was too much occupied with the events of the day, and instead of worrying over her money troubles when she went to bed, she fell asleep wondering what the morrow would bring.

Leigh was waiting for her when she arrived the next afternoon. "Here you are!" he said, cheerfully. "The doctor says I'm none the worse for the work yesterday, so that's all right. We shall soon finish, at this rate."

Sydney soon became as interested in the book as the author himself. It showed a depth of research and a broad way of dealing with facts that gave her a very high opinion of his mind. She admired him also for his patience under the trials that had befallen him, and day by day she found herself looking forward more eagerly to their hours of work.

Leigh, on his part, felt a growing admiration for his secretary.

"You never bother me, somehow," he said, one day. "Some fellows are so clumsy, knocking things over, and making all sorts of mistakes. But you are uncommonly quiet, I must say, and yet you are sharp enough, too! That suggestion you made yesterday was really very good; I thought about it a great deal in the night."

"I am glad you think I can do the work," said Sydney.

"You do it remarkably well!" said Leigh. "You really ought to turn out something or other one of these days. I don't know why I always imagine you are so young; I suppose it's your voice."

"Can I do anything more for you before I go?" said Sydney, passing over the difficult question.

"Yes. I wish you would just give me a rug. I get so cold sitting here, and the doctor won't let me try my ankle yet. I wish that horse hadn't managed to stand on so many places at once when it knocked me over."

Sydney felt a rush of sympathy go through her, but she dared not express it. She put the rug softly over him and went back to the writing-table.

"I think I shall come out a poet at last," said Leigh, in a dreamy tone. "I don't know why, but I seemed to think of stars and music and the 'sweet south' on a bank of violets, all in a breath just now."

"Good afternoon," said Sydney, opening the door and taking a sudden departure.

"I shall have to tell him," she said to herself, desperately, as she hastened down the stone staircase. "And yet—there are only three days more!"

"I say, young man," began Leigh in a playful tone when his secretary arrived on the next afternoon, "you ought not to leave your love-tokens about on other people's tables! The doctor told me I might take a walk round my room this morning; the housekeeper was to have helped me, but she never appeared, so I had to clutch on to the things as best I could, and as I caught hold of the writing-table I found this!"

He held up a ribbon as he spoke, which Sydney recognised directly as one that she had missed when she reached home.

"Well, are you not going to ask for it back?" said Leigh, finding that he got no answer. "I shall just tell your cousin the little tale when I see him next!"

"Please give it to me," said Sydney, in a low voice.

"I FOUND THIS!"

Leigh thought that he had given offence, and relinquished the ribbon at once. It seemed to him rather foolish to be upset by such a trivial thing, but he was too kind-hearted not to try and make amends.

"I shall be quite sorry when our work comes to an end!" he said, pleasantly, when five o'clock sounded the hour of Sydney's departure.

"So shall I!" thought Sydney, but she did not say so.

"In fact," went on Leigh, "I have something to propose to you. The doctor says the bandage may come off my eyes in a day or two, but I am not to use them much at first. Will you stay on and help me, if you have nothing better to do? No one has ever suited me so admirably as you have done, and I do not feel at all inclined to let you go."

Sydney's heart beat almost to suffocation. How could she answer him? In a day or two at furthest he must discover the deception that she had practised upon him.

"You don't seem to like the idea much!" said Leigh, in a disappointed tone. "Perhaps you have something else in view; but I gathered from what your cousin told me that you have not been getting on very fast. Has your father other plans for you?"

"I have no father," said Sydney, glad of a question that she could reply to. "I have been an orphan for some years, and I never had any brothers or sisters."

"Then why will you not agree to my proposal?" said Leigh. "It would probably be only a temporary thing, and I would not stand in the way of your taking anything else that turned up."

"It is not that," said Sydney, in a low voice.

"What is it, then?" asked Leigh, rather peremptorily.

Sydney could not reply, her heart was too full. She felt her eyes filling with tears, and in the effort to choke down her feelings a sob escaped her lips.

Leigh gave a sudden start and half rose from his seat, but sank back again as his injured foot gave way under him. Sydney watched him anxiously; she dared not speak, but in another moment she saw him raise his hand as though to tear the bandage from his eyes.

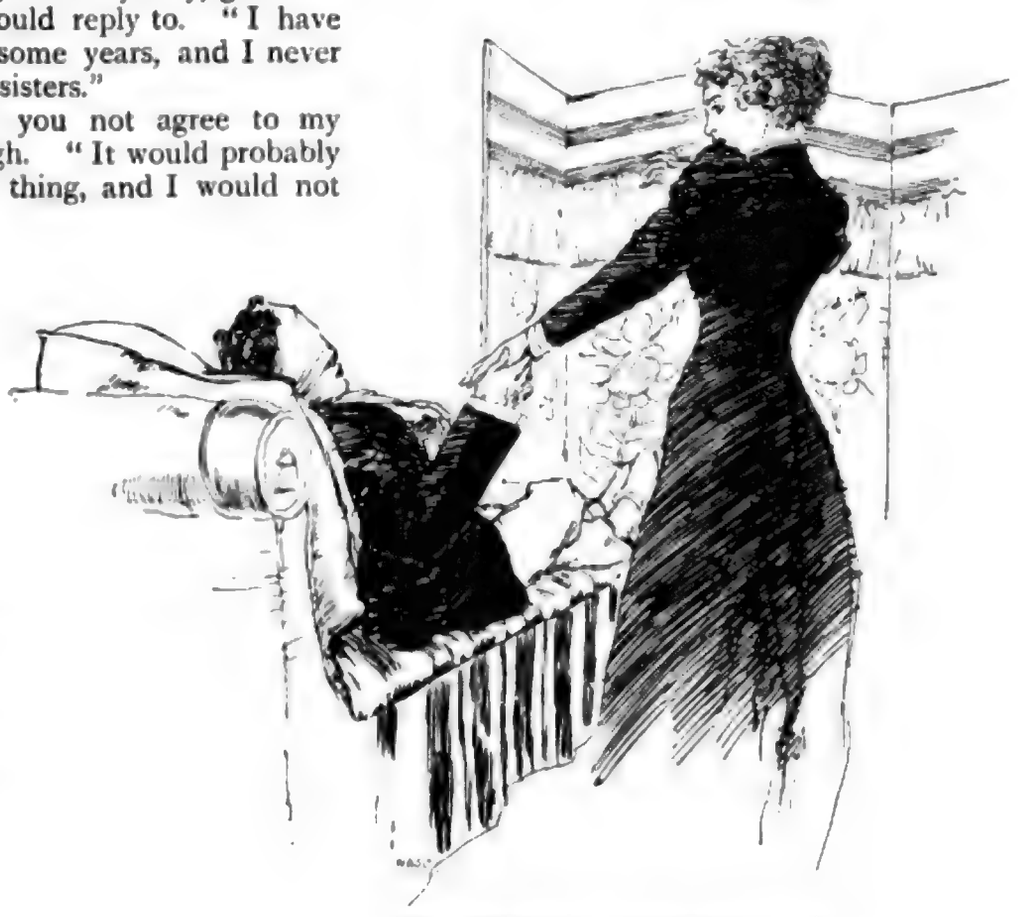
"No, no," she cried, fear for him overcoming every other feeling: "you must not do it; you will ruin your sight for ever." She darted forward as she spoke and seized his hand.

Instead of snatching away his hand, Leigh took hers between both his own and held it firmly. It quivered like a little frightened bird in the captor's grasp, but he would not let it go. It was small, and soft, and warm, and he stroked it lightly with his fingers.

"This is not a man's hand!" he said.

"Oh! I will tell you the truth!" cried Sydney, despairingly. "My cousin told me about your work, and I wanted the money so much, and he said that he had told you all about me. And then when I came I found you did not know, and he was away, and I could not make up my mind to tell you, and I hoped you would never find it out! But now I will go away, and I shall never come back."

She drew her hand away from him, but as he released it, he pulled the bandage from



"SHE DREW HER HAND AWAY FROM HIM."

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his eyes before she knew what he was doing!

The sight that met his eyes he will never forget till his dying day. The small, slight figure before him was clad in a dress of some dark woollen material, that any woman would have told him at once was old-fashioned and shabby. But Leigh saw nothing of that; he only knew that the curls that lay tossed all over the little head glittered like gold in the firelight, that the pale cheeks were tinged with delicate colour, and that her eyes shone like stars through the tears that hung on their lashes!

But the vision only lasted for a moment. Turning passionately from him, she caught up her things and flew from the room.

How Sydney found her way home that night she never knew. A tumult of feelings surged through her heart, but in the midst of it all one resolve was fixed within her—nothing should ever take her back! What though her work was unfinished; what though she had not as yet received the much-needed money? She would rather starve than ever see him again!

Leigh, meanwhile, was passing through an equal tumult, but his thoughts were much pleasanter than Sydney's. His principal fear was that she would fulfil her threat of not returning, and as the next afternoon came and went, dragging out its weary hours in dull loneliness, he became gradually convinced that she had really meant what she said.

"Never mind, I'll go and see her to-morrow," he thought. "I can get downstairs and into a cab well enough now."

But when the next day came a sudden thought flashed upon him that filled him with dismay. He had not the vaguest notion of her address; and more than this, rave and storm as he might, there was no chance of his finding it out unless her cousin had come back to town! He had been allowed to exchange his bandage for a shade, and reaching pen and paper he wrote off a hasty note with no explanations, merely asking for the address by return of post.

But Morris Holt was still out of town, and the note lay unopened amid a pile of letters on his writing-table for several days, during which Leigh went through an agony of suspense. Perhaps his note had been lost, and had never reached its destination; perhaps she had guessed what he would do, and had forbidden her cousin to send the address! Then a new agony began. She had told him herself how much she wanted the money; perhaps she was starving, and there was no one to help her. He worried and distressed himself till the doctor shook his head, and ordered him to the South of France.

Leigh took no notice of his advice. Everything seemed to go by him in a dream, until one day a post-card was brought up to him, with two lines written upon it, that ran like an electric stream through his frame. The words were these:—

"Only just back in town. 24, South Street, Chilton Square."

Sydney was sitting alone that afternoon in her cheerless room. She could not afford a fire, and the clinging damp made everything chilly and uncomfortable. She had at last heard of some teaching, but the salary was small, and she would not receive anything until the end of the term.

A week ago at this time a very different scene had surrounded her, but that thought was too painful to be borne as yet!

A ring at the bell and a heavy step on the stair roused no expectations in Sydney's mind; no one ever came to see her but her cousin, and she thought that he was still away. But to her surprise the steps paused at her door, and the servant-girl threw it open without any attempt at announcement, and in another moment Oliver Leigh stood before her!

He was breathless with his ascent and leant heavily upon his stick; but he had left off his bandages, and his eyes rested eagerly upon her.

"I should have been here days ago," he exclaimed, "but I had no clue to your address, and I was obliged to wait until I could get it from your cousin. The days have seemed like an eternity!"

He paused; but Sydney could find no words in which to answer.

"Are you angry with me for coming?" he asked. "You would not be, if you knew how terribly I have missed you."

"I am not angry," said Sydney, in a scarcely audible voice, while she raised her eyes for a moment to his.

Leigh's face brightened. "I cannot part from you again!" he exclaimed. "I have come here to-day to ask you to be my wife."

"But we have known each other such a little time," said Sydney, trying to repress the joy that trembled through her at his words. She knew that she should never love any other man as she loved him, but she feared that he might be yielding to a sudden impulse which he would afterwards repent.

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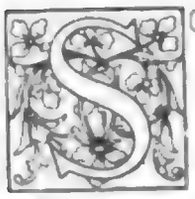
Some Historic Cradles.

By Sheila E. Braine.



SCATTERED about here and there, in museums, castles, palaces, and private houses, occasionally putting in a modest appearance at a loan exhibition, but living for the most part in an honourable seclusion, are certain quaint old memorials of bygone generations, of which, collectively, very little notice has hitherto been taken. Nevertheless, as being intimately connected with the earliest days of persons hereafter to become famous, they undoubtedly possess an interest of their own; and although a cradle may be a homely object, it is seen alike in castle and cottage, nor does there seem any near probability of its going out of fashion.

To the crude masculine eye all babies are said to look the same—a sentiment a mother invariably treats with the scorn it deserves; but, leaving that vexed point untouched, there can be no denying the fact that considerable diversity prevails with respect to the cribs, cots, and cradles that shield the slumbers of the blessed little beings.

Roughly shaped out of the trunk of a tree, or carved with the best skill of a cunning workman; stuffed with moss or lined with embroidered pillows; carried upon the back of a barbarian mother, hung from the ceiling of a peasant's hut, rocked by a stately nurse in a Royal chamber: scarcely one of them resembles another. And yet a certain touch of Nature renders them all akin. For humanity begins with the cradle, even as it ends with the grave; at these two fixed unwavering points we units touch each other, while between them lies the brief uncertainty of this our little life.

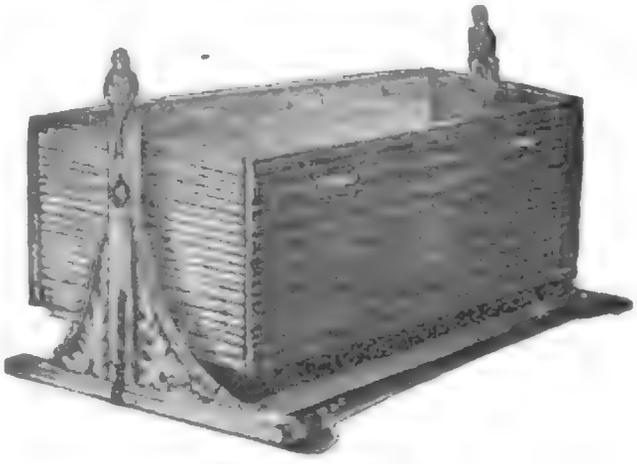
The cradles of the Greeks and Romans were of various shapes; the infant Hermes is represented in one formed like a shoe. They were occasionally made of basketwork, sometimes with handles; and could be suspended by ropes. Infants were rocked and sung to sleep by their nurses, and had their rattles, even as modern babies.

The word cradle is Anglo-Saxon; in Anglo-Norman it was *bers*, or *bersel*, from which is derived the modern French *berçeau*. Walter de Bibblesworth, writing towards the close of the thirteenth century, says: "As soon as the child is born it must be swathed; lay it to sleep in its cradle, and you must have a nurse to rock it to sleep."

In the seventh century we find an Archbishop of Canterbury ordaining that a woman who left her baby "lying loosely around" on the hearth, so that it got scalded to death through the caldron boiling over, was to do penance for her negligence. The curious part of it was that the husband, who put the water into the caldron, was acquitted of all blame; the idea being, we must suppose, that he could not be expected to know that the rolled-up bundle on the hearth was a member of his family. It would seem from this that cradles were not in everyday use at this date; and that infants were brought up in sweet simplicity on the floor.

M. Viollet-le-Duc tells us that the simplest and most ancient cradles were formed out of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed out, with holes at the sides through which cords were passed to keep the child in. Baskets were also used, and later on the cradles resembled small beds, fixed upon two curved pieces of wood.

In the fifteenth century a change was made, and the cradle, usually shaped like a box, swung between two uprights, which were fixed. The cradle of Henry V., which



CRADLE OF HENRY V.

belongs to the latter part of the fourteenth century, is of this kind, and is the earliest specimen extant. Some writers call it Edward II.'s, but there are no proofs of its having belonged to that unlucky Prince. The story runs that Henry V., born at Monmouth Castle in 1388, being a delicate child, was sent to Courtfield, about seven miles distant, to be

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Sydney Ladies' Bazaar.

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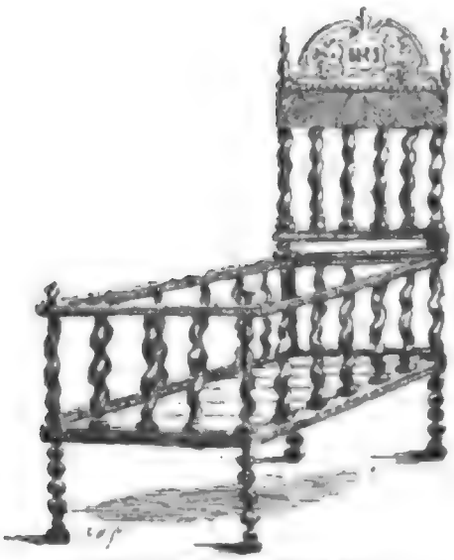


A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRIB.

foot. By the way, there is a widespread superstition that it is a disastrous thing to rock an empty cradle; a new baby would speedily arrive to fill it.

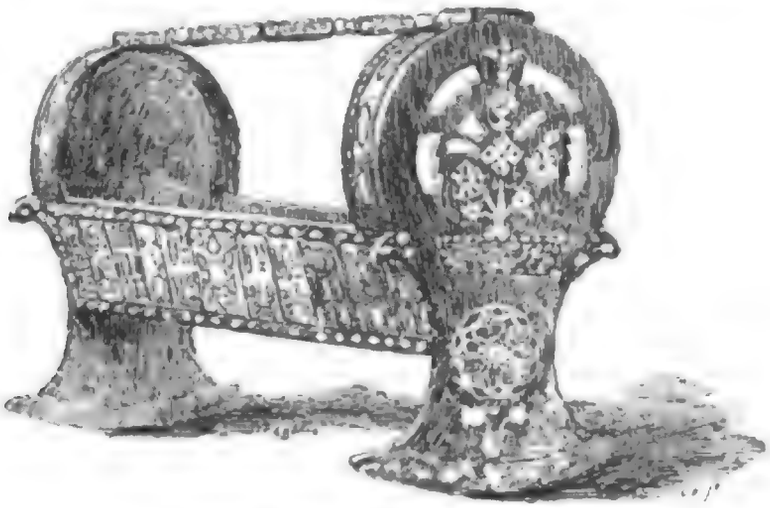
Before closing this article, a passing mention should be made of the ancient custom, still kept up, of presenting a silver cradle to the wife of a Mayor whose family receives an addition during his year of office. The *Times* of July 1st, 1799, has a notice of one about to be presented to the Lady Mayoress, which was to cost £500; and the Mayoress of Liverpool in 1848 was the recipient of a very handsome miniature

HUNGARIAN CRADLE.

"berceau" shaped like a Nautilus shell. Upon the base was inscribed :—

YE SPIRIT OF YE LEGENDE.

Gif Leverpooles good maier everre bee
Made fatherre inne hys yere of maioraltee,
Thenne sal be giften bye ye townmenne free,
Ane silverre cradle too hys faire ladye.



ANCIENT INLAID CRADLE FROM CAIRO.

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Original from Harvard University

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Original from Harvard University

Library is a note for £25, which had slumbered unobserved for one hundred and eleven years and was then presented and paid. If compound interest had been payable by the Bank, the owner could have claimed over £60,000.

Another curiosity, believed to be unique, is a bank-note for £1,000,000, dated 1782. Tradition says that there have been but four such notes issued by the Bank. One is the note just referred to, Messrs. Rothschilds had one, Messrs. Coutts and Co. another, and Samuel Rogers, the poet, had the fourth, which, it is said, was framed and hung over his parlour mantelpiece.

But perhaps the greatest curiosity is the note for £1,000 representing the fine imposed on Lord Cochrane for his, erroneously supposed, connection with a fraud for artificially raising the price of the public funds. The note is indorsed as follows:—

"My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors having resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to Robbery, to protect myself from Murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.

"Grated Chamber, "COCHRANE.

"King's Bench Prison, 3 July, 1815."

A singular use was made of a £5 note now in the Bank archives, which bears the following indorsement:—

"If this note gets into the hands of John Dear, of Longhill, near Carlisle, his brother Andrew is a prisoner in Algiers."

This notification was copied into a Carlisle newspaper, and John Dear thus became aware of the whereabouts of his long-lost brother.

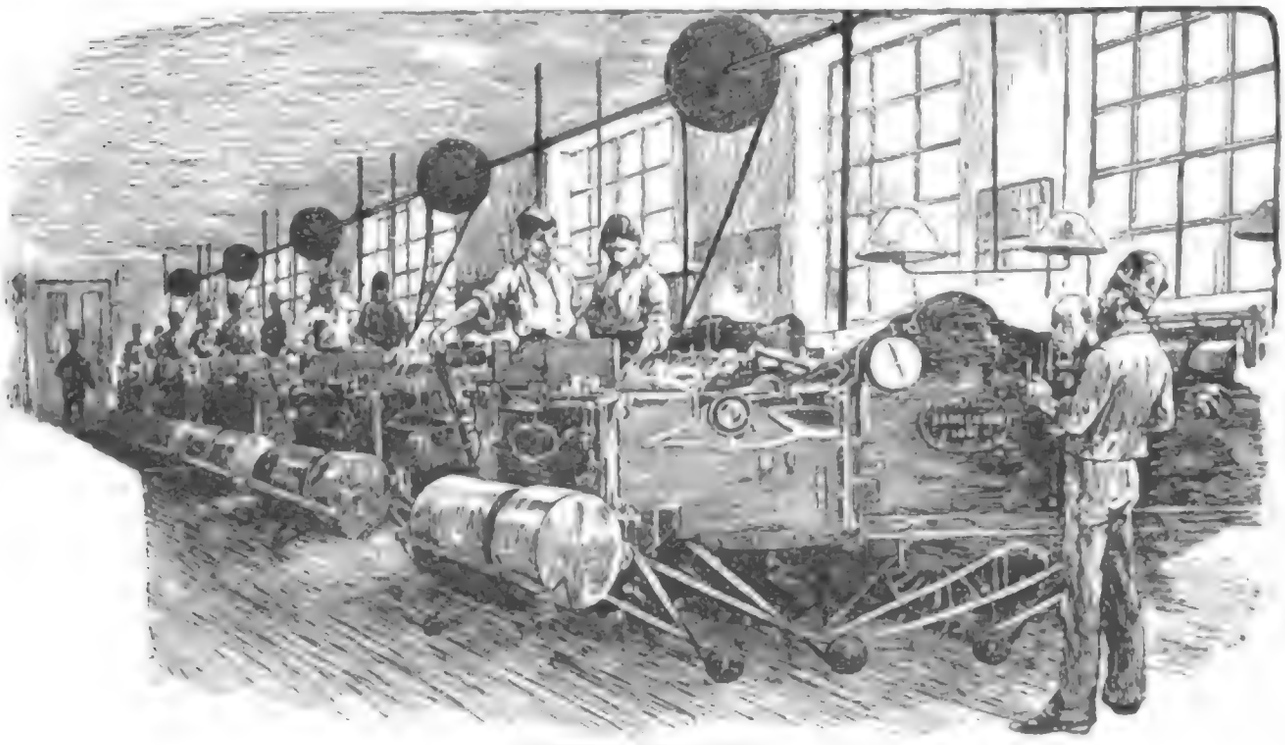
If bank-notes could only speak, what romantic tales of joy and misery they could tell!

A visit to the Bank is extremely interesting, and some information recently gleaned relating to bank-notes is well worth recording.

The component parts of a bank-note are the paper, the water-mark, the ink, the engraving, the printing, and the signature. Bank of England note-paper is made by Messrs. Portal, at their mills in Hampshire. The tray on which the pulp is lifted is the size of a pair of notes, and measures 5in. by 16½in. Thus there are, when issued, right-hand and left-hand notes, the inner side of each showing a clean cut edge, and the rest of the edges being rough, or as it is called "deckled."

The top right-hand corner of a right-hand note looks as if a piece of the paper had been rubbed off, but this is done purposely, to enable the printer to know when the water-mark is right side up. The annual output is 14,000 reams. As recently as the year 1862 some thieves broke into the mills and stole some of the prepared paper, and forged notes were soon in circulation; but it was not long before the whole gang of forgers was caught, the paper recovered, and the thieves transported.

The water-mark is so much an integral part of the note that it was specially protected



PRINTING BANK-NOTES.

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COUNTING BANK-NOTES.

by Act of Parliament in 1763, and any attempt to imitate it was made punishable with death—now the punishment is penal servitude.

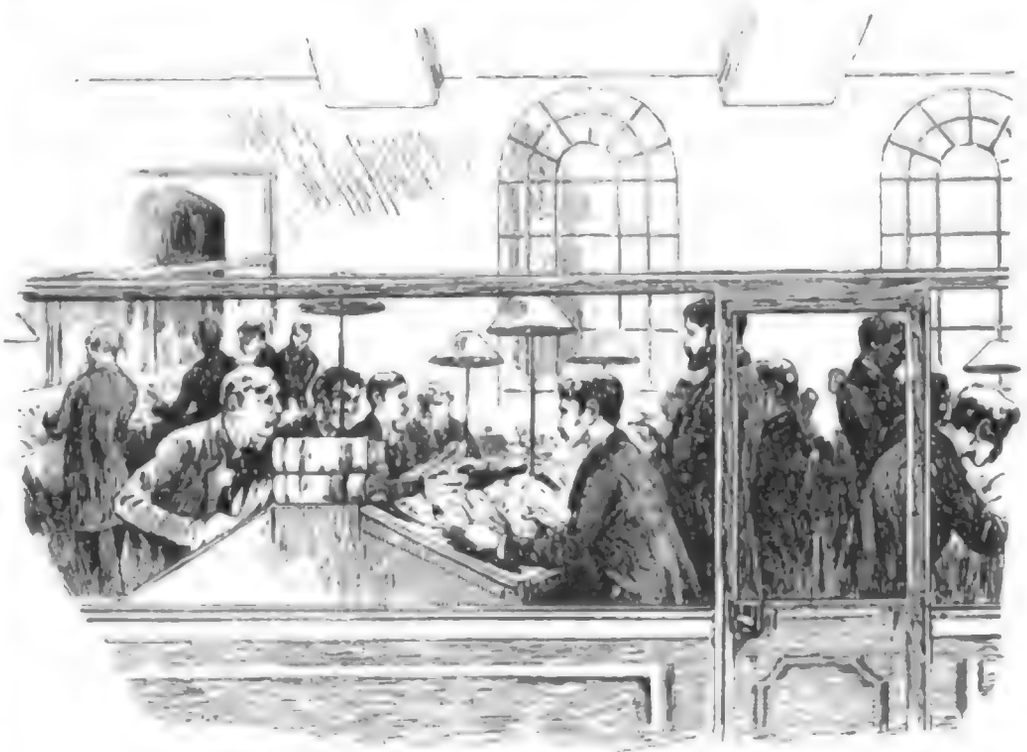
The ink was formerly made from the charred remains of the skins and stones of Rhenish grapes; now it is made from naphtha smoke, and is remarkable for being absolutely black, hard, and dry. It is noticeable in old bank-notes that the printing in some is much darker than in others. This very objectionable lack of uniformity was due to the practice of printing two notes from one inking — the second impression being necessarily lighter than the first. Now, by a very simple but ingenious contrivance, the inking rollers only take up just enough ink for one impression.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank, where there are six machines constantly at work. The notes are printed in pairs, and come off the machines pressed and dried. The number of notes printed is recorded on dials at the side of each machine, and, of course, corresponds with the numbers on the notes, as they are automatically delivered to the receiving clerk. It only remains for the twin notes to be cut asunder, and they are ready for issue.

The stock of notes of various values, from £5 to £1,000 each, is kept in iron safes in one large fireproof room, and the average value of the stock is from seventy to eighty million pounds.

Nearly 50,000 notes of different values are paid into the Bank every day, and are immediately sorted, first into values, then into dates, and then into numbers; and as every note has a place of its own in the Bank registers, its return can be instantly recorded, and anything unusual relating to it is duly noted there. Forged notes are instinctively detected by the examining clerks. The feel is usually enough.

There are very few forgeries now, but a hundred years ago they were rife. The first recorded instance of the forgery of a Bank of England note has a singular touch of romance about it. The forger was a linen-draper at Stafford, named Vaughan, who, in the year 1758, employed several workmen to engrave different parts of a £20 note, and when a dozen had been printed off he deposited them with a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married as a proof of



SORTING BANK-NOTES.

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ONIGONE

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£15,000, and would have taken twelve months to complete.

The caricature bank-note by George Cruikshank, called "The Bank Restriction Note," speaks for itself. It was considered to be a very keen satire, and it no doubt helped in a small degree to put a stop to hanging for note forging.

Country one-pound notes were not so frequently forged, partly because they were usually more artistic in design, and therefore more difficult to counterfeit; and partly from their having imprinted on the back the revenue stamp in red and black, which was not easily imitated. This tax was first imposed in 1800, and was then only twopence, but it was increased to threepence in 1805, to fourpence in 1808, and to fivepence in 1815. There is still a tax on Scotch and Irish bank-notes, but, being compounded for, the stamp is not impressed.

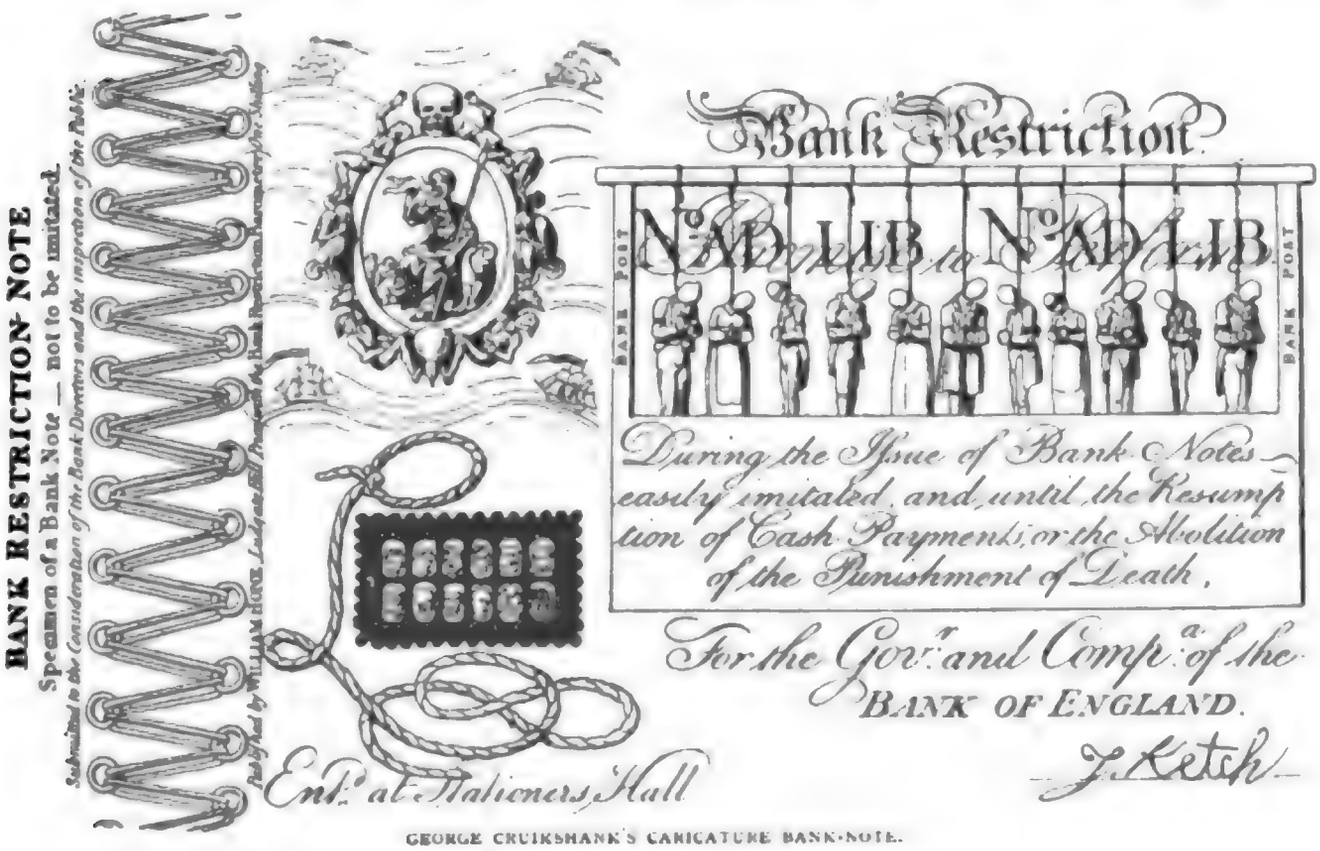
But though the Bank lost considerably through forgeries, they recouped themselves in a great measure by the profit accruing on lost or accidentally destroyed notes. One of the earliest cases which raised the question of the liability of the Bank was that of a note which had been eaten by a goat. Thieves, to avoid detection, have often eaten bank-notes, drunken sailors have made sandwiches of them, many are lost by flood and fire, and all to the profit of the Bank. The Directors, however, are always ready to pay on good evidence of accidental destruction.

There are to be seen at the Bank the remains of a £50 note burned in the big fire at Chicago. The date and number and amount can be traced on the cinder, and that was sufficient for the Bank. A somewhat similar case is that of the Irishman who hid some bank-notes in a box in his back garden, but forgetting the spot, failed to find them for some months, and then when found they were so dilapidated with damp that they had no appearance of bank-notes. The Bank clerks, however, took the remains and deciphered enough printing to enable them to give Pat an equivalent value in new notes.

A mutilated note is paid if the owner gives an indemnity, but if the smallest part be missing an indemnity is always required.

The well-known case of Gillet *v.* the Bank of England demonstrates the risk of carrying bank-notes loose in the pocket. The Bank offered to pay the £1,000 claimed, if the applicants would give a proper indemnity, in case it should turn out that the note had been stolen and not destroyed, but there was too much uncertainty about the disappearance of the note to justify anyone risking an indemnity.

All mutilated notes, and notes for which indemnities have been taken, are permanently preserved; all other notes are



GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S CARICATURE BANK-NOTE.

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Hippocrates

Hippocrates (460–377 BC) was a Greek physician who lived and practiced in the city of Cos. He is considered the father of medicine because he was the first to write down his observations and to base his medical practice on observation and reason rather than on superstition and magic. He wrote about the importance of a healthy diet and exercise, and he was the first to describe many diseases and to suggest treatments for them. He also wrote about the importance of a doctor's bedside manner and the importance of keeping a patient's confidence. He wrote about the importance of a doctor's education

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A DAY'S WORK.

THE British workman who insists upon the limit of an eight hours' day might usefully meditate on the particulars and extent of a day's work of one of Her Majesty's Ministers when the House of Commons is in Session. He appears in his place—and in the Parliamentary reports—at half-past three in the afternoon, when public business commences. He will have an average of a dozen questions to reply to, each involving more or less research and consideration. Afterwards he may take a leading part in debate on the question of the hour. In these days, happily, business of the House of Commons occasionally terminates on the stroke of midnight. But at best there is necessitated close attendance for eight hours and a half upon work of the most exigent character, carried on in the fierce light that beats on the Treasury Bench.

Yet the actual House of Commons work is merely the supplement of what has already amounted to far more than an ordinary day's work. The other day a Minister casually mentioned to me, rather with an air of satisfaction than of complaint, how he had spent the last twenty-four hours. After breakfast, following upon a late sitting of the House (the twelve o'clock rule having been suspended), he went to his office and spent a couple of hours in transacting the business of one of the most important departments of the State. Thence he proceeded to a Committee-room of the House of Commons, where, at noon, he took the chair, and conducted the cross-examination of three experts giving evidence upon an intricate case of inquiry remitted to a Select Committee. At half-past three he was on the Treasury Bench and answered eleven questions, not to count others "arising out of the answer just made." As soon as questions were over, he moved the second reading of one of the principal measures of the Government programme, explaining a scheme of infinite detail affecting national interests and bristling with controversial points. Thereafter, till midnight approached, he sat attentively listening to and noting a long succession of speeches offering criticisms on the measure. At twenty minutes past eleven he rose and replied on the whole debate, concluding his speech in time to suffer the disappointment of seeing the debate adjourned.

"IN PRISON OFTEN."

This is pretty rough on a man. But perhaps the hardest thing to bear is the necessity imposed upon a Minister of dining at the House of Commons every night the House is in Session. Not for him the bright social feasts which make merry the London season. More especially at the present epoch, when parties are evenly balanced, the duty of being present for every division weighs with more than usual heaviness on a Minister.

Even in times of less strenuous strife it is considered bad form for a Minister to show himself in the House of Commons in dinner dress. Oddly enough, variation to this rule was in recent years made by Mr. Gladstone, who during the last few Sessions of active Parliamentary life was a habitual diner-out. Even when the Home Rule Bill of last Session was in Committee, he would leave the House just before eight o'clock, dress with the rapidity of what in theatrical parlance is known as a quick change artist, dine out, and be back again soon after ten o'clock, ready, if necessity called (and sometimes when it didn't), to make a big speech.

MR. DISRAELI.

It was only an octogenarian of Mr. Gladstone's vitality that could thus burn the candle at both ends. I knew Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons through the last years of his Premiership, and do not recall a single occasion when he appeared in evening dress. He did not habitually dine in the House, but went off at regular hours, and

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after a moderate interval returned, to remain at his post till the principal order of the day was disposed of, an event which, in his time, was not accomplished on the stroke of midnight. But he was always in morning dress, and none of his colleagues ventured to vary the fashion on the Treasury Bench.

In the Parliaments following the General Election of 1886 Mr. Gladstone became a regular diner-out. Through the Parliament of 1880–85 he dined at home, in morning dress, and used to astonish the House with the brevity of the time he found sufficient to drive to Downing Street, swallow his dinner, and be back on the Treasury Bench. The present Leader of the House of Commons dines regularly in the House, in which respect he resembles the late Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr. Smith dined every night in his own room, covers being laid for four or six, according to invitations issued to his colleagues, or to occasional guests from the back Ministerial benches.

"MEASURABLE DISTANCE."

THE SPEAKER'S "CHOP."

The Speaker is within measurable distance of his own dining-table. But his opportunities for enjoying an evening meal are strictly and sorely limited. Half an hour is the period during which proceedings in the House of Commons are suspended so that the Speaker may take what is known as "his chop."

That the meal should be thus designated is a practice of long standing. It certainly goes back as far as the time of Fergus O'Connor, who was member for Cork from 1832 to 1835, sitting for Nottingham from 1847 to 1852. Towards the close of his career Mr. O'Connor displayed signs of eccentricity that filled his friends with concern. According to an old House of Commons' tradition, which it would be difficult to trace to a reliable source, the Chartist leader was left unrestrained, till one day, so the story runs, "he went behind the chair and ate the Speaker's chop."

There is a looseness of reference to locality which throws doubt on this record. It seems to imply that the Speaker's evening meal was spread on a table at the back of the chair; that the member for Nottingham accidentally passing by, attracted by a savoury smell, lifted the cover from the dish, and, finding a chop there, straightway sat down and ate it. Forty years ago, as now, the Speaker had his residence within the precincts of Westminster, and would take his chop in his own dining-room, where no stray members of Parliament of tottering intellect would be admitted. I mention the story only as showing that the tradition which particularizes the Speaker's evening meal as a chop is of respectable antiquity.

THE TERRACE-ROOM.

Whilst Ministers who have their private rooms may and often do have their dinners sent in from the common kitchen, it is more usual to use one of the dining-rooms, where a table is reserved. Private members may secure tables, or places at tables, by giving due notice. There is a room known as the Terrace-room that may be engaged by members for dinners of which strangers may partake, and where,

"I DON'T WANT TO SIT THERE."

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after dinner, smoking is permitted. It is in great request through the season, and that accommodation should be limited to its use is one of the curiosities of Parliamentary social life. There is another and larger room where members may entertain ladies at dinner. But the whole accommodation to meet the stern necessity of dining in the House of Commons is lamentably inadequate.

THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

Up to a period dating back some ten years the commissariat of the House of Commons was in the hands of an outside purveyor. He retired, it is said, with a considerable fortune. Whereupon it was decided that members should undertake the direction of their kitchen affairs on the principle of club management. A Kitchen Committee was formed, and is appointed every Session, with others of far less importance. Up to the present time the Committee has not been more fortunate than was the professional purveyor in realizing the ideal of the ordinary member of a decent dinner at a fair price. This is certainly not due to the fact that they are making a large profit out of the undertaking. On the contrary, were it not for a subsidy of a thousand a year forthcoming from the public purse, the balance-sheet of the commissariat department of the House of Commons would last year have been on the wrong side by the sum of £993 5s. 7d.

ONE OF THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE.

It would seem at first sight that the contract for feeding the House of Commons is a sure way to wealth. The advantages pertaining to the undertaking are extensive and peculiar. There is no rent to pay; gas and firing are free; glass, crockery, knives and forks and table-linen are thrown in. Finally there is the subsidy of £1,000 a year—all this in addition to the monopoly of feeding for six or seven months in the year 670 gentlemen.

The difficulty arises from the uncertainty attending sittings of the House. The cooks may prepare broth, with things to follow, for two or three hundred legislators. The House may forthwith be counted out, and not half-a-dozen remain for dinner. On the other hand, as happened last Session, the House may unexpectedly sit all night, and the larder may be picked absolutely clean before one o'clock in the morning. These are extreme cases; but they are conditions that must be met, and are faced according to existing arrangements by what would appear to be absolutely the worst device. The conditions of the House of Commons are precisely those which test most severely the resources of a private and exclusive commissariat department. They are, moreover, exactly those that would be best controlled by an independent outside organization which, at touch with the hungry public at various points, would never be embarrassed by having suddenly and unexpectedly thrown on its hands material for dinner not wanted by the House of Commons on a particular night.

THE SECRET OF FAILURE.

A gentleman closely connected with the Kitchen Committee told me with tears in his eyes that the Irish members are at the root of the undoubted failure of the House of Commons' kitchen.

"An Irish member," he said, "will insist when he is helped to chicken upon having the wing served to him—by choice, the liver-wing. Now, there are a hundred and three Irish members, eighty of whom pretty regularly dine in the House when they are in attendance on their Parliamentary duties. When you come to serving out eighty chicken wings, you will see that what is left for the mere British is of a monotonously inferior description, sure to lead to heart-burning and reproaches. *Toujours* drumstick unhinges a man's mind, and leads to a state of things in which complaint is common and dissatisfaction rife."

There may be something in this. Obviously it does not cover the whole ground of dissatisfaction with House of Commons' dinners.

THE KITCHEN BALANCE-SHEET.

This Session the Kitchen Committee, pertinaciously pursued by Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, coyly put forward a balance-sheet setting forth their expenditure and receipts. This shows that there was taken over the counter a sum exceeding £17,000. That would be above the average of ordinary Sessions, since the accounts are

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those of the year 1893, when there was a winter Session.

The sales are somewhat arbitrarily grouped, "cigars and provisions" being bracketed as realizing £10,498, whilst "wines, spirits, mineral waters, etc.," bring in £6,519. What the "etc." may stand for remains a matter for conjecture. Presumably it has something to do with cheese, for on the other side of the ledger there is a sum of £983 paid for "cheese, etc."

The largest item in the kitchen account is for wines and spirits, which tot up to the precise sum of £3,985 11s. 11d. This, with an addition of £532 for beer and £422 for mineral waters, shows that the House of Commons is a pretty thirsty place. A stock of cigars to the tune of £567 was laid in. The butcher's bill is a trifle over £3,000. Fish stands at £941; poultry and game at £761, within 40s. of the amount spent for vegetables. Bread and biscuits cost £360, and groceries £628. This last item is concerned with those tea-parties on the terrace, which through the summer of last year formed one of the most popular features of a brilliant season. Wages and management sum up to close upon £4,000, and last of all in the ledger comes the modest line: "Net profit, £6 14s. 5d."

This profit, as has been shown, would have been swallowed up and a dire deficit substituted but for the £1,000 which the House in its own relief votes from the national coffers.

THE MORAL OF IT.

This is not, as it stands, a particularly flourishing balance-sheet. It would be interesting to have a few remarks upon it from an expert engaged in one of the big hotels or large clubs. It would not greatly matter if the result were satisfactory, and the House of Commons' dinner were in any reasonable degree delectable. That such is not the case is a fact painfully notorious. In debate on the subject which took place in June, not a single good word was said for cook or Committee. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking elsewhere about the same time, humorously contemplating the prospect of prison fare, said he could face it with equanimity, since he was accustomed to dine in the House of Commons. The gibe is cruel, but not nearly so cruel as the fate imposed upon Ministers and other members compelled or accustomed to dine regularly at the House. It is hard and unjust upon the Committee who devote much time and thought to the business, getting, by way of recompense, kicks unrelieved by the gleam of halfpence. That they know nothing about the business, have neither natural aptitude nor experience gained elsewhere, is not their fault. What is wrong with the business is that it is entirely bad, founded upon a system hopelessly unapplicable to the situation.

It seems a bitter satire on sufficiency that the House of Commons can supervise the affairs of the universe and cannot serve itself with a comfortable dinner at a moderate price.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

The temporary withdrawal of Colonel Saunderson from the political arena has done something to eclipse the gaiety of the House of Commons. At this present time of writing, the Colonel, who last Session was usually in front of the fight, whether with tongue or fists, has made but a solitary appearance. That was in the earliest days of the Session, when the Address was still under consideration. Mr. Labouchere having carried an amendment which the Government could not accept, it became necessary to begin all over again. A fresh Address was brought in. Sir William Harcourt had risen to move it. Mr. John Morley, with nothing more striking in his dress than the familiar red necktie tied in sailor's knot, was waiting to second it, when Colonel Saunderson interposed, and gravely suggested that the House should adjourn, so as to give opportunity to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to retire to his room, and before he moved the Address "array himself in uniform suitable to his rank."

Having fired this shot, the Colonel disappeared from the field in which he was wont to fill a prominent part, and everyone will be sorry to know that the limitation of his public duties is occasioned by failing health.

A NEW OUTRAGE.

Whilst the Colonel was still in constant residence in his house in Sloane Street, he was the victim of an outrage sufficient to shatter nerves of less tempered steel. One morning during the height of the controversy round the Home Rule Bill, he was seated in his study preparing a few impromptus to brighten up a speech against Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Raising his eyes from the manuscript in pursuit of an idea, they fell upon a snake stealthily making its way across the floor in the direction of the statesman's chair. The Colonel is not to be trifled with, even by a snake. He was on his

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feet in a moment, and after brief exertion the snake stretched its long length, dead on the floor.

This incursion seemed a development of Home Rule tendencies passing all bounds. It was enough to have unhappy Ireland scared by dynamite explosions, shocked by the houghing of cattle, and the slaughtering of successors on homesteads of evicted tenants. But that a prominent member of a party opposed to Nationalist feeling should have the study of his London house infested with deadly reptiles seemed to be going too far.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

Colonel Saunderson is a practical man. He lamented this fresh development of internecine animosity. But he put the snake in a bottle of spirits, and placed it on a shelf to await further development of the mystery.

This was not long coming, being brought about in a manner equal to the dramatic discovery of the direful snake. Dining one evening in Stratton Street, Colonel Saunderson told this latest, and abnormally true, snake story. Amongst the guests at table was a popular actor accustomed to thrill London audiences in various dark disguises and multiform desperate situations. Never in his most inspired moments had his voice possessed such blood-curdling thrill, or his gestures more command, than now when he smote the table and cried aloud :—

"Why, that's my snake!"

"THAT'S MY SNAKE!"

Explanations were forthcoming that established the fact. The Colonel and the actor are neighbours in the same street, divided by a house and a long strip of garden. Amongst the cherished members of the family circle in the actor's home was a spotted snake. One day it disappeared, the most persistent and passionate inquiries failing to discover its place of retirement. Now the whole secret was out. The snake had climbed the wall, crossed the intervening garden, made another ascent, dropped into Colonel Saunderson's garden, and, finding the study window open, had made itself at home in new quarters.

"OH! MOST RIGHTEOUS JUDGE."

There now arose fresh complication. To whom did the body of the defunct snake belong? The actor claimed it as his; Colonel Saunderson insisted that the laws of sport gave it to him. He had hunted it, slain it, and, moreover, put it in pickle.

Fortunately there was present at the dinner-table a judge whose opinion deservedly carries supreme weight. Appealed to to decide, he delivered an interesting and important judgment. Suppose, he said in effect, the reptile had been of the rattlesnake breed, or even a *trigonocephalus tisiphone*, it would, coming within the category of a wild animal, have been the property of the man who killed it. It was apparently a *coluber constrictor*, naturally harmless, and, according to the evidence, tame. Therefore it was the property of its original owner, and must be returned to him. But—and it was here Lord Esher's famed subtlety in regard to the niceties of crowner's quest law came in—the spirits in which the snake had been preserved belonged to Colonel Saunderson, and no portion of them, even though absorbed in the skin of the reptile, might be abstracted and retained by the rightful owner of the snake.

There the matter was left, and there it rests, as does the body of the snake in the bottle of brandy.

BIRTHDAY NIGHT AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

In the matter of official or Ministerial spectacles London lags behind some of the other capitals of Europe. There is, however, one occasion when this sort of thing is done as well in London as it used to be in Paris in the days of the

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THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS SETTLES THE CASE.

Empire, and is to-day in Berlin or St. Petersburg. It is the reception given at the Foreign Office on the Queen's birthday.

All the circumstances and surroundings contribute to success. The Foreign Office is one of the few public buildings suitable for the gathering. Its spacious staircase, not too far-reaching nor steep of access, serves as a conduit through which the brilliant stream passes on the way to spread itself out in the spacious reception-room. For more than an hour the staircase is the centre of attraction. Guests make a point of going early, so that they may obtain favourable positions on the landing to look over, and watch the crowd slowly struggling upwards. Here may be seen nearly all Britons famous in Politics, Literature, Science, and Art. Later, when the theatres are closed, comes on the Drama.

The faces are familiar enough, but the apparel is often rare. It is the custom on the Queen's birthday for some of the principal Cabinet Ministers to entertain their colleagues and others at full-dress dinners. After dinner all ways lead to Downing Street, converging on the staircase of the Foreign Office. Apart from the Ministerial dinners, every man who owns a uniform of any kind or a Court suit puts it on. Ribbons of all the Orders known to European Courts lend added colour to the scene. Stars and Orders flash on manly breasts. Every State in the world is represented by its Minister, in uniform or, in the case of the emissary of the Emperor of China, in national dress. Amid the crowd of bared heads Rustem Pasha wears his fez, and on this year's Birthday Count de Staal invested Russia with more than usual distinction by wearing a pair of ivory coloured pantaloons—"mystic, white samite."

A VANISHED FIGURE.

It is on occasion like this that one feels what a blow was dealt at the not too lavish decoration of London by the pressure of economic considerations which led to the withdrawal of the Greek Minister. At Foreign Office parties, M. Gennadius, the exceedingly clever diplomatist who long represented the King of Greece at the Court of St. James's, was a thing of beauty and remains a joy for ever. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the Greek Minister. Cloth of gold was the material out of which his cunningly-constructed raiment was devised. There was, perhaps, more gold than cloth. As far as peeps were permitted of the material beneath the heavy braid of gold, the coat was blue, the trousers white. By his side dangled a heavily jewelled scimitar. Essentially a man of peace, M. Gennadius, with the instinct of a diplomatist, seized the opportunity of showing what Greece would look like if, owing to difficulties on the currant import duty or other vexed question, it was compelled to go to war.

"MR. JOHNSON" OF PICCADILLY.

In the absence of this picturesque figure, the Diplomatic circle this year supplied another striking personality of quite a different style. His round, full face was black as night. His head was covered with material which, in the case of Uncle Ned before he laid down the shovel and the hoe, was shortly described as "wool." He wore a uniform that was a happy compromise between the garb of a general, an admiral, and a band-

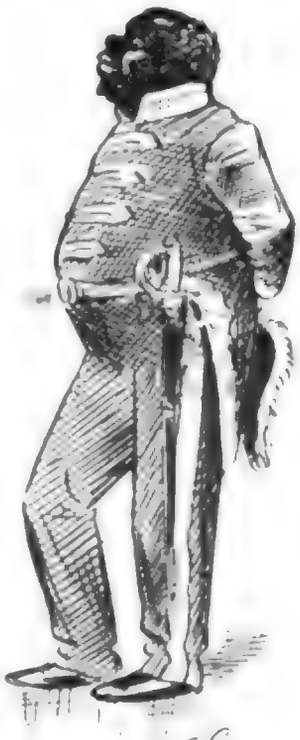
"TURKEY.

master. A lady inquiring of a young but highly esteemed personage at the Foreign Office who the stranger was, was told it was "Mr. Johnson of the Christy Minstrels."

This flippancy received apparent confirmation from a cheerful habit indulged in by the foreign guest of audibly humming a tune as he surveyed the ever-changing crowd. It seemed possible that at any moment after this preparatory exercise he might break forth into the ordered harmony of "O! dem golden slippers," or "Way down upon de Swanny River." The distinguished stranger was, however, none other than the emissary of the Republic of Hayti at the Court of the Queen of England and Empress of India.

A TRAGEDY OF BUTTONS.

A Minister I met at the birthday party told me he never re-entered the Foreign Office on these occasions without melancholy reflections on his earliest experience. It happened that his appointment to Ministerial office exactly coincided with opportunity to appear at the birthday party, for the first time in Ministerial uniform. There was not much time to spare for preparation. But the tailor faithfully promised that the uniform should be delivered for the eventful occasion. The parcel had not arrived by dinner-time on the appointed day, and things began to look gloomy. The Minister waited on in hope, reflecting that if it came to the worst he might go in ordinary evening clothes. Still, on such an occasion he would like to wear the unwonted uniform.



"HAYTI."

Just as he had given up hope and was mournfully surveying his modest claw-hammer coat, a messenger arrived from the tailor with the precious bundle. The Minister hastily but satisfactorily dressed, and got to the Foreign Office in such good time that he was able to make his way up the comparatively uncrowded staircase in considerably under a quarter of an hour.

As he walked about the reception-room he was conscious of being an object of marked attention. That was not unexpected — was indeed, as he felt, his due. He was a new and, he hoped, a popular Minister, wearing for the first time a novel, and, he had reason to believe, a becoming uniform. Still, it was odd that everyone should turn round to look at him, and he was uncomfortably conscious of a smile broadening as he passed along.

"My dear fellow," said a colleague, gently taking his arm and leading him to a recess, "for goodness' sake let me take these bits of paper off the buttons at the back of your coat."

The wretched tailor, in sending the coat home, had omitted to remove the bits of soft paper that guarded the gilt buttons from harm. The hapless Minister, hurriedly dressing, had not noted the carelessness, and for nearly an hour had strutted through the brilliant scene thus curiously adorned.

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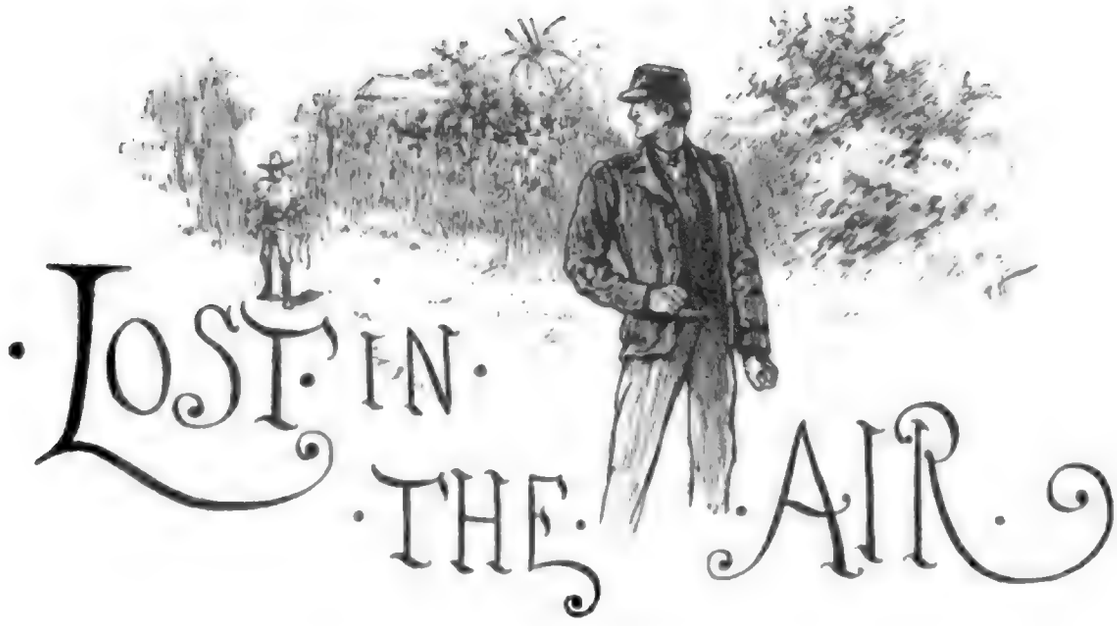

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGÈNE MOUTON.

ON his return from Cochin China, where France had not then set foot, one of my friends came to dine with me one day, as well as Congourdan, the captain of the corsair *La Bonne Mère*. As usual, the new arrival took the lead in the conversation. He described the manners of the Siamese, and, in due course, came to the strange and horrible punishments which, as everybody knows, are among the most marked peculiarities of this very remarkable people.

When a subject of this kind is introduced into a conversation, you know how difficult it is to drive it away—a sort of mysterious attraction always brings it back again. I did my best to give a gayer turn to our table talk, but I only succeeded in still further exciting the orator. In despair, I had recourse to the worthy captain, who, silently smoking his cigar, appeared to be listening with deep attention.

"What do you say to those charming traits of national character, captain?" I asked. "Aren't those stories horrible enough to drive the hearers into a lunatic asylum? To listen to them, and see what human creatures can be made to suffer at the hands of their fellows, makes me think that it would be better to fall into the clutches of a gorilla or a monster octopus, as you have done, than into the grip of a man!"

"You are right," he replied; "*I've* bought that knowledge at a heavy price."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Siamese?"

"No; into the hands of one of my enemies. But, white as he was, he treated me in such a way that your Siamese and Cochin Chinese tortures are mere ticklings in comparison with what he made me suffer."

The surprise and interest I felt in all that concerned the captain's adventure made me wholly forget that I was trying to turn the conversation into a livelier channel, and I could not help saying, pressingly, "Tell us about it," to which he replied:—

"My dear friend, you cannot imagine what the life of a sailor is. It is not only the accidents of the sea he has to count with. You make a good passage—all goes well; you don't so much as break a hawser; you land your cargo—not a bale damaged. You reload and put your bill of lading in your pocket. Good back freight, good crew. You pat yourself on the chest, and say: 'Marius, my boy, you've done a winning stroke of business.'

"Oh! it always comes upon you when and from where you least expect it! A tile, as big as a house, falls crash upon your head. That's just what happened to me at Mobile, about eight o'clock one fine November morning, and you'll see whether I could have been on the look-out for it.

"My vessel was at the lading-quay. I

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me, captain, if you will take a word of advice from me, you will pray to your Virgin never to let me meet with you out of France!'

"That said, he walked away, darting at me the glances of a rattlesnake.

"I was not much disquieted by this threat, though I determined to bear it in mind, knowing that he was quite capable of carrying it into execution. But, in the long run, one forgets things, and I ceased to remember him, though I had written conspicuously on the cover of my log-book, on the front page of my pocket-book, and on the outside of my case of charts: 'Beware of the American.' So that, on seeing him before me surrounded by his pals, I was astonished only at one thing—to find myself still living; but I quite understood that that fact did not go for much.

"NEVER LET ME MEET WITH YOU OUT OF FRANCE!"

"'Captain Marius Congourdan,' he asked, smiling like a demon, 'do you remember me?'

"'Enough of that,' I replied. 'You want to assassinate me—do it out of hand. But you are a coward and I despise you—and you don't make me fear you in the least.'

"I rose, with the intention of advancing up to them, but felt myself held back, and then perceived that I was fastened by a leathern belt and a long rope to an enormous balloon secured by four ropes to as many trees.

"'Wretches!' I cried, 'at least you are not going to hang me?—it is only thieves or traitors that are hanged, and all that I have done in this world has been done openly and boldly!'

"The American advanced a step and replied to me:—

"'Captain Congourdan, the punishment which is about to be inflicted on you is of my invention, and does not in any way resemble the penalties known on earth. For three years I have suffered by your order and unjustly, for I was innocent. I have spent days and nights trying to invent a torture by which I could bring you to death through sufferings unknown in the history of man's ferocity; at length I have discovered *this!*'

"And he pointed to the balloon.

"'You need not trouble yourself to explain your purpose,' I said. 'You are angry with me—you have me in your power, and I cannot defend myself. Ah!—thousand millions of thunders!—if I only had you for five minutes on the deck of *Bonne Mère*, you and your crew of ruffians!'

"To this outbreak he paid no heed whatever, but bowed his head as if in an effort to concentrate his thoughts.

"'In the first place,' he said, 'understand that, in what I am going to do to you, I shall be carrying out a sentence regularly pronounced on you in accordance with lynch law. The men you see about you are American citizens, my friends, and it is in virtue of the verdict found by them that you are going to be punished.

"'As I wish you, if it be possible, to exhaust the measure of what a man may suffer,' he went on, 'you must be made to know in advance what is going to happen to you. Do not be afraid of dying too quickly. You just now asked whether we were going to hang you. Bah! that would be mere child's play! I might have had you broken up limb by limb, flogged to death, or inflicted on you one of those Chinese punishments, the mere recital of which makes one feel all goose-flesh; but that would not have satisfied me, and I have found something better. Without shedding a drop of your blood, without touching a hair of your head, I am going to make you pass through terrors and agonies unheard-of in the history of human suffering!'

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"'I am not afraid of pain,' I said; 'no living man can boast of ever having made me fear him, and that honour will not be yours, scoundrel that you are!'

"To tell the truth, my dear friend, I felt my heart sinking. He appeared to be so sure of his purpose, and the balloon had about it something so strange and mysterious, that, in spite of myself, I changed colour. He perceived this, and I saw in his face a smile of infernal satisfaction.

"'Perhaps you'll be better able to judge as to that presently,' he said. 'To assist you, I'll describe to you some of the torments you will have to pass through on your way to death. You will be slung by a stout belt of buffalo-hide beneath a balloon filled with gas. Shortly, when I give the word, the four ropes by which it is held will be detached, and it will rise, carrying you away with it into the air. It will continue to mount until, distended by the reduction of atmospheric pressure, it will burst and let you fall from a height of fifteen or twenty thousand feet.

"'You will first feel your feet lifted from the ground, then sweep the points of the grass. Your arms and legs will agitate in space, and your body will swing over the abyss growing from moment to moment deeper and deeper. You will feel yourself drawn into and absorbed by the void: terror, cold, stifling agony, will hold you for long hours suspended between all that there may be most terrifying in life and death! Now you are going to start! But, first, we'll walk you about for a few seconds, to enable you to take leave of the earth. Look well at these trees, these flowers, this beautiful country, and, more than all, at this green sward, on which it is so pleasant to tread: in a few moments you will have quitted all that—and you will never see it again!'

"At a sign made by him, four men detached the ropes holding the balloon to the trees, and all, keeping their distance, began to move away slowly. A sudden jerk threw me off my balance, but I was held up by the cord by which I was fastened to the machine.

"Then began a scene, the mere memory of which makes the flesh creep on my bones. In the movement given to the balloon, it rose and fell, making the cord which sustained me now too short, now too long, now taking me off my feet, now causing my knees to bend under me, then jerking me up into the air miserably, like a marionette at the end of a string, the monsters who were inflicting this torture on me laughing all the time till their sides ached.

"Seeing this, I had for a moment an idea that the whole proceeding was nothing more than a bad joke, and that when they were tired of it, they would let me go; but the face of the American did not long allow me to deceive myself.

"It expressed demoniacal enjoyment. His panting breath hissed through his rapidly opening and closing nostrils, and sounds like the half-stifled roars of a wild beast issued from his compressed lips. When he had gloated on the sight long enough, he cried in a loud voice: 'Stop!'

"The four men halted, and I regained my feet. He then called to one of the gang, who brought him a big bottle, a large piece of roast beef, and a loaf of bread in a net bag. Two men held me by the arms, while a third fastened the bag to my belt.

"'As I don't know how long you will take to die,' he said, 'I should be sorry to leave you to expire of hunger and thirst; here you will find food and drink for three days. By the way, don't hope to make yourself drunk: the bottle only contains water with a little brandy in it, sufficient to keep up your strength and prolong your existence. Now you have half an hour to think of your spiritual affairs; that over, your sentence will be carried out.'

"I cannot describe to you, and you cannot imagine, my dear friend, the horrors of that half-hour! At length, he looked at his watch.

"'Let go one rope,' he cried. Then, after a pause, which seemed to me not more than the fraction of a second, he shouted again, 'Another! Another!'

"Held now only by a single rope, the balloon began to sway, but was held down by four strong men. Then, as if to enjoy my agony for the last time, the American came slowly towards me with one of his gang. He placed himself in front of me so near as almost to touch me. I could easily have seized and strangled him, but I said to myself:—

"'Who knows?—there is still, perhaps, a spark of pity in his heart; if I make a gesture, he has but one word to say.' He said it!

"Suddenly, as if moved by a spring, he raised his head, flashed at me a glance of triumph, made a sign for the rope to be released, and said to me, with a laugh that could only be uttered by a demon:—

"'Good voyage to you, Captain Marius Congourdan—we are now quits!'

"'Not yet!' I cried; and seizing him by the hand, I carried him up with me. My American struggled, tried to force open my

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the two parties gathered as if into a black ball, out of which issued a dozen pistol-shots. But I had other things to think of. I still clutched the American with both hands. The wretch writhed like a shark on a hook, and roared frightfully. But it was all of no use; no power in the world could make me quit my hold on him: my hands were riveted to his.

"'Mercy! mercy!' he cried.

"'Mercy? You are a nice fellow, to ask mercy of *me!* I shall let you go—but not just yet. Do you understand what I mean by that?'

"'Save me, and I will save you! Hold me by my wounded hand, and leave the other free. I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a rent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"You must be hanging five hundred feet in the air to realize what one feels on hearing that word 'earth'! In a moment I seized his left hand and let go the other. He drew his revolver and fired. But we had not taken into account the swaying of the balloon, which was untouched, and went on mounting higher and higher.

He let his revolver fall, and again seized me with his freed hand; not a moment too soon, for the blood of his wounded hand was gradually making it slip through my grip.

"'Captain,' he cried, wild with terror, 'in the name of your eternal salvation, do not let go of me!'

"'Not let go of you?' I replied. 'Do you think I am going to hold on to you in this way to the hour of my death? What I am already suffering in my arms, my shoulders, my back, no tongue can tell, and if my hands had not been fixed like claws of iron, they would long ago have opened. For the past ten minutes the blood has been settling in my brain and eyes and I have been in a sort of dream, that will tell you that, at any moment now, you will have to make the plunge. You have behaved very badly to me—but I was too severe, unjust perhaps towards you. You have avenged yourself, and I am doing the same—and we are both going to die. I can only hold you a few seconds longer—do you repent?'

"'No!' he hissed, through his clenched teeth.

"'Well,' I gasped, '*I* repent of what I did to you; as for what you have done to me, I forgive you for it.'

"'Congourdan,' he said, raising his eyes towards me, 'I also forgive you—and may God save you!'

"DOWN!"

"My hands opened—he uttered a shriek—and I saw him go down, turning over in the void, like a bale of merchandise thrown into the sea.

"Down to that point I had remained conscious of my situation, though I had begun to feel dizzy, owing to the flow of blood into my head; but, on returning to an upright posture, I felt like a drunken man become sobered. But, then!—but, then! Hanging, face downwards, by my belt, I could have sworn that the earth was above me! I stretched out my hands—my feet, in a mad effort to clutch it—to hold on to it!

"At the same moment, something more terrible still, perhaps, happened to me. Whether it was owing to a rising of the wind, or to the lightening of the balloon by the fall of the American, I began to feel a rolling movement, becoming more and more violent, till my body swayed backwards and forwards over a space of fifty or sixty feet. Every time I reached the highest point, there was a jerk

which nearly broke my back, and I said to myself, 'The rope will break!' And, indeed, I do not know why it did not snap asunder. As often as I felt the upward sway beginning, I shut my eyes, and murmured: 'It's all over!'

"How long this went on I cannot tell you, for after awhile I lost consciousness—happily, for otherwise I should have gone mad.

"My first sensation, on coming to, was a feeling of extraordinary refreshment. I involuntarily raised my hands to my face, and, on withdrawing them, found them filled with blood, which was escaping from my mouth, nose, and ears. Doubtless this bleeding had relieved my head, for I regained complete consciousness. I could no longer see the earth, and was floating smoothly through an atmosphere of unbroken cloud, as if I had been on board my ship in the midst of a thick mist.

"With the recovery of my senses, I began to think of all that I could possibly do in my situation. First I noticed that my girdle had shifted considerably below my waist, and that fact suggested to me the idea that I might be able to get it still lower into such a position that, by clinging to the rope to which it was attached, I might turn it into a seat. After many efforts, I succeeded in achieving this change of posture, and so obtaining enormous bodily relief. My spirits rose and, after resting for a while, I said to myself:—

"'Courage, Marius! you'll be able to save yourself after all, perhaps! You have got a seat, instead of being hung. None of your bones are broken; you have a stout rope between your hands—and a sailor can do many things with a rope. You don't want for food, and—talking of victuals and drink, a moment, just now, would be well spent in tasting the contents of your wallet.'

"A quarter of an hour later, after having eaten a good lump of roast beef, washed down with three or four mouthfuls of grog, I had recovered my usual *sang-froid*. Looking up at the balloon above me, I said to myself:—

"'You'll do nothing by staying down here at the end of a rope that is bound to break under you, sooner or later.'

"I tried to draw myself up to the balloon, hand over hand; but it was beyond my exhausted powers. Half-a-dozen times I repeated the endeavour, but vainly; and the last time, my remains of strength suddenly deserted me. I lost courage—relaxed my hold, and fell back, groaning:—

"'I'm done for!'

"If, unluckily, my legs had been straightened out, I should have slipped through the belt, and all would have been over; fortunately, they were hooked at the knees, and the shock which I sustained when they caught in it told me that I was not yet lost.

"As you may imagine, my dear friend, I did not allow myself to remain long in that position: in a very few moments I regained my sitting posture.

"'Thousand thunders, no!' I said to myself, after resting awhile, 'it shall never be said that Captain Marius Congourdan lost his life through being unable to swarm up 30ft. of rope. But what you have first to do is to recover some of your strength, and then to find some means of resting on the road, while you are hauling yourself up hand over hand.' That problem posed me; for I could see no possible way of refastening my belt to the rope higher up with less than the use of three hands.

"I believe I fairly howled with rage on coming to this conclusion; I even went so far as to seize the maddening rope in my teeth and to dig my whole thirty-two ivory nippers into it. Miracle! I had found a third hand in my jaws.

"I lost not a moment in setting to work. I advanced gently: one, two, a grip of my teeth; then, letting the rope go with both hands, I untied the knot at my belt, drew in the slack, and, as well as I could, re-tied the rope, of which there was now three feet less above me. I then resumed my sitting posture and rested a bit.

"Three times I repeated this operation, and, at last, found myself hanging only two feet below the cords of the net—near enough to seize hold of them. I gripped one of them, and in a few moments was touching the balloon. In that position I felt almost reassured, and began really to hope that I should be able to save myself; the solid machine, which hid a portion of the sky above me, seemed like a sheltering roof.

"I scratched with my nails the material of which the balloon was made, and found it much stronger than I had imagined it to be; it was coated with a hard varnish, and was so tightly stretched that it was impossible to make any impression on its surface.

"'The thing to be done now, is to make this big ball descend,' I said to myself; 'but how?' More than ten times in succession I repeated, as a way of encouraging myself, the words of the American: 'I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make

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"I GRIPPED ONE OF THEM."

a vent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"I repeated those words like a madman! Oh! once again to see trees, flowers, houses, men! to feel gravel crunch under my feet! Ah! my poor ship, my *Bonne Mère*—to be once more on her deck, in fair weather, at sunrise—my crew lying right and left of me and singing gaily, while I, lounging on my quarter-deck, with a good cigar between my lips, hum some little Marseillais air. 'Ah! though I have to tear it open with my teeth, I must—however I do it—make an opening in that great bag of gas!'

"I plunged my right hand into one of my pockets and drew forth my knife—a dagger-knife, with a blade sharp enough and strong enough to rip open a rhinoceros: I opened it and plunged it into the balloon. Misery! I struck the point against one of the knots in the netting—the blade snapped and fell into space, leaving the handle in my grasp. For a few moments I felt petrified, then, seized with despair, I was strongly inclined to release my hold and so, at once, put an end to my sufferings.

"But I am not a man to give in so easily as that. I soon regained my courage, and searched amongst all the objects I had about me for something with which to pierce the balloon. I broke a franc-piece between my teeth; but it was not pointed enough. For a moment I thought of breaking my bottle and using the foot of it for a knife; but I reflected that I should deprive myself of the drink which had sustained me, and of which I might still have need.

"After once more vainly searching in all my pockets, with a feeling of despair, I passed my hand round my waist-band and felt a sharp prick in one of my fingers—the buckle of my trousers! With an almost frantic movement I tore it from the band to which it was attached, and found that it had three sharp prongs. These I plunged into the balloon as high as I could reach. Three hisses burst from it, swelling into a whistle like that of a blacksmith's forge. The balloon had begun to empty itself! To say that it began to descend was more than I knew, for it did not seem to change its position in the least. At the end of a few minutes, however, I felt positively that the cold was diminishing, and that I could breathe more freely.

"A fresh uneasiness overtook me. The material of which the balloon was made was rent, and the slit was perceptibly growing longer and longer.

"'If that goes on,' I said to myself, 'the balloon will open from bottom to top, and you and it will fall in a mass!'

"Fortunately, the meshes of the net afforded me a little hope, for on reaching the cord the opening appeared to stop. That calmed me somewhat, and I took advantage of the relief to look below me.

"I assure you, my dear friend, if I had not been in such a cruel position, I should have thought the spectacle which met my eyes one of the most beautiful a man could look upon. All about me was brilliant sunlight, unbroken by the least speck of mist. Beneath me—three or four hundred feet—rolled a sea of clouds, half black, half fire-red, as if I had been descending into a blazing coal-furnace. In a few minutes we reached it and were enveloped in a mist, first white, then grey, then nearly black; then I heard a dull, booming sound, and felt a furious gust of wind; then came a frightful

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that we might reach the ground before the rent extended from bottom to top. At the rate at which we were being sent along, the end of the voyage could not be far off; for I felt my beard and whiskers lifted by the air through which we were driven. Every moment the colours beneath became more positive — every moment objects separated themselves from the plain. Ah!—a mountain!—a wood!—a rock!—a prairie!—a lake! The lake grew wider--wider; trees sprang up on the borders of it—became enormous. The balloon descended towards it—lower, lower. A flight of birds sped across the water. Sounds came up from the earth—the cry of beasts. The wind made the balloon deviate a little from its course, and it was so violent as nearly to prevent my breathing.

"On, on, we are whirled. We are not more than sixty feet from the water! The wind grows stronger, we fly more quickly; but the gas is escaping, the balloon is splitting — is falling, lower and lower; we are within thirty feet of the water! Another thirty feet and we shall touch the shore; twenty feet more and I am in the water! A furious gust raises the balloon a few feet; one more—and I am saved!

"The gust exhausted itself. The balloon continued to descend, the wind driving it to within two paces of the shore at the foot of a ledge of rock. I drew my body out of my belt and, swinging myself with my hands, dropped into the water, swam to the rock and clutched hold of it. I was saved!"

"And then——?" I said.

"Then?" he answered, crossing his arms, "that's a nice question! What more do you want me to tell you? I should have thought that what I have told you was enough for one dose of goose-flesh!"

"No doubt, no doubt. What I want to learn is, how you got back to Mobile?"

"How?—can't anybody with a tongue in his head get from anywhere to Rome? The proof of it is that, by one means and another, I finished by finding my way; and, by the same token, here I am! What is there to be said against that?"

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The Rescue Team of Sunshine

Church of St. Ambrose, Milan

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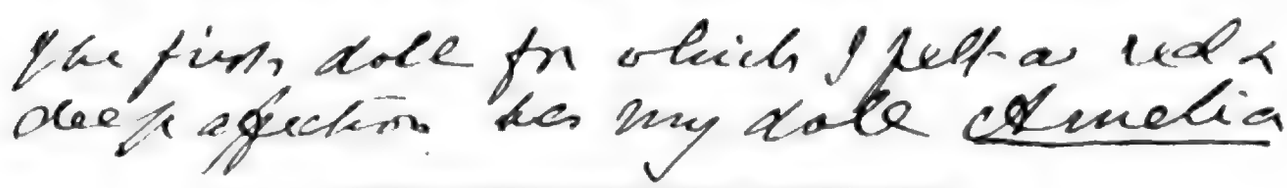
no preference of any kind. All this was reproduced from life in unconscious satire—indeed, the whole history of that dolls' house and its family—with the pompous parents, the ambitious elder daughters, the innumerable younger ones; with the servants, visitors, and relations—photographed pretty exactly the impressions which the work of grown-up people was making upon my mind at the time. The picture was not very flattering to my neighbours.—I remain, yours truly, MONA CAIRD."

If we are justified in looking upon a little girl's affection for her doll as a sure promise of the maternal affection which she will afterwards show her offspring, then this instinct is by no means an insignificant one; and it should be a source of satisfaction to those who regard true motherhood as something infinitely high and precious, to learn that nearly all the celebrated women who have responded to my inquiries have cherished a passionate, and at times almost human, affection for their dolls. Miss Jean Ingelow, one of the sweetest of our modern singers, whose beautiful little poem, "When Sparrows Build," will remain in our memories so long as we remember anything, writes:—

"Dolls in my infancy were not my chief treasures—I preferred a Noah's ark or picture-book. The first doll for which I felt a real and deep affection was my doll 'Amelia,' whom I had when I was about seven years old. I was taken to a shop that I might choose her myself, and pay for her with my own half-crown. She had a pair of kid shoes, flaxen hair, and smiling blue eyes. I had a little chest of mahogany drawers to hold her clothes, for I need hardly say that they would take off. Some of them (and I remember them all to this day) were of my own concoction. The first thing I made for her was a white petticoat which had a real button and button-hole in the band. When 'Amelia' was taken out for a walk she was generally arrayed in a beautiful cloak, which had been made for her by our old cook. It was of purple silk, and had a white silk lining, was not unlike the long cloaks of the present day, was drawn in at the back, and had some real gores. With this, 'Amelia' wore a hat with a very large red rose in it. When she came in, her cloak was duly folded up and laid in her drawers. 'Amelia' had several beautiful frocks with sleeves; her underclothing, as a rule, was devoid of these appendages, for I made it myself, and could not manage to put them in. You ask what sort of doll I liked best—such dolls as 'Amelia.' There were several Dutch dolls in the nursery. They were common property, and were called 'it,' but the wax dolls were 'she.' However, a wooden doll has one advantage over all others—this—that you can put it into a doll's bath and wash it with real soap and water. When an interesting game was going on in the nursery, the dolls were set in a row on a chest of drawers that they might see it, for, of course, it must be dull to be shut up in 'the play closet' while other people are enjoying themselves. The Dutch dolls also were allowed to look on, but in my opinion a wooden doll—even one with joints—is not capable of attracting real love. But the life of dolls almost always ends in a catastrophe. When I had adored 'Amelia' for a long time, we once went out for a long walk and took the wax dolls with us, and baskets, for we were to gather buttercups and purple orchis. In course of time we came to a small, clear pond. The temptation was great. We let ourselves be left behind, and before we were found out we had undressed the two wax dolls and dipped them in. Alas! they were carried home dripping in one of the baskets. They were set up in a high cupboard to dry—they did not dry, but shortly after they disappeared. My next doll had black eyes like beads—she inherited all my dear 'Amelia's' clothes, even to the purple cloak and hat—but I could not (as it were) find out her name, and I changed it several times before one could be fixed upon. This is a very bad sign. Eventually her name was 'Priscilla.' But nothing signified; I



FACSIMILE OF WRITING FROM MISS JEAN INGELOW'S LETTER.

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Ye Merry Wedding of Christmas
and the Lady Lent, as it Happened
in the Year of Our Lord 1600.

Fig. 1.1.1 Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727)

Fig. 1.1.2 Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646–1716)

Giants and Dwarfs.

I.

STORIES of giants and dwarfs have come down to us from the very earliest times, and the most noticeable feature of these stories is that the giants get bigger and the dwarfs get smaller the further back we go for the stories. This is not evidence that the crop of wonders in these respects has steadily diminished through the ages, nor that the human race has either degenerated or improved. When love of giants and dwarfs is transmitted traditionally through many generations, each transmitter deducts an inch or two from the height of his dwarf and adds it to that of his giant; so that the longer the traditions have run the greater the marvels appear. Quetelet, indeed, gives an opinion that the tallest man whose inches have been authentically recorded was Frederick the Great's Scottish giant, who was 8ft. 3in. high—a very pigmy compared with many giants of tradition. But, as a matter of fact, men have lived who were some inches above this. The gigantic bones which have, from time to time, been dug up and held as undisputable evidence of the ancient existence of men of enormous stature, have long since been found not to be human remains at all, but relics of great extinct animals, mastodons, and so forth. Dwarfs, also, as small, or almost as small, as ever actually existed, we have probably seen in our own times, in the persons of the various little "Generals" and their ladies, who stand upon the exhibitors' hands in advertisement posters. *En passant*, we may mention that when dwarfs were manufactured by cruel processes of growth-restraint in old times, the anointment of the victim's backbone with the grease of moles, bats, and dormice was considered a very effectual expedient. Anybody anxious to produce dwarfs for the modern show market is welcome to the recipe.

A famous giant in the early part of the seventeenth century was Walter Parsons, who was gate-porter to James I. and afterwards to Charles. Parsons was a West Bromwich man, and was originally a blacksmith. In his early days, when working at this trade, it was found necessary to have a hole dug in the smithy near the anvil, wherein he might stand, in order to be able to work on a level with the other men. He was about 7ft. 6in. in height, and was altogether a fine man, being proportionately strong and broad—a thing uncommonly met with in men of such extreme growth. He was a good-humoured, jolly sort of fellow, with a favourite trick of catching up two of the biggest and strongest yeomen of the guard, one under each arm, and trotting about with them whithersoever he pleased, despite their most desperate struggles to get free. He was once insulted in a London street by a man of ordinary stature, whom he smilingly picked up and hung by the breeches-band on a high butcher's hook, and then walked calmly on, while the crowd con-

WALTER PARSONS. SIR JEFFREY HUDSON.

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gratulated his victim in the manner natural to a crowd. John Cleveland, the Cavalier poet and contemporary of Lovelace, celebrated Parsons in a copy of verses printed in the rare edition of his posthumous poems and epistles published in 1652. Of these a few couplets run as follows :—

Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face
The Rhine can hardly make a looking-glass ;
What name or title suits thy greatness, then,
Aldiborontifuscophornio ?
Wert thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought
Without physicians posting down thy throat ?

In a contemporary portrait, which we reproduce, Parsons is represented with Jeffrey Hudson—Sir Jeffrey Hudson, indeed, for he was knighted by the King, partly as a joke. Jeffrey first appeared in Charles's Court from the crust of a pie, wherein, armed with sword and buckler, he had been concealed by way of astonishing and amusing the Queen and her ladies at his bursting forth upon the table. The Queen kept him as her page, and thenceforth he became quite a Court character, and was even trusted by the King with certain negotiations abroad. Sir Jeffrey's growth, such as it was, was irregular. At eight years of age he was eighteen inches high, and remained at that stature without a shade of increase till he was thirty. At thirty he suddenly took to growing afresh, and finally attained 3ft. 9in., and there stopped. Hudson was a peppery little fellow, perpetually squabbling with the courtiers and the Royal servants, and more particularly with Parsons, the giant ! Upon one occasion Hudson challenged a certain Mr. Crofts to a duel, and his opponent appeared on the field derisively armed with a squirt. Additionally incensed by this treatment, Hudson insisted on the squirt being exchanged for a pistol, and thereupon shot his adversary dead. Sir Jeffrey had a life of some adventure, being once captured at sea by Dunkirk privateers and once by Turks. Moreover, he held a captain's commission with the Cavaliers in the Civil War. He will be remembered by every reader of Scott as a character in "Peveril of the Peak."

JOHN WORRENBURG.

In 1659, John Worrenburg, a famous dwarf, was born at Harlshomen, in Switzerland. He was exhibited in London in 1688 and the following year, and attracted considerable attention, his height being only 2ft. 7in. While in London his portrait was printed in mezzotint, and it is from this engraving that our illustration is taken. It is recorded that he was as stout and strong in his arms and legs as a full-grown man—a fact which the squat figure of the portrait would seem to confirm. Worrenburg met his death by drowning, in singular circumstances, in 1695. He was usually carried about, like Gulliver, in a box. As this box, containing himself, was being carried by a porter from a quay at Rotterdam over a plank to a ship, the plank broke, and porter, dwarf, box and all fell into the river. The porter escaped, but Worrenburg, confined by his box, was drowned.

A giant who was much exhibited in this country between the years 1728 and 1734 was Maximilian Christopher Miller, who was born at Leipsic in 1674. He, like Parsons, and unlike so many other giants, was remarkable for his strength as well as for his size.

Hogarth, in his print of Southwark Fair, has introduced the figure of Miller on a show cloth. This giant was, in 1733, 8ft. high. He died in the following year, at an age (sixty) very rarely attained by men of so large a growth. He seems to have grown somewhat even in the later years of his life, if we may trust a London newspaper notice of October, 1728 (six years before his death), which says: "On Wednesday last, arrived here from Germany a native of that country, 7ft. 8in. high." So that something must have grown 4in. in the last few years of his life—either Miller himself or the conscience of somebody else. Miller exhibited himself at the Blue Post, Charing Cross, at the Fan, Devereux Court, and many other places in London. At all his public receptions he was attired as our portrait (from an authentic source) represents him. The sceptre and the heavily-jewelled sword which he carried were presented him by Louis XIV. of France.

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MAXIMILIAN CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

In this gorgeous get-up he paraded before his paying admirers with much state and dignity, being personally characterized by a sentiment usually supposed to be more common in small people—a great notion of his own importance. His face and head are contemporaneously described as being of "enormous size," even for so large a person.

Owen Farrel was born in County Cavan, Ireland, and was characterized not only by his short stature (he was 3ft. 9in. high when full-grown) but also by his amazing strength. He could carry four men at once, two sitting astride each arm. His build was heavy and clumsy, as may be judged by his portrait, which is from an original painting. At first a footman, he was afterwards persuaded to make a show of himself, but the show was somehow not a financial success. He came to London and, being lazy, subsisted by begging in the strees in a very ragged and disreputable suit of clothes. For a few years previous to his death (he seems to have died about 1742) he lived on a weekly allowance made him by a surgeon, in consideration of the right to his body when he had done with it. A transaction of this sort seems to have been a very usual one with people as small as Farrel, or as large, say, as Mr. Henry Blacker, who was born near Cuckfield, in Sussex, in 1724. This gentleman's height was 7ft. 4in. when he was first exhibited in London in 1751, and, it was said, in his advertising handbill, "the best proportioned of his size they"—the public—"ever saw." Among other distinguished sightseers who patronized Blacker was William Duke of Cumberland, himself a tall man, who made very frequent visits. A portrait engraved during the giant's lifetime, of which we produce a copy, represents him being inspected by four persons, none of whom are as high as his shoulder.

OWEN FARREL.

In 1739, near Chaliez, in Polish Russia, was born one of the most famous dwarfs of all time, Joseph, afterwards Count, Borowlaski. The family was a curious one. Both parents were of ordinary medium height, and their children were six in number, three of normal height, and three dwarfs. At his birth Joseph measured only 8in. in length, but was not weak or defective in any respect. At six years of age his height was 17in.; at twenty-two he measured 28in.; and it is a peculiarity in his case, something akin to that of Jeffrey Hudson, that he continued to grow, almost rapidly, after this till he was thirty years of age. His extreme height was 39in. — rather large compared with that of other dwarfs, perhaps, but still a height arrived at only after remarkable freaks of growth. Left an orphan at an early age, he was patronized by the Countess Humieska, who received him into her family and introduced him at Court. He married Mlle. Isalina Barboutin, a lady of French extraction and of ordinary stature, and there were two children of the marriage. This marriage displeased the Countess Humieska, and from that time Borowlaski was taken under the immediate protection of

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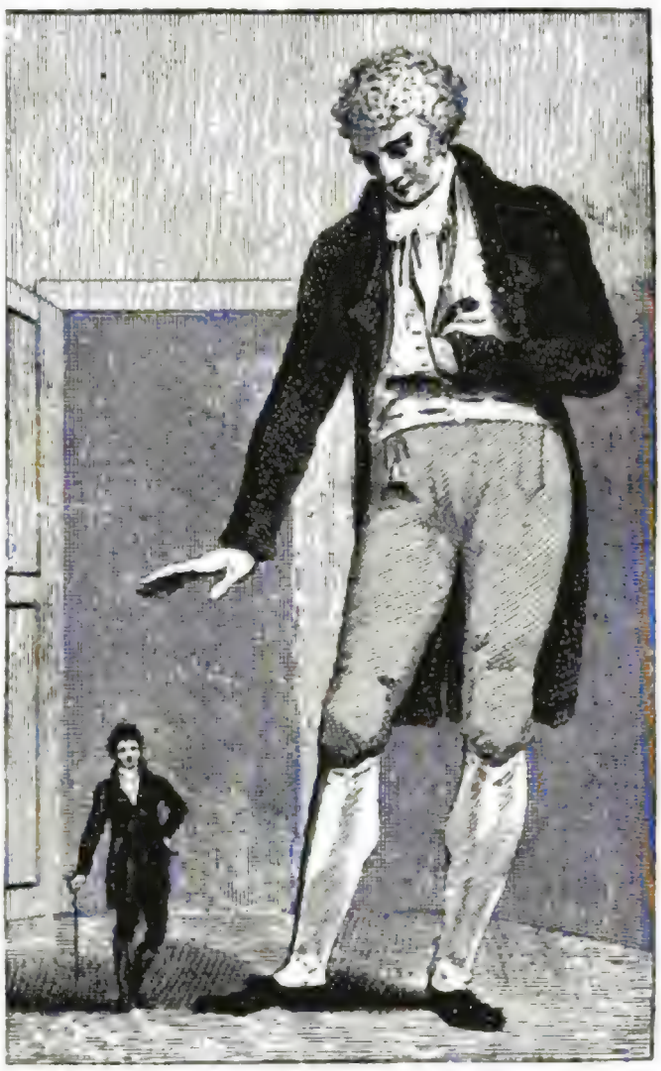
he held in great affection. It seems that, not long before her death, she fell in love with a young nobleman about the Court of Stanislaus, but kept her secret to herself, totally unsuspected by the object of her regard. The young nobleman, however, was extremely poor, and Mlle. Borowlaski, by way of assisting him in a manner he should not suspect, played piquet with him for considerable sums, always contriving to lose.

Another engraving representing Borowlaski in contrast with a larger person is reproduced here, the other person being one of the most famous of the exhibited giants of the last century, Patrick Cotter, an Irishman, more generally known by his assumed name, O'Brien. This man was born in 1760 or thereabouts, at Kinsale, and worked while young as a bricklayer. While he was still a youth, his father hired him out to a showman for three years at £50 a year. This showman under-let Cotter to another at Bristol. Here Cotter refused to allow himself to be shown unless, in addition to his keep, he were paid a salary for himself, and was in consequence put into prison for debt. Hence, however, he was rescued by some charitably-disposed person, who thereby earned the giant's life-long gratitude as well as a little corner in his will. On his liberation Cotter began to exhibit himself "on his own hook," and so successfully as to earn £30 in three days. He assumed the name of O'Brien, and his bills, probably concocted by somebody experienced in the show business, described him as the descendant of a race of Irish Kings—all giants. One of his best-known bills runs :—



COUNT BOROWLASKI. PATRICK COTTER (O'BRIEN).

"Just arrived in town, and to be seen in a commodious room, at No. 11, Haymarket, nearly opposite the Opera House, the celebrated Irish Giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the Kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown; he is a lineal descendant of the old puissant King Brien Boreau, and has in person and appearance all the similitude of that great and grand potentate. It is remarkable of this family that, however various the revolutions in point of fortune and alliance, the lineal descendants thereof have been favoured by Providence with the original size and stature which have been so peculiar to their family. The gentleman alluded to measures near 9ft. high. Admittance, one shilling."

In his thirty-eighth year (he died at forty-seven) Cotter is independently recorded as being 8ft. 7in. high. It is also recorded that he used two double beds placed together, and was in the habit, in his early morning walks, of lighting his pipe at the street-lamps. His mother, it may be observed, died at the age of 100. He probably got the notion of renaming himself from the fact that another Irish giant, 5in. less in height and using the name O'Brien (his actual name being Byrne), had died shortly before he (Cotter) began to exhibit himself. The skeleton of this smaller giant is now in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in spite of its original owner's anxiety that the anatomists should not touch his body. A story is told to the effect that he left in his will a sum of £200 to two fishermen to throw his body, properly weighted, into the sea; but that the great William Hunter added another £200 to induce the lucky fishermen first to attach a rope to the corpse, so that, hauled out again, it became his property after all.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

By Arthur Morrison.

VII.—THE AFFAIR OF THE TORTOISE.

ERY often Hewitt was tempted, by the fascination of some particularly odd case, to neglect his other affairs to follow up a matter that from a business point of view was of little or no value to him. As a rule, he had a sufficient regard for his own interests to resist such temptations, but in one curious case at least I believe he allowed it largely to influence him. It was certainly an extremely odd case—one of those affairs that, coming to light at intervals, but more often remaining unheard of by the general public, convince one that after all there is very little extravagance about Mr. R. L. Stevenson's bizarre imaginings of doings in London in his "New Arabian Nights." "There is nothing in this world that is at all possible," I have often heard Martin Hewitt say, "that has not happened or is not happening in London." Certainly he had opportunities of knowing.

The case I have referred to occurred some time before my own acquaintance with him began—in 1878, in fact. He had called one Monday morning at an office in regard to something connected with one of those uninteresting, though often difficult, cases which formed, perhaps, the bulk of his practice, when he was informed of a most mysterious murder that had taken place in another part of the same building on the previous Saturday afternoon. Owing to the circumstances of the case, only the vaguest account had appeared in the morning papers, and even this, as it chanced, Hewitt had not read.

The building was one of a new row in a partly rebuilt street near the National Gallery. The whole row had been built by a speculator for the purpose of letting out in flats, suites of chambers, and in one or two cases, on the ground floors, offices. The rooms had let very well, and to desirable tenants as a rule. The least satisfactory tenant, the proprietor reluctantly admitted, was a Mr. Rameau, a negro gentleman, single, who had three rooms on the top floor but one of the particular building that Hewitt was visiting. His rent was paid regularly, but his behaviour had produced complaints from other tenants. He got uproariously drunk, and screamed and howled in unknown tongues. He fell asleep on the staircase, and ladies were afraid to pass. He bawled rough chaff down the stairs and along the corridors, at butcher boys and messengers, and played on errand boys brutal practical jokes that ended in police-court summonses. He once had a way of sliding down the balusters, shouting: "Ho! ho! ho! yah!" as he went, but as he was a big, heavy man, and the balusters had been built for different treatment, he had very soon and very firmly been requested to stop it. He had plenty of money, and spent it freely; but it was generally felt that there was too much of the light-hearted savage about him to fit him to live among quiet people.

How much longer the landlord would have stood this sort of thing, Hewitt's informant said, was a matter of conjecture, for on the Saturday afternoon in question the tenancy had come to a startling full-stop. Rameau had been murdered in his room, and the body had, in a most unaccountable fashion, been secretly removed from the premises.

The strongest possible suspicion pointed to a man who had been employed in shovelling and carrying coals, cleaning windows, and chopping wood for several of the buildings, and who had left that very Saturday. The crime had, in fact, been committed with this man's chopper, and the man himself had been heard, again and again, to threaten Rameau, who in his brutal fashion had made a butt of him. This man was a Frenchman, Victor Goujon by name, who had lost his employment as a watchmaker by reason of an injury to his right hand, which destroyed its steadiness, and so he had fallen upon evil days and odd jobs.

He was a little man, of no great strength, but extraordinarily excitable, and the coarse gibes and horseplay of the big negro drove him almost to madness. Rameau would often, after some more than ordinarily outrageous attack, contemptuously fling Goujon a shilling, which the little Frenchman, although wanting a shilling badly enough, would hurl back in his face, almost weeping with impotent rage. "Pig! *Canaille!*" he would scream. "Dirty pig of Africa! Take your sheelin' to vere you 'ave stole it! *Voleur!* Pig!"

There was a tortoise living in the basement, of which Goujon had made rather a pet, and the negro would sometimes use this animal as a missile, flinging it at the little

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"No. The store for the whole row is under the next two houses—the basements communicate."

"Do you know Rameau's other name?"

"César Rameau he signed in our agreement."

"Did he ever mention his relations?"

"No. That is to say, he did say something one day when he was very drunk; but, of course, it was all rot. Someone told him not to make such a row—he was a beastly tenant—and he said he was the best man in the place, and his brother was Prime Minister, and all sorts of things. Mere drunken rant. I never heard of his saying anything sensible about relations. We know nothing of his connections; he came here on a banker's reference."

"Thanks. I think that's all I want to ask. You notice," Hewitt proceeded, turning to Nettings, "the only ink in this place is scented and violet, and the only paper is tinted and scented too, with a monogram—characteristic of a negro with money. The paper that was pinned on Rameau's breast is in red ink on common and rather grubby paper, therefore it was written somewhere else and brought here. Inference, premeditation."

"Yes, yes. But are you an inch nearer, with all these speculations? Can you get nearer than I am now without them?"

"Well, perhaps not," Hewitt replied. "I don't profess, at this moment, to know the criminal—you do. I'll concede you that point for the present. But you don't offer an opinion as to who removed Rameau's body—which I think I know."

"Who was it, then?"

"Come, try and guess that yourself. It wasn't Goujon, I don't mind letting you know that. But it was a person quite within your knowledge of the case. You've mentioned the person's name more than once."

Nettings stared blankly. "I don't understand you in the least," he said. "But, of course, you mean that this mysterious person you speak of as having moved the body committed the murder?"

"No, I don't. Nobody could have been more innocent of that."

"Well," Nettings concluded, with resignation, "I'm afraid one of us is rather thick-headed. What will you do?"

"Interview the person who took away the body," Hewitt replied, with a smile.

"But, man alive, why? Why bother about the person if it isn't the criminal?"

"Never mind—never mind; probably the person will be a most valuable witness."

"Do you mean you think this person—whoever it is—saw the crime?"

"I think it very probable indeed."

"Well, I won't ask you any more. I shall get hold of Goujon—that's simple and direct enough for me. I prefer to deal with the heart of the case—the murder itself—when there's such clear evidence as I have."

"I shall look a little into that, too, perhaps," Hewitt said, "and if you like I'll tell you the first thing I shall do."

"What's that?"

"I shall have a good look at a map of the West Indies, and I advise you to do the same. Good morning."

Nettings stared down the corridor after Hewitt, and continued staring for nearly two minutes after he had disappeared. Then he said to the clerk, who had remained: "What was he talking about?"

"Don't know," replied the clerk. "Couldn't make head or tail of it."

"I don't believe there *is* a head to it," declared Nettings; "nor a tail either. He's kidding us."

Nettings was better than his word, for within two hours of his conversation with Hewitt, Goujon was captured and safe in a cab bound for Bow Street. He had been stopped at Newhaven in the morning on his way to Dieppe, and was brought back to London. But now Nettings met a check.

Late that afternoon he called on Hewitt to explain matters. "We've got Goujon," he said, gloomily, "but there's a difficulty. He's got two friends who can swear an *alibi*. Rameau was seen alive at half-past one on Saturday, and the girl found him dead about three. Now, Gonjou's two friends, it seems, were with him from one o'clock till four in the afternoon with the exception of five minutes when the girl saw him, and then he left them to take a key or something to the housekeeper before finally leaving. They were waiting on the landing below when Goujon spoke to the housemaid, heard him speaking, and had seen him go all the way up to the housekeeper's room and back, as they looked up the wide well of the staircase. They are men employed near the place, and seem to have good characters. But perhaps we shall find something unfavourable about them. They were drinking with Goujon, it seems, by way of 'seeing him off.'"

"Well," Hewitt said, "I scarcely think you need trouble to damage these men's characters. They are probably telling the

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truth. Come, now, be plain. You've come here to get a hint as to whether my theory of the case helps you, haven't you?"

"Well, if you can give me a friendly hint, although, of course, I may be right after all. Still, I wish you'd explain a bit as to what you meant by looking at a map and all that mystery. Nice thing for me to be taking a lesson in my own business after all these years. But perhaps I deserve it."

"See now," quoth Hewitt, "you remember what map I told you to look at?"

"The West Indies."

"Right. Well, here you are." Hewitt reached an atlas from his bookshelf. "Now, look here: the biggest island of the lot on this map, barring Cuba, is Hayti. You know as well as I do that the western part of that island is peopled by the black republic of Hayti, and that the country is in a degenerate state of almost unexampled savagery, with a ridiculous show of civilization. There are revolutions all the time—the South American republics are peaceful and prosperous compared to Hayti. The state of the country is simply awful—read Sir Spenser St. John's book on it. President after President of the vilest sort forces his way to power, and commits the most horrible and bloodthirsty excesses, murdering his opponents by the hundred and seizing their property for himself and his satellites, who are usually as bad, if not worse than the President himself. Whole families—men, women, and children—are murdered at the instance of these ruffians, and, as a consequence, the most deadly feuds spring up, and the Presidents and their followers are always themselves in danger of reprisals from others. Perhaps the very worst of these Presidents in recent times has been the notorious Domingue, who was overthrown by an insurrection, as they all are sooner or later, and compelled to fly the country. Domingue and his nephews, one of whom was Chief Minister, while in power committed the cruellest bloodshed, and many members of the opposite party sought refuge in a small island lying just to the north of Hayti, but were sought out there and almost exterminated. Now, I will show you that island on the map. What is its name?"

"Tortuga."

"It is. 'Tortuga,' however, is only the old Spanish name—the Haytians speak French—Creole French. Here is a French atlas: *now* see the name of that island."

"La Tortue!"

"La Tortue it is—the tortoise. Tortuga means the same thing in Spanish. But that island is always spoken of in Hayti as La Tortue. Now do you see the drift of that paper pinned to Rameau's breast!"

"Punished by an avenger of—or from—the tortoise or La Tortue—clear enough. It would seem that the dead man had something to do with the massacre there, and somebody from the island is avenging it. The thing's most extraordinary."

"And now listen. The name of Domingue's nephew, who was Chief Minister, was *Septimus Rameau*."

"And this was César Rameau—his brother, probably. I see. Well—this *is* a case."

"I think the relationship probable. Now you understand why I was inclined to doubt that Goujon was the man you wanted."

"Of course, of course. And now I suppose I must try to get a nigger—the chap who wrote that paper. I wish he hadn't been such an ignorant nigger. If he'd only have put the capitals to the words 'La Tortue,' I might have thought a little more about them, instead of taking it for granted that they meant that wretched tortoise in the basement of the house. Well, I've made a fool of a start, but I'll be after that nigger now."

"And I, as I said before," said Hewitt, "shall be after the person that carried off Rameau's body. I have had something else to do this afternoon, or I should have begun already."

"You said you thought he saw the crime. How did you judge that?"

Hewitt smiled. "I think I'll keep that little secret to myself for the present," he said. "You shall know soon."

"Very well," Nettings replied, with resignation. "I suppose I mustn't grumble if you don't tell me everything. I feel too great a fool altogether over this case to see any further than you show me." And Inspector Nettings left on his search; while Martin Hewitt, as soon as he was alone, laughed joyously and slapped his thigh.

There was a cab-rank and shelter at the end of the street where Mr. Styles's building stood, and early that evening a man approached it and hailed the cabmen and the waterman. Anyone would have known the new-comer at once for a cabman taking a holiday. The brim of the hat, the bird's-eye neckerchief, the immense coat buttons, and more than all, the rolling walk and the wrinkled trousers, marked him out distinctly.

"Watcheer!" he exclaimed, affably, with the self-possessed nod only possible to

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Costume of the Ancient Britons, from Strutt's Dresses and Habits of the People of England.

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paper found on the floor. If this were the work of Goujon and an open reference to his tortoise, why should he be at such pains to disguise his handwriting? He would have been already pointing himself out by the mere mention of the tortoise. And, if he could not avoid a shake in his natural, small handwriting, how could he have avoided it in a large, clumsy, slowly-drawn, assumed hand? No, the paper was not Goujon's."

"As to the writing on the paper," Nettings interposed, "I've told you how I made that mistake. I took the readiest explanation of the words, since they seemed so pat, and I wouldn't let anything else outweigh that. As to the other things—the evidences of Rameau's having gone off by himself—well, I don't usually miss such obvious things; but I never thought of the possibility of the *victim* going away on the quiet and not coming back, as though *he'd* done something wrong. Comes of starting with a set of fixed notions."

"Well," answered Hewitt, "I fancy you must have been rather 'out of form,' as they say—everybody has his stupid days, and you can't keep up to concert pitch for ever. To return to the case. The evidence of the chopper was very untrustworthy—especially when I had heard of Goujon's careless habits—losing shovels and leaving coal-scuttles on stairs. Nothing more likely than for the chopper to be left lying about, and a criminal who had calculated his chances would know the advantage to himself of using a weapon that belonged to the place, and leaving it behind, to divert suspicion. It is quite possible, by the way, that the man who attacked Rameau got away down the coal-lift and out by an adjoining basement, just as did Rameau himself; this, however, is mere conjecture. The would-be murderer had plainly prepared for the crime—witness the previous preparation of the paper declaring his revenge — an indication of his pride at having run his enemy to earth at such a distant place as this — although I expect he was only in England by chance, for Haytians are not a persistently energetic race. In regard to the use of small instead of capital letters in the words 'La Tortue' on the paper, I observed, in the beginning, that the first letter of the whole sentence—the p in 'puni'—was a small one. Clearly the writer was an illiterate man, and it was at once plain that he may have made the same mistake with ensuing words.

"On the whole, it was plain that everybody had begun with a too-ready disposition to assume that Goujon was guilty. Everybody insisted, too, that the body had been carried away—which was true, of course, although not in the sense intended—so I didn't trouble to contradict, or to say more than that I guessed who *had* carried the body off. And to tell you the truth, I was a little piqued at Mr. Styles's manner, and indisposed, interested in the case as I was, to give away my theories too freely.

"The rest of the job was not very difficult. I found out the cabman who had taken Rameau away—you can always get readier help from cabbies if you go as one of themselves, especially if you are after a bilker—and from him got a sufficiently near East-end direction to find Rameau after inquiries. I ventured, by the way, on a rather long shot. I described my man to the cabman as having an injured arm or wrist—and it turned out a correct guess. You see, a man making an attack with a chopper is pretty certain to make more than a single blow, and as there appeared to have been only a single wound on the head, it seemed probable that another had fallen somewhere else—almost certainly on the arm, as it would be raised to defend the head. At Limehouse I found he had had his head and wrist attended to at a local medico's, and a big nigger in a fright, with a long black coat, a broken head and a lame hand, is not so difficult to find in a small area. How I persuaded him up here you know already; I think I frightened him a little, too, by explaining how easily I had tracked him, and giving him a hint that others might do the same. He is in a great funk. He seems to have quite lost faith in England as a safe asylum."

The police failed to catch Rameau's assailant—chiefly because Rameau could not be got to give a proper description of him, nor to do anything except get out of the country in a hurry. In truth, he was glad to be quit of the matter with nothing worse than his broken head. Little Goujon made a wild storm about his arrest, and before he did go to France managed to extract £20 from Rameau by way of compensation, in spite of the absence of any strictly legal claim against his old tormentor. So that, on the whole, Goujon was about the only person who derived any particular profit from the tortoise mystery.

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Figure 1.1 Ernest Rutherford (1871–1937) in his laboratory at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, in 1908 with his assistant Hans Geiger (1882–1945) and his son Eric (1910–1931). Rutherford was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1908 for his work on the disintegration of the elements and the chemistry of radioactive substances. Geiger is best known for the Geiger counter, a device for measuring radiation. Eric was killed in a mountaineering accident in the Swiss Alps.

going blind. By the utmost care it may be possible to save your eyes. But you must rest them entirely."

"You do not mean to say that I *may* go blind, really?" cried the unhappy man.

"I do, indeed, I am sorry to say. Your eyes have been neglected and overtaxed. But I hope they are not beyond human skill to set right."

The oculist probably knew his optimism to be unwarranted. Gradually Walter Terrell's sight faded. Day by day he underwent the most terrible of trials—that of waiting and watching whilst the eyes grow weaker and weaker, and the dread doom of darkness settles down.

It was a time of nameless misery, of despair, of sullen resignation. To be blind! Never to see God's light and the beauties of God's earth again! How awful! Even that could be endured if he had the love for which his soul yearned, now more than ever, and no question weighed with him more than that which recurred to him again and again: "What would Lena say to a blind man?" Could he ask her to marry him now? Could he let her marry him? Fate had indeed borne out his forebodings with bitter irony. Would he, he had speculated, ever see his darling again? How little he anticipated the character of the answer to be given to the dread query. She might stand at his side, she might gaze into his eyes, she might press his hand, but he would never more be permitted to see her!

It seemed, however, as though Fate had not yet dealt with him as hardly as she intended. Weeks went by and no further letter came from Lena. What did it mean? At first his affliction proved so absorbing that he only realized vaguely the lapse of time. But now he began to wonder, and gradually another conviction seized him. As he would never see her again, neither would he ever hear from her again.

"Merciful Heaven," he cried, "what have I done that these blows should fall so thick and fast? Why does not Lena write? I cannot believe her cruel and disloyal—and yet——"

He thought of writing to tell her all, but whilst he hesitated to dictate his inmost thoughts to another, something compelled him to await a communication from her, and that communication never came. Poor, crushed and broken Walter Terrell! A few months had wrought a shocking change for him. The midday sun of youth had long ere the gloaming suffered an eclipse more complete and terrifying than night's darkest hour. Week succeeded week, and, philosopher as he was, he grew in time to accept his fate and even to persuade himself that it was better to have parted thus than to have faced the anguish of a separation demanded by duty. His dearest hopes were blighted; he was sorely disappointed in the girl for whom he cared so tenderly and so truly, and life was a blank. Her action was mysterious in the extreme. In his heart Walter Terrell believed she had repented of the promise she gave him, and lacked the courage to withdraw it, and he wished he had his eyes, if only that he might himself write and release her from it.

The month which was originally to have seen her in London again was at hand. Would she return? or would she take up her abode at the Antipodes as her schoolfellow's sister-in-law? The thought sent a knife to Walter Terrell's heart, and made his sightless eyes smart again in their helplessness.

III.

LITTLE dreamed he of what really had happened on the other side of the world.

Lena Marston arrived in Australia all the better for her voyage, and her constant thought was of the delight Walter would experience if this improvement continued.

Her satisfaction was destined to be short-lived. At Melbourne she went to stay with some friends, and, the very day after her arrival, was taken seriously ill. Typhoid, that bane of Victoria's beautiful capital, seized her, and for some days her life was despaired of. She recovered only to find that the disease had robbed her of her hearing. She was deaf; and, in the doctor's opinion, doomed to remain so!

At first the blow overwhelmed her, and she almost wished she had never regained her strength to learn the terrible fate in store for her. Her first concern was for Walter Terrell. During her illness a long letter reached her from him—the last he was destined to write under the guidance of his own eye (could she but have known it!)—and when she was better, she read it with eager joy. But what, she asked herself, would he say when he knew of the affliction which had overtaken her—his affianced bride?

She was not long in determining in which direction her duty lay. She could not reasonably expect him to marry her if deafness was to be her lot during the rest of her life, and the doctors gave her no hope save in a miracle. For days she lay in her sound-

An Expert in Handwriting.

By Harry How.

It would not be possible within the limits of this paper to enter fully into the methods employed by handwriting experts in "treating" the problems of penmanship which they have been called upon to solve. Handwriting experts are not amongst the many—they are only to be found amongst the fewest of the few. They recognise what may be said to be the creator of their art, lithography—which was accidentally discovered by Johann Aloys Senefelder—for lithography has bred the rare gift which the handwriting expert possesses to-day.

Johann Aloys Senefelder was born at Prague in 1771, and died in 1834. It is a romantic, an historical, story. Wishing to publish musical compositions of his own, he tried various experiments with stereotype plates, and etching on copper and pewter plates, but was far from successful. He tried the Solenhefen stone, etching it similarly to the plates, but his proofs in no way satisfied him. In 1796—he was just twenty-five years of age—his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen given to the laundress. He took up a polished stone, and wrote the list on it with his ink of soap and lampblack, with the intention of copying it on paper when convenient. Finding the writing tenacious to the stone, he etched the uncovered parts with acid, inked the relief portions with a dabber, and taking off a proof found it successful. Thus, lithography in relief was invented. Various improvements followed until the discovery was perfected.

It is admitted by all experts in handwriting that a keen knowledge of lithography is absolutely essential to the true exercise of their peculiar craft. The eye and the hand have been trained to observe and copy all the peculiarities and eccentricities of writers—a training absolutely necessary to one who practises as an expert in handwriting. Mr. Joseph Netherclift, the first recognised expert; his son, Mr. F. G. Netherclift, and Mr. Charles Chabot were all lithographers—as were also Messrs. Mathieson, MacQuarrie, Rae, and the subject of this sketch, Mr. George Smith Inglis.

Mr. Inglis may be signalled out as the first amongst handwriting experts of the present day. He is an Edinburgh man, and was born in 1831. True, he was a good writer at school, and his writing-master would point out his "p's" and "q's" as a pattern to the class; but, by an accident, he was apprenticed to a lithographer, and there gained a knowledge which to-day is invaluable to him. Although in his sixty-fourth year, his eye is as keen and susceptible, his methods of working as safe and sure, as they were when, on the death of Mr. Charles Chabot, he received the St. Luke's Mystery Case, which Chabot had in hand at the time of his decease.

I have watched Mr. Inglis at work. He will watch a "t" for an hour at a time, and revel in the loop of a "j" for a similar period. He twists it this way and that way, writes out a single word a hundred times—and a hundred times is no figure of expression, but a fact! He picks up his compasses, and compares lengths and breadths of dots and dashes. A comma, a semicolon, a full stop—one might almost say a blot does not escape that little pair of compasses. He positively glories in a note of exclamation; a questionable interrogation is a "sphinx" to him, and he attacks it, to discover its origin, with as much ardour as though he were called upon to decipher the diary which Noah penned in the ark.

Mr. Inglis is not only an expert, he is an enthusiast; and I propose, in this article, to refer to a few of the many remarkable cases which have been brought under his notice.

The individuality of "Junius" has always been the pet theme and study of all experts in handwriting. The handwriting of "Junius" is the great problem of all experts. It has puzzled and perplexed all who have sought to prove the identity of the man who wrote it. The letters of "Junius" consist of a series of political missives signed "Junius," which appeared in *The Public Advertiser*—a London newspaper. The first was published in the issue of January 21, 1769, and the last in that of January 21, 1772. The consternation which these letters created amongst the Ministries of the day is a matter of history, as they not only attacked the public works of the parties concerned, but their private doings also.

Pages upon pages have been written on

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the handwriting of "Junius," though possibly—from a popular point of view—the romantic side of the query lies in the set of verses which have been conclusively proved to be in the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis.* Reproduced in these pages are facsimiles of some of the lines written by Sir Francis, addressed to Miss Giles, a lady with whom he danced at the Assembly Rooms at Bath (Fig. 5). Let these, as well as the dates in Fig. 1, be compared with the date on the Junian Letter XVI., in which the writer apparently forgot to disguise his writing or to obliterate it afterwards. This is one clue. The note accompanying the verses was written by Sir Francis in disguised writing (Fig. 4), which may be compared with the corrections on the Junian proof (Fig. 3). This is a second clue. "Junius"—in other words, Sir Philip Francis—was evidently enamoured of the young maiden, for shortly after the ball she received an anonymous letter, couched in the following words:—

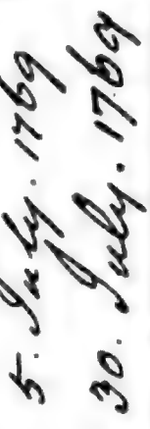


FIG. 1.—DATES IN WRITING OF SIR FRANCIS.

FIG. 2.—DATE ON JUNIAN LETTER XVI

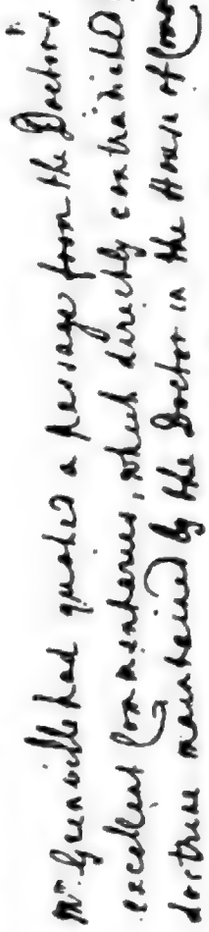


FIG. 3.—CORRECTIONS IN PROOF-SHEET OF A LETTER OF "JUNIUS."

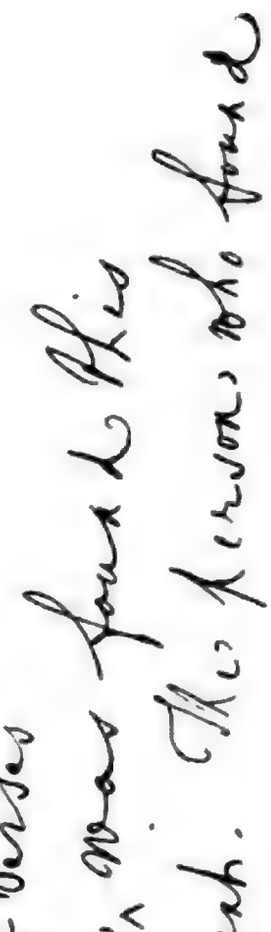


FIG. 4.—DISGUISED WRITING OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

FIG. 5.—HANDWRITING OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, NOT DISGUISED.

"The inclosed paper of verses was found this morning by accident. The person who found them, not knowing to whom they belong, is obliged to trust to his own judgement, and takes it for granted that they could only be meant for Miss Giles."

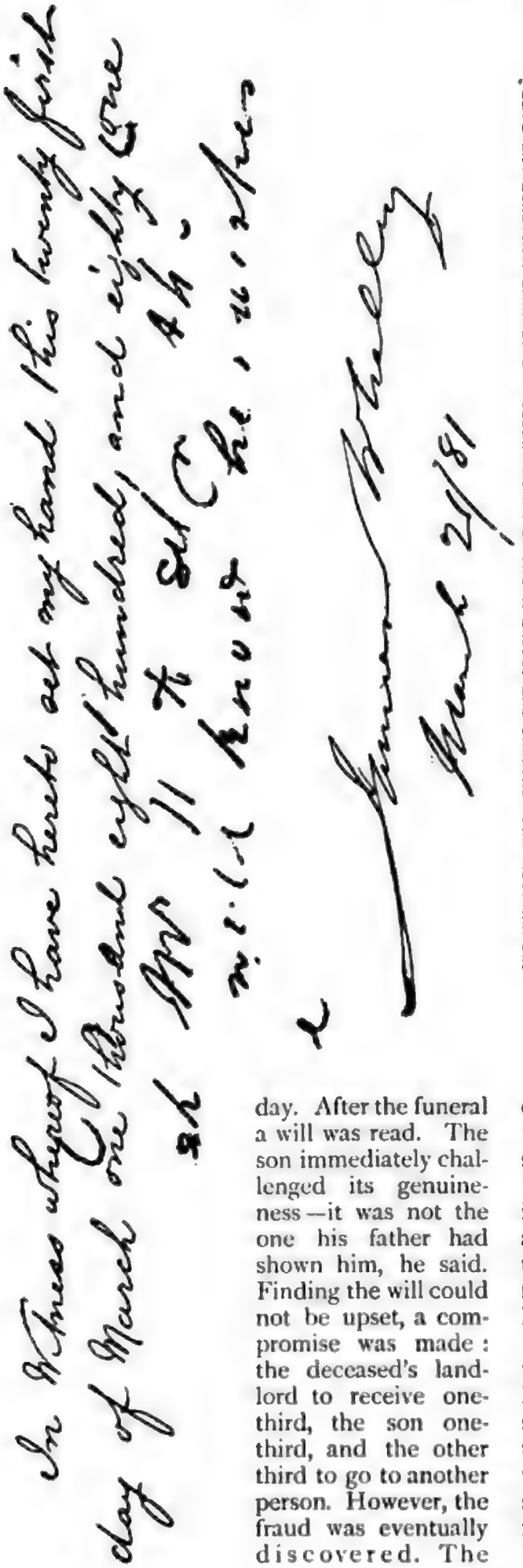
A very charming compliment indeed, and one which, on the surface, might carry with it the conviction that the sender of the note and the writer of the poetry were one and the same. Here are two of the verses:—

In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
Belinda improves every Hour;

They tell her that Beauty itself may be mended,
And shew her the Use of her Power.

They directed her Eye, they pointed the Dart,
And have taught her a dangerous Skill;
For whatever She aims at, the Head or the Heart,
She can wound, if She pleases, or kill,

*Vide "Junius Revealed." By his grandson, H. R. Francis.


In Witness whereof I have hereto set my hand this twenty first day of March one thousand eight hundred, and eighty one
Ah Mr 11 th Sept Ah
w.e.d. known he, witness
Samuel Whalley
March 21/81

THE WHALLEY WILL—SHOWING THE GROOVE MARKS OF PENCIL-LETTER AND GENUINE SIGNATURE AND DATE.

day. After the funeral a will was read. The son immediately challenged its genuineness—it was not the one his father had shown him, he said. Finding the will could not be upset, a compromise was made: the deceased's landlord to receive one-third, the son one-third, and the other third to go to another person. However, the fraud was eventually discovered. The solicitor received certain information, and, on meeting one of the witnesses, quietly asked what they did with the loaf of bread in regard to Mr. Whalley's will.

It was ultimately proved that the envelope containing the genuine will had been steamed, and the will abstracted. The pencil letter was rubbed out with bread, a new and spurious will written above the signature of James Whalley, and the document placed in the envelope, *leaving the gum mark of previous fastening.* Mr. Inglis examined the will at Somerset House, and detected the groove marks where the pencil marks had been (the landlord, being a railway porter, wrote rather heavily). He was shown the handwriting of a number of persons, and noticing a similarity between two or three of them with the groove-marked words, he was able to prove it to be identical with the landlord's writing. The landlord and one of his accomplices—the third party turned Queen's evidence—are at the present moment partaking of Her Majesty's hospitality, in a building specially erected for gentlemen who need a compulsory holiday, with apartments provided.

A holograph will case also forms an interesting study. It was written in violet ink. There was one word on the eighth line which was blotted and required deciphering. It appeared blurred, the alteration being wiped with used blotting-paper while the ink was wet. The spreading of the ink made a blur which looked like the word "One," but after careful scrutiny the expert believed the word first written was "Five." Mr. Inglis found the capital F's in three parts of the will would go inside the blurred capital "O" of "One," but he also discovered in the slurred writing part of the "F" outside the "O" at the top left hand. The sloping initiatory line of the "i," and the dot to it are split. This dot agreed with the others in the will in being split. The horizontal line from top of "v" to the "e" are all solid lines, not blurred ones.

Mr. Justice Butt, in giving his decision on this case, proved that he possessed a rare knack in "arguing" a disputed letter. He said it could not be "One," at first, for, if so, there was no necessity to alter it; nor the word "two," for there were not sufficient strokes to make it a "w," and no "o" finishes with a horizontal line at the bottom. It could not be "three," it is too small, and

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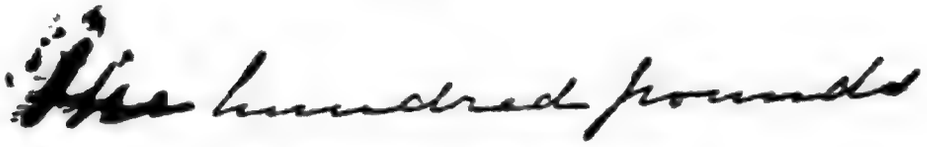
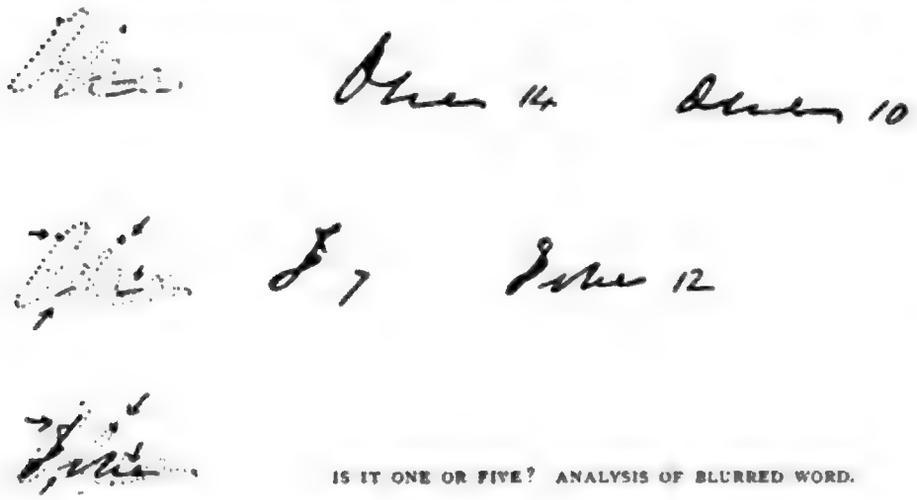


IS IT ONE OR FIVE? THE BLURRED WORD.

there is no "h"; it could not be "four," there are not sufficient strokes to make that word; it could not be "six," the letters are not of the form of "ix"; neither could it be "seven," the strokes are not sufficient; nor "eight," there being no tail for a "g," or top loop for an "h"; "nine" is a longer word; whilst as for "ten" hundred, that would most likely be written "one thousand."



IS IT ONE OR FIVE? ANALYSIS OF BLURRED WORD.

It must, therefore, have been the word "*five.*" The reader will be able to make these comparisons from the reproduction.

As an example of the lengths to which money-seekers will go, the case of E—— is a highly respectable specimen. In this instance the expert considered that Mrs. E—— took her husband's hand, holding the pen, and guided it whilst writing the name—Robert E——; her hand over his and with the pen writing the surname in her own style.

THE ROBERT E— — CASE. THE GUIDED SIGNATURES.

One can readily see the struggle of the two hands in the two names. The expert's opinion was right, for a few days afterwards the solicitor came joyously to Mr. Inglis's office, and intimated that his statement as to how the signature was written had been corroborated by a later witness, who deposed to having seen the method employed. Fortunately it resulted in a compromise.

Perhaps, however, the most curiously interesting will case with which Mr. Inglis has had to struggle is that known as—"Is the word Twenty or Seventy?" The case was tried in the High Court of Session, Edinburgh, before Lord Kyllachy, in December, 1891. The action was raised by Thomas McNab, of Gollamd, Middleton Kerse House, Clackmannanshire, against the trustees of his late brother, Alexander McNab, of Techmuiry, and the dispute was whether a certain legacy left to the pursuer was one of £20,000 or £70,000. An examination of the contested word showed that the parties interested could hardly be expected to rest satisfied with anything short of a judicial interpretation of the intentions of the testator.

The writer has before him folio after folio of test-words of every description, which Mr. Inglis spent many weeks over, in order to arrive at a definite opinion. It would be interesting to all future would-be will makers to reproduce them in their entirety, as a timely warning to write plainly when disposing of their money; but a few will suffice. The disputed word was the third on the last line of page two of the will. The question is:

What was the latest idea or inception in the mind of the testator when he altered the will? Mr. Inglis made a most remarkable report on this case. He examined the word in dispute under a very powerful microscope. To show the elaborate nature of his researches in matters of this kind, here are

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reproduced facsimile results of the examination of the first letter of the word.

IN IT TWENTY OR SEVENTY?

PROFESSOR GREENFIELD'S ENLARGEMENT.

There is no erasure in or about the word. On the left side of the down-stroke there are four lines, thus :—

and the foot thus firm.

On the right side of the down-stroke there are three lines, thus :—

all of which are firm.

The lowest line on the right side of the down-stroke is carried to the first up-stroke following, and joins it at the bottom, thus :—

The first up-stroke following the supposed capital is inordinately tall and it touches the top line on right side of down-stroke, thus :—

The second up-stroke following the supposed capital agrees with the average height of the "e, n, y" following, about which there is no dispute. The third up-stroke after the supposed capital is also inordinately tall and finishes with a peculiar twist, thus :—

The remaining letters are "enty." This makes the disputed word to be either

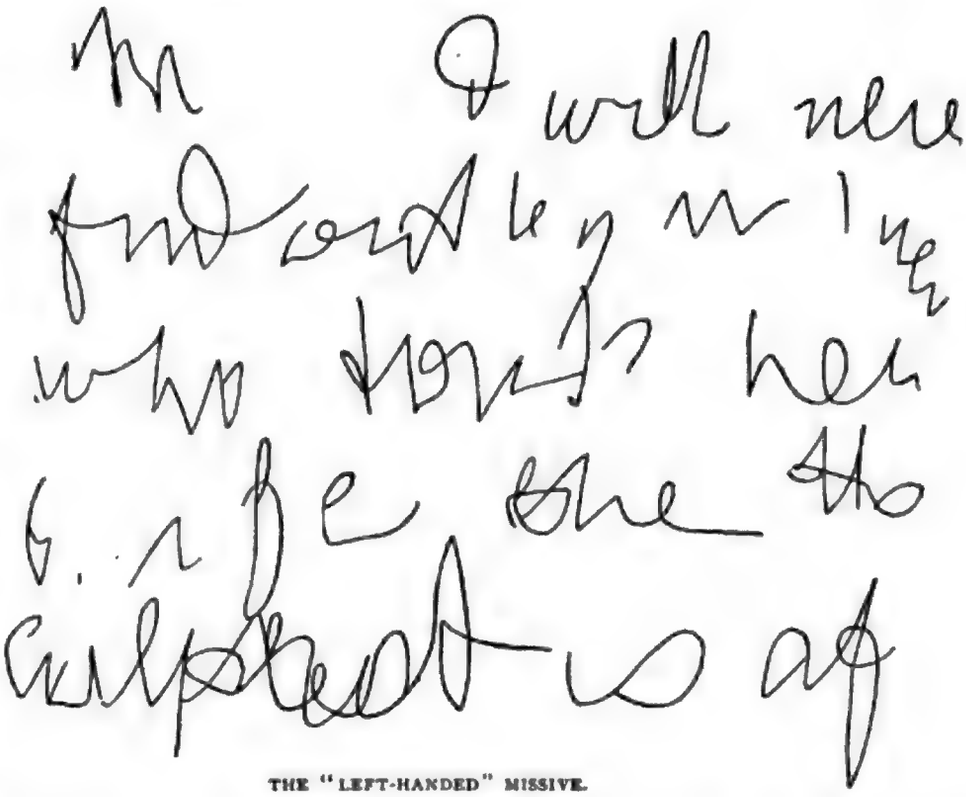
or

The whole of Mr. Inglis's exhaustive analysis resulted as follows: That there are two faint head-lines which cannot be followed out; that the word was written "twenty," with a small "t" instead of a capital; that the small "t" has been altered to stand for a capital "S;" and that "w" has been altered into "ev," which manipulation destroys the identity of the word as being "twenty," altering it to the word "Seventy," which, in Mr. Inglis's opinion, was the last idea and inception in the mind of the testator.

This was singularly confirmed six months after by Professor Greenfield, of Edinburgh, and a facsimile of his enlargement of the disputed word is shown beneath the portion of the will reproduced here.

To turn from wills. The following tends to show that "habit" is of as great use to the expert when analyzing a case as similarity of style. In penning a letter there is always some peculiar characteristic which the writer cannot easily rid himself or herself of. In this instance a libellous letter was sent to a gentleman against his *fiancée*. A certain lady was suspected and charged with the offence. In

reply she wrote a most indignant denial. This, which was written heavily with a quill pen in a bold, split-dotting style, along with the libellous missive, written in a scratchy style, were the only documents submitted to the expert. Mr. Inglis decided that they were penned by one and the same person—a fact to which the guilty party subsequently confessed. Here comes "habit." The lady, although she disguised her writing very cleverly, was innocent of the fact that she always commenced her communications by economically writing close up to the edge of the note-paper, instead of leaving the customary margin usually adopted; furthermore, in each communication omitting the salutation of "My dear," etc. A small thing, but quite sufficient to bring the offence home.

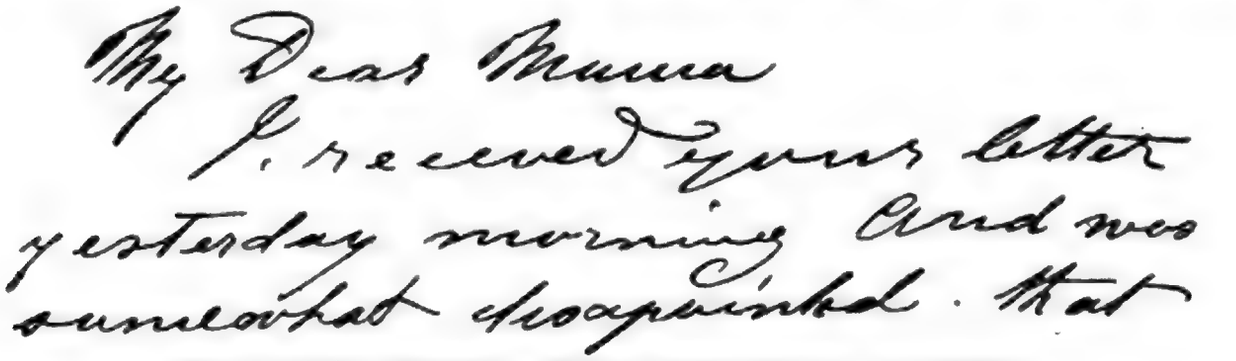


THE "LEFT-HANDED" MISSIVE.

Mr. Inglis has had many schools through his hands, and nearly in every case young ladies' establishments. It seems that the green-eyed monster has a veritable stronghold in the immediate vicinity of the desk. Here is one—a part of the letter in question being reproduced.

Miss R——, a young girl at a boarding-school, complained to the lady-principal that she had received abusive anonymous letters, and stated that she thought Miss S——, a fellow-pupil, was the guilty person. The dictation lesson-book of Miss S——, and four letters of Miss R——, were handed over to the expert. After examining the documents he concluded that Miss R—— herself was the author. She was expelled. A fortnight after she admitted having written the disagreeable missives by using her left hand!

The documents submitted to handwriting experts are frequently of a very "weighty" character. At another scholastic establishment for young ladies, the mistress one day discovered a very objectionable word written on the panel of a door. The mistress had the panel cut out and sent to the late Mr. Netherclift. He adopted a clever ruse, in order to lay the finger of guilt on the culprit. The classes were assembled—some sixty girls in all—and a dictation lesson was given, in which all the letters used in the objectionable expression were scattered in various words very freely. A comparison of the dictation-books with the word complained of was made, and the guilty girl pointed out. She was sent away, and her parents, naturally, not being satisfied with the expert's opinion, Mr. Inglis



THE CLAIMANT'S HANDWRITING PORTION OF FIRST LETTER TO LADY TICHBORNE.

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Hoping my dear sister
he will make him welcome
for he is a dear friend of
mine so good bye Arthur Orton

PORTION OF THE CLAIMANT'S LETTER TO HIS SISTER, SHOWING THE HIEROGLYPHICS.

was consulted. He could only confirm, in every possible way, the idea expressed by the previous expert.

Mr. Inglis executed the facsimiles utilized by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the Tichborne trial. The late Lord Cockburn published an edition of his own of his memorable summing-up in this famous case. At the end of the volume are a number of pages of the many facsimiles used at the trial, in order to show the identity of Arthur Orton's handwriting with that of the assumed Roger, and the difference in style from those of the real Roger. Here is habit again, and the reader is invited to study the examples given here, and to form his own conclusions as to what the one evinced in his penmanship and the other lacked. A very simple habit—just a matter of continual sharp loops at the beginning of each line.

As to the opinion which judges have of experts in handwriting, the compliment paid by Lord Cockburn to the experts engaged in the Tichborne trial may be quoted here. In summing up, he said: "The evidence of professional witnesses is to be viewed with some degree of distrust, for it is generally with some bias; but within proper limits it is a very valuable assistance in inquiries of this kind. The advantage is that habits of handwriting—as shown in minute points which escape common observation, but are quite observable when pointed out—are detected and disclosed by science, skill, and experience. And it is so in the comparison of handwriting by the assistance of experts."

My Dear Mother
If such be
my intention to do leave the
Army I must begin soon

PORTION OF THE LAST LETTER OF THE REAL ROGER.

Your affectionate friend
Arthur Orton
give my best respects to your
Mother and tell her i thank
her kindly for her good wishes
good bye

PORTION OF THE CLAIMANT'S LETTER TO MISS MARY ANN LODER, SHOWING HIEROGLYPHICS LEARNT IN SPANISH AMERICA.

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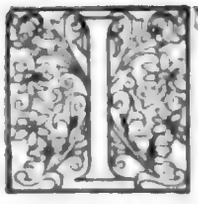
Peculiar Furniture.

By James Scott.



IN the capacity of designer of furniture novelties for the trade and for technical journals, I have frequently met with particulars and drawings of curious articles of what may be called "practical joke furniture," and have sometimes seen the actual goods. I have been interested in making a collection of the details of these curious chairs, tables, beds, etc., and, under the impression that the description of some of them may prove acceptable reading, have made a selection from my portfolio. The explanations of the mechanical portions of the articles will be found sufficiently exhaustive to assist any reader, who may so aspire, to make any of the goods.

The chair illustrated in Fig. 1 would appear harmless enough to the person intending to

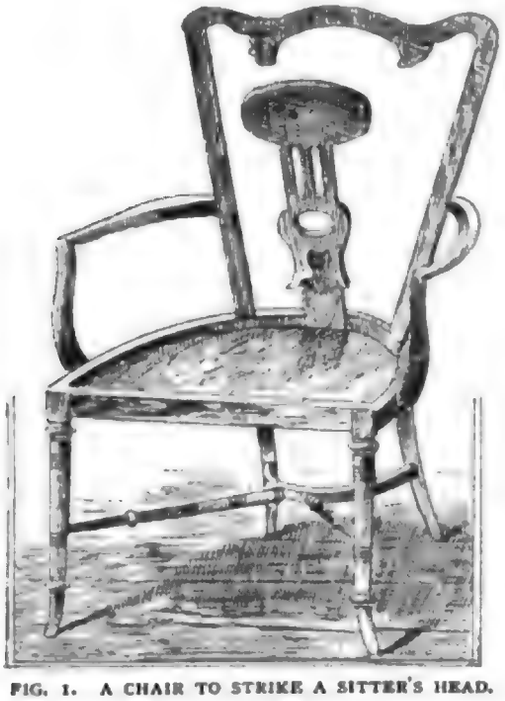
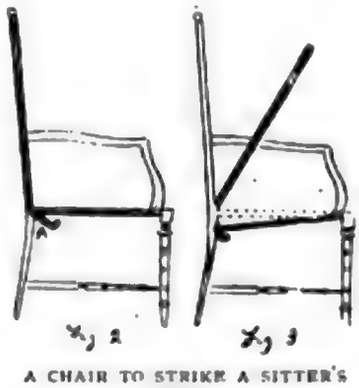


FIG. 1. A CHAIR TO STRIKE A SITTER'S HEAD.

accept the comfort apparently offered by it, but upon taking a seat that person would experience a decidedly sharp smack upon the back of his head. Naturally, he would instinctively and quickly rise, only to discover the chair in its normal condition, no sign of weakness of any part being observable. The drawing illustrates the chair in its tormenting attitude—as it would appear supposing a person were seated upon it. A side view of the chair, supposed to be cut exactly in half, is shown in Fig. 2.

The immediate effect of a person's weight upon the seat is to cause the back edge of it to subside, and press upon the lower and hidden end (A) of a banister, or upright middle piece, the direct result being that the extreme upper end of this banister is projected violently forward, as in Fig. 3; striking the person's head before he has had the opportunity of avoiding the blow. The seat is hinged in front to the framing of the chair, as also is the banister. A spring, somewhat resembling the pattern of those fitted behind shop doors, is attached to the under-side of the seat, and this spring forces the seat to regain its original elevation instantaneously upon the release of the pressure previously exerted above it. In like manner, the action of a small spring situated between the banister and the seat-frame results in the return of the banister to its normal position. One can imagine the surprise of a person unfortunate enough to receive a shock from the



A CHAIR TO STRIKE A SITTER'S HEAD.

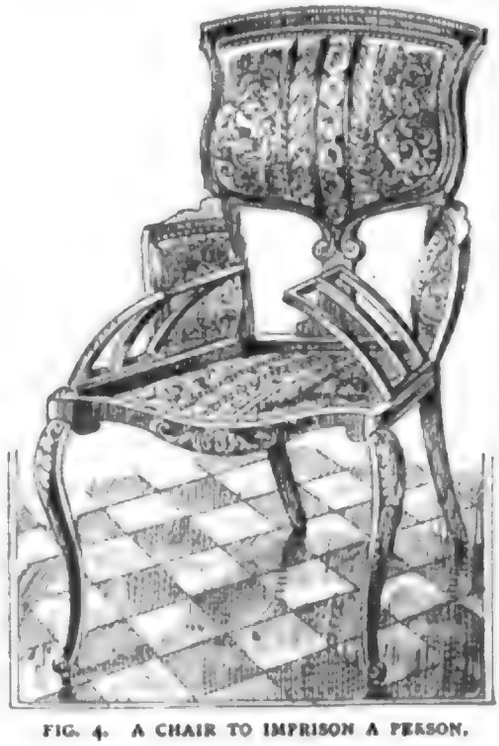


FIG. 4. A CHAIR TO IMPRISON A PERSON.

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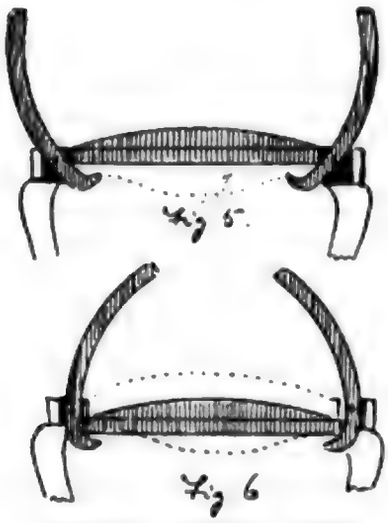
innocent-looking banister. The top of this banister, under ordinary circumstances, comes into direct contact with the under edge of the chair top.

A chair possessing less obnoxious capabilities is that drawn in Fig. 4, yet it is one equally likely to create surprise on the occupant's part. The weight of the sitter depresses the seat bodily for an inch or so, acting on levers adjoined to the bottom end of a portion of each arm, the immediate result being that the front halves of the arms arch over the sitter's legs, thereby imprisoning him, and rendering movement of the legs a difficult matter. To add to the effectiveness of this article, contrivances are fitted in the back and front framework of the seat, which throw out a pair of catches as soon as the seat sinks, fully serving to prevent the return of the seat and arms to their normal position until the catches have been pushed into the woodwork again. A man could thus be held a prisoner for a lengthy time. Fig. 5 shows the arms up; Fig. 6, down, as in Fig. 4.



A CHAIR TO IMPRISON A PERSON.

A third and rather atrocious description of article is seen in Fig. 8. The front portion of the seat subsides beneath the sitter, transferring him instantly to the carpet. The distance of the drop, and the velocity of its accomplishment, are both calculated to produce bruises or broken bones. Two catches—one at each side—may be used in order to maintain the seat in a rigid, horizontal position when so required. A "shop-door" spring is likewise fitted to the under-side of the seat, which immediately returns to its ordinary level when the person has slipped off it.

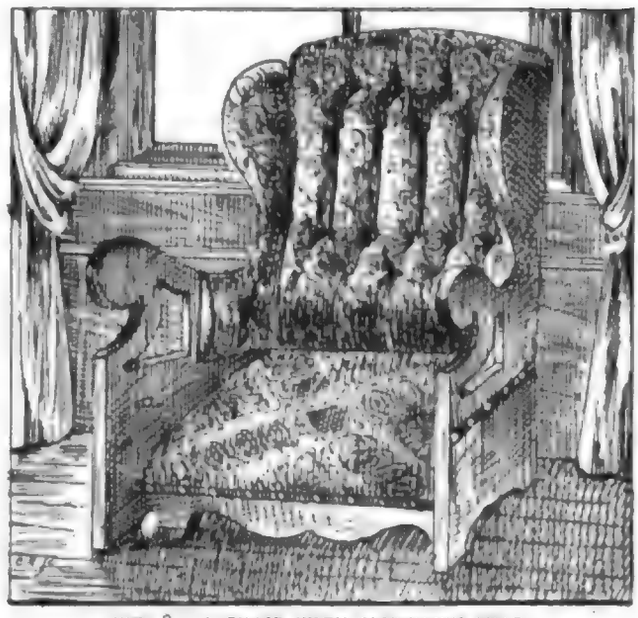


FIG. 8. A CHAIR WITH SLIP-DOWN SEAT.

A chair, the ultimate purpose of which is somewhat analogous to that of the article illustrated by Fig. 4, yet different in its action, is shown in Figs. 9 and 10. The first drawing provides a view of it in its normal state. Upon taking a seat nothing unusual is experienced; but immediately the occupant leans against the back, that back gives way to the extent of a few inches at the top, thereby forcing the arms round the body of the sitter, after the manner to be seen by

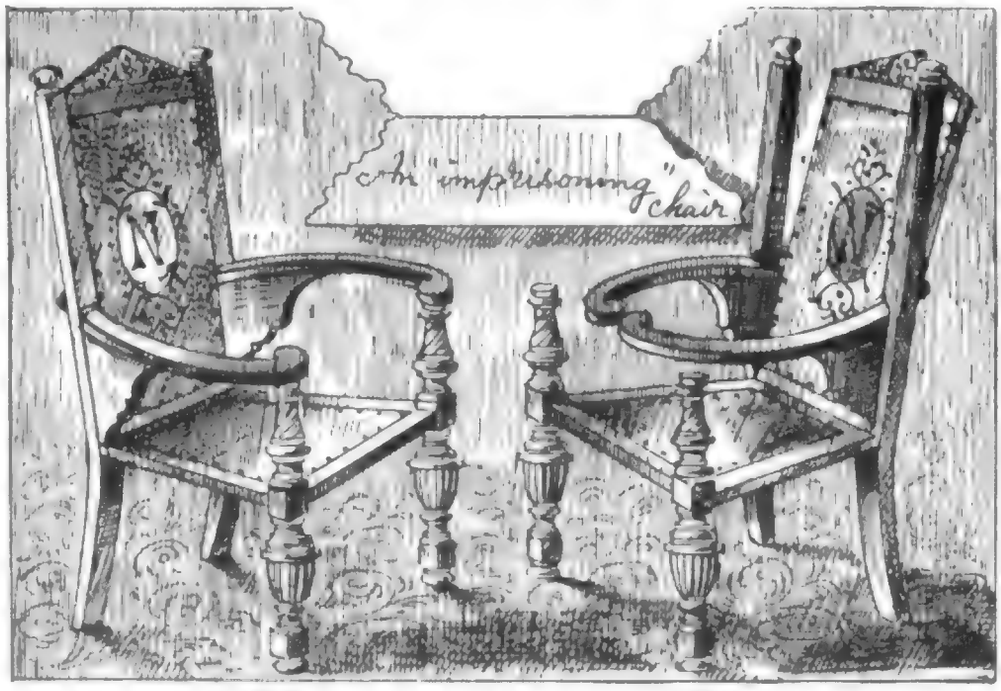
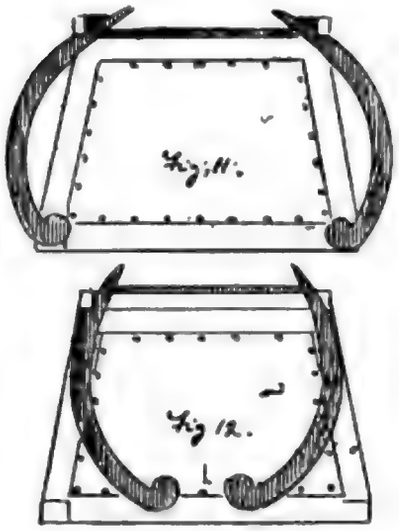


FIG. 9. FIG. 10.

a reference to Fig. 10. The motions producing these results are explained as follows: Each arm is hinged, as in the plan Fig. 11, to the inner side of a back upright. The back is hinged to the seat, but is prevented from falling too far by means of a curved back rail joined to the uprights.



AN IMPRISONING CHAIR.

When pressure is exerted on the back, the curved end of the arms—those parts behind the chair—are pushed, thus causing the arms to swing round as shown in plan Fig. 12. A person could, in this manner, be held a temporary prisoner for a period depending upon the discretion of the owner of the chair.

Turning aside from peculiar chairs, I will introduce a very innocent-looking article in the shape of a piano-stool. Fig. 13 gives its usual appearance. Receiving an invitation to amuse the company with a tune on the piano, the pianist would proceed to the instrument, where it would be explained to him that the top of the stool was incapable of rising, but "would he just try the height, to ascertain whether it were suitable?" Dumping down on it, the pianist would momentarily be struck with the impression that an earthquake had taken place, for the seat would depress beneath his weight, until it reached the elevation depicted in Fig. 14. Most assuredly the effect of this subsidence would be to hurl him to the floor, to be eventually confronted upon his rising with the stool apparently unaltered in form or size.

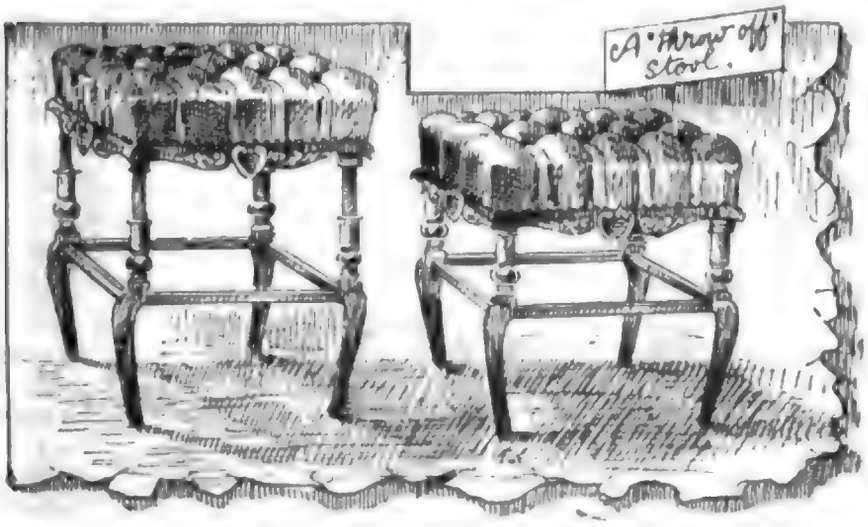


FIG. 13. FIG. 14.

It would be difficult, I fear, to find the man who would not strenuously resent such despicable treatment, especially if the practical joke were imposed upon him whilst in the midst of a gathering of festive people.

The contrivance permitting this action on the part of the seat is of the simplest kind. Each turned leg consists of two pieces—a hollow lower portion, into which fits a cylindrical upper piston. A strong spiral spring is inserted within each hollow, beneath the end of each upper piece, and these springs force the seat back to its original height when the pressure of the body is taken away. There are grooves partially along the upper pistons, into which fit small pegs attached to the tops of the lower portions of the legs, and these prevent the seat from being forced entirely out of place.

My descriptive remarks now reach what must be regarded as an hypocritical table. Everyone, no doubt, is acquainted with the assertions of mesmerists respecting the possibility of the strong influence of mind, acting through the medium of hands placed on a table, raising the table to a height of a few inches. I will not attempt to criticise this declaration, for the mind, I am aware, is capable of such development as to produce wonders in the way of its power over inanimate matter; but here is the explanation of the way in which trickery may be, and often is, introduced into these experiments.

Two or four persons may sit at the table illustrated in Fig. 15, one of the number being, of course, the owner of the article, who is acquainted with the details and object of its construction. Hands are placed, in pairs, upon the top of the table, and the persons are requested to concentrate their attention upon the matter of endeavouring to raise it by the aid of will-power alone, their gaze to be meanwhile fixed steadfastly at the centre of the table-top.

After remaining in this posture for a few

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moments, they will feel the table pressing upward, apparently acceding to their desires. It will seem rather unsteady, but will continue to rise until a certain height has

A RAISABLE TABLE.

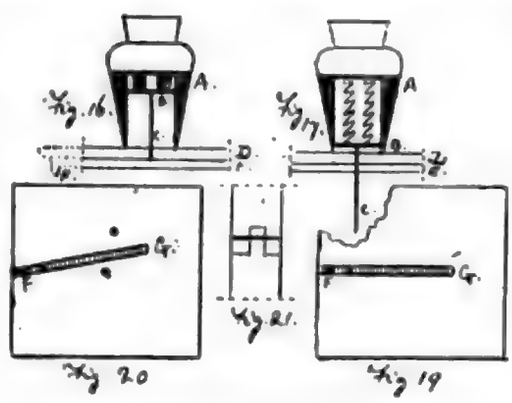
been attained, when it will slowly sink, and assume its normal position. Should one of the experimenters become inquisitive during the uprising of the table, and glance at the legs of the article, he will perceive that the extremities of them are actually off the floor, and will naturally be astonished at the progress of events.

Other tables may, perhaps, be tried; but for some reason or another, so the host will explain, they will not rise. They may be too heavy, or the impulse of the operators may be weakened after experimenting with this table. The visitors will little dream that they have been effectually deceived by a most simple contrivance, which is now exposed to the reader. The vase of evergreens is a fixture. Its upper portion is devoted to the purpose evidenced by the existence of the plant; but its lower half contains the means of deceit.

Fig. 16 will assist the reader to understand the arrangement adopted in order to secure the results described. A is a division in the vase, supporting the mould and plant. B is a movable division, travelling, when required, up and down a cylindrical space within the vase. Between the fixed and movable divisions is placed a series of strong spiral springs. From the bottom of the movable division proceeds a very thin metal rod (C), its lower extremity being flush or level with the under-side of the bottom board (D) of the table, where it is covered by a rail (E) pivoted on this same side. Now, the rail just mentioned has a projection (F), which can be easily touched by the foot.

Figs. 19 and 20 provide plans of the underside of the bottom board. G represents the pivoted rail, which covers the end of the metal rod. Upon applying the foot to the catch F, the rail will turn, exposing the end of the rod. When this has been done, the springs force the movable division downwards and push the rod against the floor, the consequence being that the table is impelled in an upward direction. Of course, it would topple over were it not for the persons' hands, which steady it. The liability to unsteadiness is calculated to impress the visitors to a greater extent than a steadily rising table would be likely to.

The rod is composed of two portions, pivoted as in Fig. 21, and when this part emerges beneath the bottom board of the table, manœuvring on the part of the owner will result in the table moving bodily in a side direction, causing the rod to bend at the joint, when a small spring, which is permanently inserted in that joint, completes the trick by forcing the rod into contact with the under-side of the board, where it is then entirely out of sight. By this time the table will have resumed its normal position. The size of the bottom board prevents any of the operators seeing the rod, should they happen to peer curiously at the table legs. The rod would be apparent to anyone sitting at a distance from it, in the same way as it is apparent in the drawing; but, of course, the owner would exercise his discretion as to the occasions when the experiment took place.



A RAISABLE TABLE.

By using a double-bottom board, the rail E, Figs. 16 and 17 (also shown as G in Figs. 19 and 20), may be effectively hidden from *too*-curious visitors.

The next table (Fig. 22) differs to a great extent from the foregoing. It is a garden-table; apparently a tree-stump surmounted by a marble-cloth covered board. One can imagine the consternation experienced by a visitor invited to sit in a summer arbour with

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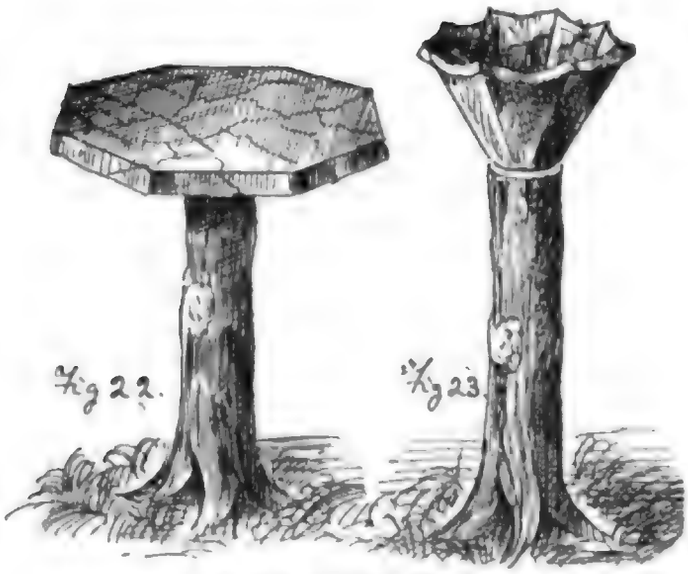
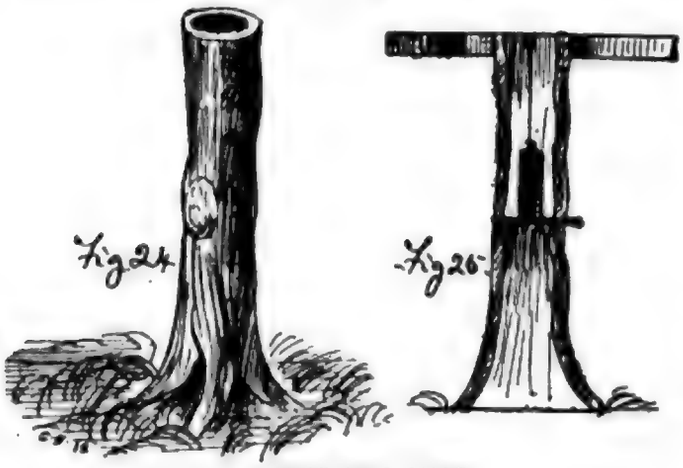


A DISAPPEARING TABLE.

his host, adjacent to one of these tables, when he found, after having had his attention diverted for a moment, that the solid-looking top had disappeared. He would feel in a ridiculous position, sitting facing his com-



A DISAPPEARING TABLE.

panion, with an ordinary bare tree-stump standing between them. He might eventually discover that the top had gone a journey down into the hollow interior of the stump; but notwithstanding the simplicity of the method by which such a result had been accomplished, he would, doubtless, be at a loss to account for the disappearance.

The shape of the table is octagonal, and the appearance of the hanging edge gives one the impression that the table-top is a solid affair. This, however, is a misconception, for the top consists of nothing more than six steel ribs, resembling those of an ordinary umbrella, radiating from a small circular piece of wood, of a smaller diameter than the opening of the stump, entirely covered with marble cloth. Their arrangement prevents them from folding downwards from the centre block. Half-way down the tree-stump, within its interior, is pivoted a narrow shelf, the unattached end of which protrudes outside the stump, through a slit. This shelf is movable in a horizontal direction, and upon it a weight is supported. To the weight is secured a string, connected also to the centre of the table-top. Whilst the weight is standing upon the shelf the top is sufficiently rigid to conceal its formation. But immediately upon the protruding end of the shelf being moved sideways, the weight is dislodged, falling instantly to the bottom of the cavity, and of course carrying with it the table-top, which is bound to collapse, as shown in Fig. 23.

Fig. 24 shows the appearance of this curious article after the top has so effectively disappeared. Fig. 25 illustrates the interior.

The article drawn in Fig. 26 is one calculated to instil intense fright if its effect be practised upon a visitor at night time and in the dark. Supposing that a jocular old farmer has invited one of his town relatives to spend a few days with him; and, supposing further that the town relative has wished the old farmer "Good-night!" and is lying half awake in his bed, his state would be fearful at suddenly being fully aroused by a shrieking, howling, whistling noise at no great distance from him. Most assuredly he would not hesitate to accept

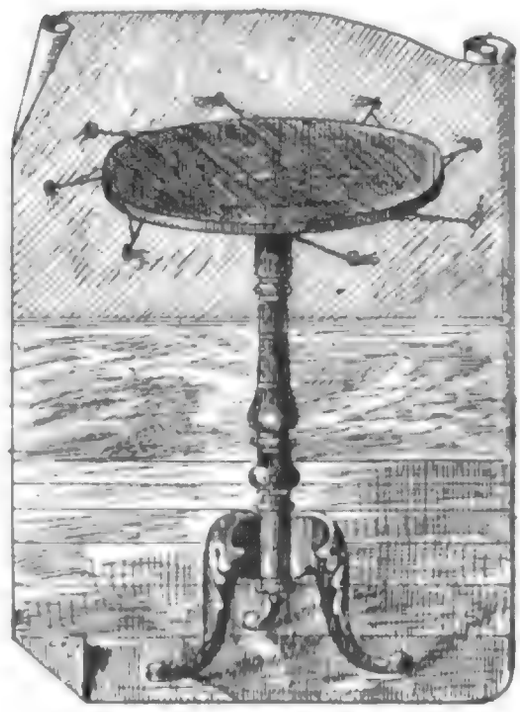


FIG. 26. A WHISTLING TABLE.

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the belief that the place was haunted by evil spirits.

The cause of the disturbance can be quickly revealed. An ordinary-looking coffee table is so constructed that its top revolves. A powerful spring is wound around the pivot which extends from the table-top into the pillar. Hinged underneath the top is a series of wires, at the end of each being fixed a whistle resembling the "bird-warblers" sold in such large numbers in our main thoroughfares. Under ordinary circumstances these wires are held flat against the underside of the top by means of pieces of elastic (see Fig. 27), the whistles pointing towards the centre of the table. To a very small catch is connected a length of twine, which passes down the pillar, through one of the claw feet, and out through the door or window, *viâ* the underside of the carpet. The table is, of course, made to withstand the strain brought to bear upon it when the twine is pulled, at which moment the catch is released, thereby permitting the top to revolve, the consequence being that the terrific rate of the revolutions impels the wires outwards as seen in Fig. 26, when the wild whirling of the whistles forces the air through them, producing the horrible sounds desired. So soon as the revolving of the top desists, the pieces of elastic exert *their* power, and pull the wires back to their normal position, in which situation they are entirely out of sight.

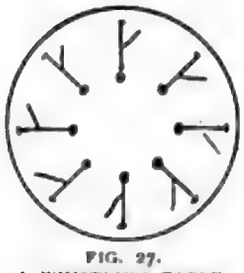

FIG. 27.
A WHISTLING TABLE.

The object of each and all of the pieces of furniture heretofore described assumes a mild and inoffensive nature when compared to the object of the bedstead illustrated in Fig. 28. Most people are acquainted with the tales relative to travellers, and the risks they ran, in the old coaching days of this country. In isolated inns, men of the road were done to death by brutal landlords for the sake of the money and property which they carried. I have many details in my possession of the forms of secret panels and flooring, by means of which ingress was made to a man's apartment when desired. It was useless for the traveller to lock the door of the room. But the use of this bed entirely obviated the necessity for direct personal

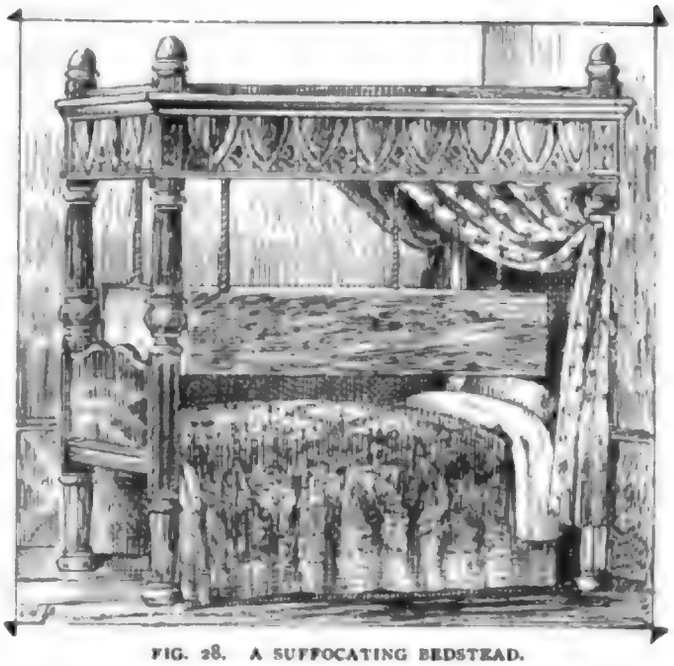

FIG. 28. A SUFFOCATING BEDSTEAD.

contact with the wretched occupant who had sought rest and met conflict. Nothing whatever of a suspicious character revealed itself to the eye of the wayfarer, yet when the scoundrel who meditated crime had satisfied himself that the man slept, he would quickly lower an interior portion of the canopy of the bedstead, firmly imprisoning him in an air-tight cavity until suffocation ensued. Struggling and shouting would be useless under such circumstances, as the weight of the box would be tremendous.

Four ropes pass up through the floor of the room, and travel along shafts in the bedposts, serving to support the movable portion of the canopy, which, even if something wrong were suspected, one would have great difficulty in detecting to be so treacherously constructed. Of course, more than one pair

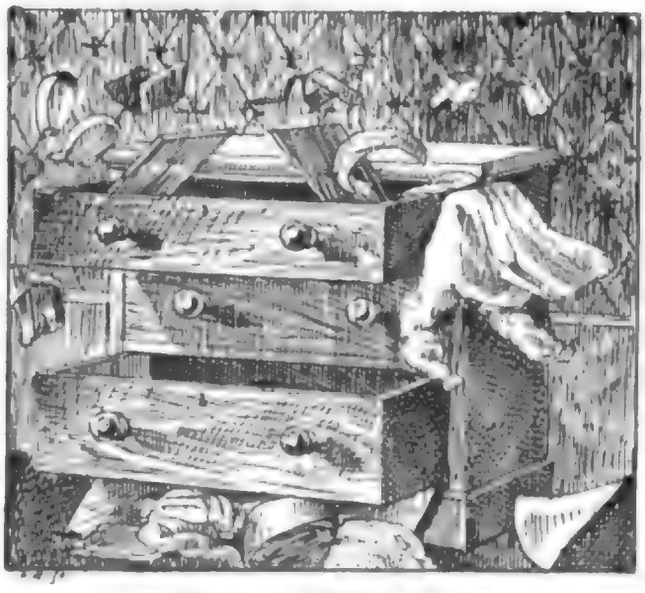

FIG. 29. A SURPRISE CHEST.

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of hands would be needed in order to lower this canopy, unless mechanical aid were called into requisition.

Another bedroom article, but, happily, one possessing far different capabilities than the foregoing formidable bedstead, is shown in Fig. 29. The bottoms of the drawers are devised in such a manner that upon certain occasions one of them will, by means of powerful springs fitted beneath it, effect the sudden upheaval of the contents of the drawer upon its being opened, whilst the bottom of another will, at some other time, follow a reverse course, and permit the linen to fall through.

As the details of this article are of a somewhat complicated character, and would prove but tedious reading, I will omit them; but the general construction of the drawers is made clear in Fig. 29.

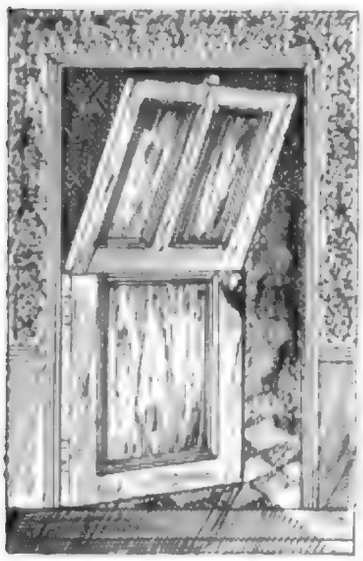

FIG. 30. A STRIKING DOOR.

A door, which might prove very useful if fitted in some of the rooms to which enterprising gentlemen of the burgling persuasion are sometimes tempted, is shown in Fig. 30. When shut, it resembles an ordinary door; but upon being opened it immediately surprises the visitor by letting its upper half fall heavily upon his unfortunate head.

The reason for the door acting in this forcible manner is explained by the fact that a small projection, or tongue, fits into a hollow in the framing surrounding the doorway when the door is shut, and is drawn from the space upon the door being opened, the direction in which the door is travelling materially aiding the downfall.

I have deemed it fitting to leave the two most gruesome articles of furniture I have encountered until the conclusion of my paper. Fig. 31 shows the purpose to which, I am assured, many worthy and not very sensitive people have devoted the awe-inspiring receptacle which is so familiar an object to the eyes of man. Really, I believe there are but few persons who would not shudder at the thought of eating or drinking food which had been contained in so depressing an article.

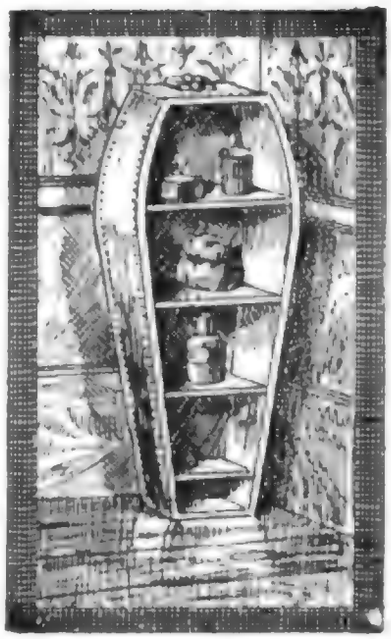

FIG. 31. A COFFIN CUPBOARD.

My last illustration will perhaps convey to the reader the most suggestive impressions. It is shown in Fig. 32. Here we have an article which brings both extremes of existence together—the symbol of *death* is used to rest the babe who has just begun *life*—birth and death are mentally associated upon contemplating this peculiar outcome of man's mind. Whether intended to impress the growing child with the nearness of death, and to demand a due reverence for the future state of man, or whether merely the result of a morbid desire to connect the mind continually with the undertaker, I cannot venture to say; although it must be admitted that the cross fixed at the head of this curious cradle substantiates the supposition that a religious idea prompted its construction. The bells, which tinkle upon occasions when the cradle is being rocked, seem to point to the wish on the parents' part to comfort the little darling of humanity destined to occupy this coffin-cradle.

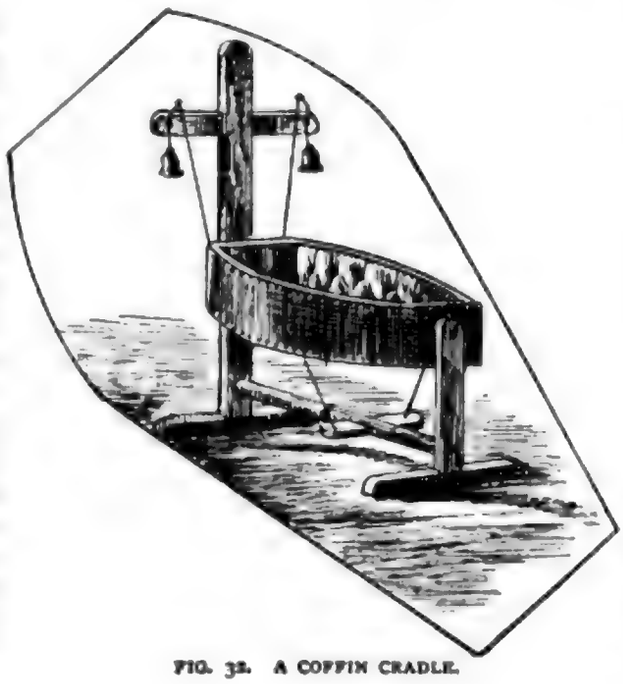

FIG. 32. A COFFIN CRADLE.

The Eagle's Crag.

By M. P. Shiel.

THE village of Arli is, I should think, quite the smallest community of human beings extant with a baker's shop and a *cabaret* in it. The primitive folk who inhabit it would strike you as more than merely old-fashioned—they are antique, prehistoric, suggesting "the old eternities."

They are amphibious too, like seals. Living high up on a spur of the Apennines, you would call them mountaineers, but they are fishermen as well—water-rats, if you like—and from their high eminence they can almost see the little sweep of dark grey sand on which they draw up their boats o' nights. All round the valley, which reaches down to the sea, hang tiny villages at dizzy heights on the bare crags. They look like nothing so much as nests. Till you go near them, the imagination refuses to see why they do not topple over all of a heap. A telescope would reveal to you the fact that everywhere there is a small square church tower; it is as if the eagles had set to work and built baby temples to the Infinite.

In Arli, wonderful to tell, there lived a great man, a rich man, and a wise. What if he could not read? He had seen the world, and all its wonders. The house he lived in had not peat or thatch on the roof like the houses of the rest of men, but real shingles that had come from Genoa, hard by. This was old Francesco Testi, bent down now with age, his long locks all white like the driven snow; but with eyes still wild and bright as ever. What fate was ever like this fate? He, like others, had started life as a goat-herd and deep-sea fisher, and see what he had grown to now, after four-score years of living—rich and honoured, a king in Arli! Nothing is incomprehensible but the infinitely simple, and that was why these poor people never could understand how this miracle had been brought about for Francesco; and yet the whole secret lay in the fact that he had had the pluck and the invention to go off to Genoa to be a sailor, and had dared to cross the great sea in a great ship.

FRANCESCO TESTI.

It was darkly whispered that Signor Francesco had a thousand napoleoni, which people were keeping for him in a bank in some far-off city. And this all was to fall to Simonetta, his grand-daughter, when he died—to her, and the husband she should choose. Simonetta, mark you, was only seventeen, and many a time, as she wandered lonely in the chestnut woods, she felt hardly grateful for her thousand napoleoni. She was a beam of sunlight, and felt herself to some extent forbidden to shine, and glance, and dart. By a beam of sunlight, of course, I mean a flirt. She was the queen of the village, and was dying to be its plaything. The lads worshipped her, but at a distance that was dreadful to her.

Now, it happened that one fine day old Francesco took himself up and went away somewhither. It must have been to that same far-off city where all his wealth lay stored, for when he returned he had all his worldly goods about him in the shape of a pile of notes. Day by day the hunger to see them, to fondle them, had grown on him, till the longing became a greed, a lust. So he had gone, and on the very night of his return he showed them in his wicked glee to

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Simonetta before locking them up in a frail wooden cabinet; and Simonetta, in a flutter, went and told Marina, who fluttered for company, and so the flutter spread and spread, till the very crows in the trees caught the contagion, and croaked the great news in concert.

But on the morning of the third day after Francesco's return, the notes were gone—gone!—and every one of those brown faces turned to white, and a great hush fell on all that mountain-side.

From far and near they came, assembling in front of the shingled house, speaking little and in whispers. They waited long as the slow hours rolled round, hoping for a sight of the old man's scared face. All this time they relieved one another like sentinels. At last, at dusk, Simonetta came to the door, a woful sight, her eyes all red with weeping.

"My grandfather thanks you, good people, for your kind feeling," she said, and then broke down, sobbing straightaway. "He—would come—and thank you—himself, but——"

"Who stole the money, Simonetta; tell us that? What does Francesco think?" cried a voice.

"He—doesn't know—but it must be one of you."

A murmur, half of anger, rose from the crowd. They were honest folk, you see, and a theft like this had never been known among them.

"What about that Pippo?" shrieked a woman's voice.

Simonetta started and looked up. This was an idea that seemed to appeal to her quick woman's wit. But she shook her head after a moment, and said:—

"No, it is impossible. Grandfather saw Pippo at Milan, where he got the notes. Pippo is far from here."

There was a sharp exclamation of surprise at this point from a man in the crowd. It camé from Nicolo, the boatman, the fruit-carrier to the Eagle's Crag. Every eye turned to him. Here, surely, would be light and insight, if anywhere. But Nicolo, who was not prone to speech, and shyer than a chamois kid, hung his head, and said nothing.

"It boots nothing to stand there making guesses," continued Simonetta. "It would be better if you all went home and tried to forget us. But, oh! I beg of you, whoever has stolen the money, for the Madonna's sake, to return it! Nothing will be said. You would not kill an old man?—and this has nearly killed him already. And besides, he bids me say to you all, that whoever—mark that—whoever brings back those pieces of paper shall—shall—have me for his—— You know what I would say, perhaps. I am a maiden, and would speak maidenly. And I would consent, too—indeed, indeed, I would—if only to save him from dying of his despair!"

She ceased her simple speech and closed the door, whereupon the crowd formed itself into a series of select committees to discuss the situation. For the present, only one of their number withdrew from the conclave of loosened tongues—it was Nicolo, the silent.

He descended the mountain-side for a while, then turned into a lonely piece of level land shut in by crags. The short grass was covered in places by patches of crisp snow, which had fallen only the evening before. All the time he kept his eye fixed on the ground, as if searching for something. That something he had seen there the previous night, and he now wanted to see it again. Fresh snow had fallen since, but it must have been very little, for he soon gave a grunt of satisfaction, and bent low down to examine his find: it was an enormous footprint in the snow.

Nicolo knew that there were only two feet in all Italy that could make such a track as that—the feet of Pippo, the hunchback. And yet Pippo was supposed to be far away in Milan!

Pippo, I must tell you, was a stranger in those parts. No true mountain-climber he, but a Roman from the flat lands of the Campagna. Some three years before he had suddenly appeared in the midst of these solitudes, and had settled down amongst them. No one knew who or what he was, save this: that he was a learned man, a chemist, a reader of books. It was clear, too, that he must be rich; and people whispered that he must be one of the *far niente* ones of the big outside world, who, for some crime, had come to this lonely, quiet place to hide securely from justice; for he did not labour like other men, but spent his time in awful bouts of drunken madness, or—during lucid intervals—in wandering over the mountains, and, in his monstrous, misshapen head, dreaming vain dreams of Simonetta.

At first she had only laughed at him, and witched him only the more with her laughter, till one day, meeting her alone in a wood, he seized on her like a falcon on a dove, and in wild words swore she should be his. Then did Simonetta all at once become a tragic queen. Her little nails were sharp, and she used them to tear

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chained. But when it was over he began sullenly again, not even pausing to feel grateful.

His scanty garments were always wet, and soon hung in rags from him. The elements, wandering through the world in search of a plaything, saw him, and made him their target. The hail, the sun, the sirocco, the snow took turns in shying at him, in pinching and torturing him. Gradually his eye lost lustre, his ribs stood out, and a feverish palsy seized on him. He became the ruin of a man. And with all this, the spirit, too, that had borne him up began to droop. Genius, you see, has its limits. The very worst element of his malady was the terrible temptation that seized him in the last days of his toil, voluntarily—defiantly—to hurl his failing limbs into the deeps beneath him.

At last, one day when only a week's labour remained to be done, Nicolo, absorbed in his work, suddenly felt a shiver run through him. He glanced up; the sky was inky in its blackness; underneath, the sea was white with foam, and the breakers were whishing and thundering against the base of the rock. He looked for his boat, and he saw it—but miles away, a black dot on the seething waters. To swim after it in such a sea, in such a current, was a task too great for any man, and he was already very weak. He was a real Prometheus now—chained irrevocably to the rock he had set out to conquer.

He worked night and day, foodless, parched, sleepless, bowing his head before the relentless storm that tugged and tore at him, swinging him viciously from side to side, or battering him against the rock. Had he been a good man, a humble man, he would inevitably have failed; but a demon was in him—and on the morning of the third day he reached out his bony arm, drew himself on to the ledge, and with a deep gasp, fell prone on the object of all his effort, to die.

He lay there without sign of life all that day and another, the storm raging over him; but when it cleared, Nicolo stirred in his long sleep, and awoke to new hope and motion. After all, pain is only pain, and when it is past, seems bearable enough; and was it not for Simonetta—she who, he hoped, had written the sweet hieroglyph, "I love you"—that he had suffered so? And now at last—at last—he had triumphed, and had only to stretch out his hand to take the notes. He never for a moment doubted the correctness of his theory that they had been thrown there attached to some weight, and if so, it was clear they could not have rolled off, for the inside edge of the ledge was at a lower level than the outside.

He rose to his feet and walked backward and forward several times over the narrow platform. Merciful God! *But there were no notes there!* With his head fallen forward on his breast he sank down again on the rock, moaning piteously, for the first time giving way to utter despair.

Presently it struck him that he was dying of thirst, and he decided to descend, intending to swim round to the other side if his strength sufficed—he hoped that it would not. As he was about to step over the edge, a piece of metal at the very end of the ledge caught his eye. He wondered vaguely what it was doing there, and picked it up. It was a large, heavy nail.

To his surprise, two bits of thin white thread were tied around it. The first of these led up from the piece of metal along the side of the rock above him: he could not follow it far with his eye, but he concluded that it must be fastened to one of the shrubs at the summit. He tugged at it, and it snapped mid-way. Then he looked at the other thread. He was endlessly mystified to see it lead straight up, not along the side of the rock this time, but up into the air, away from the slanting edge of the rock, where this narrowed in to form the peaked summit—straight up and up—till he lost sight of it in the azure, as if, forsooth, this, and no other, were the slight connecting link that binds Heaven to earth. He pulled at it, and it yielded easily to his touch; he commenced to draw it in, as he used to draw in his fishing-line when a "bite" was on, hand over hand. The length seemed endless, but gradually a diminutive round object came into sight above his head. At this object the thread ended.

When the whole length had been thus taken in, Nicolo held in his hand a small balloon, a couple of feet in length, made of a double fold of gold-beater's skin, and filled with hydrogen gas. He tore it open; the notes were within it. With these firmly grasped in his right hand, with both his arms stretched out to Heaven, he dropped sobbing on his knees, uttering agonized thanks to God.

And at that moment his uplifted eyes met a face peering at him over the summit of the rock; far off as it was, he recognised it as the face of Pippo. He guessed at once that Pippo had missed him from the mainland, and, his suspicions being aroused, had come to see how the notes were faring.

I take a personal interest in all my people, and, no matter how busy I am, can always find time to listen to their hopes and fears."

"That's very good of you," Clinton murmured, smoothing out his manuscript.

Warden pushed back his plate and, rising, walked to the fire-place, jingling his loose money merrily in his pockets.

"I like to encourage young talent," he said, with much earnestness; "but, unfortunately, as a rule the most ridiculously absurd people that ever you saw are those who wish to adopt the stage as a profession. Now, Clinton, what do you imagine to be the qualifications that are necessary before a man or woman can hope for success on the stage?" Clinton hesitated and fingered his manuscript anxiously. "You can't give an opinion, eh? Well, I'll tell you, and you may be sure I know what I'm talking about."

Drawing a deep breath, the little man folded his arms across his breast, and straightening his figure, with his eyes sparkling with animation, proceeded in full, round tones:—

"You want, in the first place, good appearance; in the second, good voice; in the third, marked intellectual powers; in the fourth, grand facial expression, an eye which indicates a mind of no common order—an eye wherein the soul of the man is reflected; a figure of dignity — not necessarily tall, mind you—and a general air of capability and superiority. I say it without conceit, but you may take my word for it, all these things are absolutely necessary to success."

Crimson in the face, Clinton made a desperate effort.

"I am afraid I made a slight mistake," he faltered; "I fancy now that my play will read a trifle over half an hour."

"Well, we've allowed a good margin," Warden responded, cheerily, reseating himself. "I always allow a good margin in these cases, because there are certain to be plenty of small details to consult over. I'm considered a capital adviser on these subjects. I've got the bump of construction very strongly developed in my cranium; my head's a most remarkable shape — in fact, the imaginative faculties are simply abnormally developed; and I'm sure any assistance I can give you with regard to your little play, I shall be most——"

"You'll tell me the truth, sir, I hope," Clinton interrupted; "you won't try to spare my feelings. I want your genuine opinion."

"And you shall have it, my dear boy," the other replied, warmly. "If I don't like your piece, I'll tell you so candidly; if I do—well, I won't raise hopes which may not be realized, but I should be really glad to do a good turn for any friend of Moore's. Now, fire away!"

"And you will not let my bad reading prejudice you against the piece?" the palpitating author continued, with a sickly smile. "Authors never can read their own works, I'm told."

"They can't, my boy, I know it!" Warden assented, with a laugh. "I say it, without conceit: there's no man living who's a better elocutionist than I am; but even I cannot read my own plays."

"I wasn't aware, sir, that you were a writer as well as an actor," Clinton cried, impulsively.

Rising quickly, Warden crossed the room. "Come here," he said, briskly.

With rather a scared countenance, Clinton placed his manuscript upon the table, and joined the manager, who stood before a well-filled book-case.

"Do you see that row of quarto volumes?" the dapper little man asked, with his head on one side, and his bright eyes gleaming with interest.

"Yes," Clinton stammered.

"All bound manuscripts, my dear fellow; my own, every one of them. Look here. Strong titles these! 'The Human Scorpion'; 'Herod Out-Heroded'; 'The Red Hand.' A splendid character-part for a man in 'The Human Scorpion.' Irving didn't seem to see it; yet—I say it in all modesty—I don't believe any such part has ever been written before. He'd have made a tremendous hit in it. Now, in 'Herod Out-Heroded,' the man's part is strong; stronger, I can confidently assert, than most of the parts one finds in plays; a man who has to say in the last scene—'I am not a murderer, I *despise* the word! I am Nemesis! Others kill their tens: they murder in detail. I make of the whole world a holocaust!' You won't find a speech like that in any play that I know of. 'The Red Hand,' too, has magnificent parts all round, simply magnificent! If a man wants an opportunity for tenderness, for passionate declamation, and for high comedy, he couldn't get a better chance—I speak it impartially—than the hero in 'The Red Hand'; *but* 'The Human Scorpion' is simply a dramatic inspiration! Such a situation has never been dreamt of before. The Scorpion is a good man, mind you, a noble character, but he suffers from a strange affliction. The ends of his fingers sting

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everyone that he touches, and the sting is poisonous! There you are, you see. It's a grand idea. His mother dies mysteriously. His lover dies mysteriously, and in the last scene he commits suicide in a very curious manner. Quite original, I assure you. Stings himself—you understand? Irving, with his long, white fingers, would have made your blood creep. But, there, the cleverest men can't recognise their opportunities sometimes. Now, the manner in which the plot of 'The Human Scorpion' was first suggested to my mind was rather extraordinary. You know plots flash across your brain in a moment——"

"They do!" Clinton cried, with a catch in his breath, "they undoubtedly do. The plot of that little play I'm here to read to you, for instance, came to me in an instant."

Dropping the volume he had abstracted from the shelf, Warden ran his fingers through his hair, and hurriedly led the way towards the table.

"Why, bless me, of course, I had forgotten!" he murmured, penitently. "I must apologize, really. Please sit down and commence. I've finished my breakfast, and can attend entirely. The others are extra late today, I suppose——"

"I have not named the play yet," Clinton explained.

"Indeed!" Warden cried, starting forward in his chair. "I may be able to help you there. I am especially good at titles."

His forehead growing moist, Clinton proceeded hastily, paying no heed to the interruption.

"These are the characters represented: the Reverend Felix Findlater; Frederick Hammer; Joseph, a footman; Marjorie Findlater; Sybil Findlater; Emma, a housemaid. The scene is the morning-room at——"

Clinton stopped abruptly. The door opened softly, and an elderly, spectacled man came in.

"Ah, Browne, good morning!" the manager cried, heartily. "Here, come along, old man, your breakfast is getting cold. Now, what will you have? Bacon, kidneys, fish? But first let me introduce you to Mr. George Clinton, a friend of Jack Moore's, who has come to read a play to me."

The author and secretary bowed to each other, while Warden continued, with genuine feeling:—

"Clinton, this is my right hand, my old school chum, Henry Browne. If you knew half the good of him that I do——"

Helping himself quietly to bacon and coffee, with a glance at the flushed, anxious young author, Browne remarked, gently:—

"Mr. Clinton will not care to discuss my virtues now, I'm sure. Go on with your reading, please."

"Just one moment," Warden said, deprecatingly. "Clinton will excuse me, I'm sure. Any letters, Browne?"

"Not one of any interest," the secretary replied, firmly.

"Let me have a look at them, my boy."

"But Mr. Clinton is reading, isn't he?"

"No. We haven't begun yet."

"Oh, haven't you?" the other responded, meaningly. "Well, here they are, but I assure you there's nothing in them."

"By George!" Warden cried, looking over the bulky bundle, perfectly oblivious of the blank expression of the perturbed author. "By George! plenty of ladies this morning, any way!"

"All applications for seats or engagements," Browne explained, curtly.

"Any good, the latter?"

"Not a bit. Fashionable amateurs."

Throwing himself back in his chair, Warden thrust his hands into his pockets, and once more jingled the contents loudly, saying, merrily:—

"As I remarked just now, Clinton, you would scarcely credit the people who write for engagements. You remember the squinting girl with no chin, Browne? The one who actually sent her photo! Ha! ha! Where is that photo, by the way? I've got it somewhere, I know."

Springing up, he turned towards an escritoire; but before he could take a step, Browne laid his hand upon his arm.

"Come, Warden," he said, "Mr. Clinton doesn't want to see that hideous thing."

"I am sure he does," the other answered, innocently; "it's quite a curiosity."

"Give him the choice, any way," the secretary urged.

"I don't think I do care about seeing it just now, thank you all the same," Clinton said, hoarsely.

"Oh, all right, please yourself—you don't know what you've missed, that's all," Warden replied, reseating himself with a slightly aggrieved countenance. "Now, Clinton, I'm ready. First, though — How's the wind, Browne?"

"West."

"Good! I might have known without asking, though. I feel thoroughly fit this morning. You can't imagine the effect

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earnestly. "Mrs. Somerset honours me by showing an interest in my play." His heart growing lighter, he raised the manuscript and read :—

"The Reverend Felix Findlater; Frederick Hammer; Joseph, a footman; Marjorie Findlater; Sybil Findlater; Emma, a housemaid."

Warden placed the tips of his fingers together, and nodded his white head approvingly.

"Nice, compact little cast. Three men and three women."

"Oh, ah, I ought to have explained," Clinton interposed; "Sybil Findlater is a child."

"A child! Good!" Humphrey Warden cried, enthusiastically. "You are fond of children, Clinton?"

"Very," the author replied, readily.

His face beaming with smiles, Warden sprang up, and going to the door, opened it.

"Sophie, bring Miss Mabel," he called. Then turning to Clinton, he continued: "If you are fond of children, you must see my grandchild."

With a very pale countenance and a wan smile, Clinton replaced his manuscript upon the table; but he did not speak: he could not.

"Father," Mrs. Somerset said, firmly, "please don't call Sophie, I told her not to bring Mabel in this morning."

"But, my darling," the father expostulated, "the child always comes in just to say how do you do. I daresay the dear little soul is in great distress at being kept away. She won't hinder us a moment; besides, Clinton is fond of children. Ah, here she is! Here's my pet! Come here, come to grandpa, Mabel!"

But before the golden-haired toddler could obey his behest, the young mother took its little hand in hers, and said, with an air of sweet severity:—

"Now, Mabel, kiss grandpapa, and then run away with Sophie at once, because we're busy."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Warden, with a humorous grimace; "oh, dear, mother is cross this morning, isn't she?"

Lifting the child, he fondled the golden head lovingly. "That's my darling!" he murmured, holding the soft cheek against his own. "Now, Mabel, how d'ye do—and a kiss for Brownie, old friends first."

The child stretched towards the secretary, who, rising, kissed her hastily and re-seated himself.

"Halloa!" the manager exclaimed, "that was rather a peck, wasn't it, my precious? Never mind, birdie, there's another instead."

Kissing her again and again, the little man pranced round the room, still carrying the child, who laughed and screamed with pleasure; leaning her sunny head against his, the gold and silver threads mingling together. It was a pretty picture, the two were so thoroughly happy, but neither of the silent lookers-on appreciated it. Presently, out of breath, Warden stopped at Clinton's side.

"THE LITTLE MAN PRANCED ROUND THE ROOM."

"Now, Mabel," he panted, "how do, and a kiss for Mr. Clinton, my sweet."

"Father!" Mrs. Somerset cried, advancing.

"Nonsense, Dolly," the father retorted. "Clinton's fond of children. Now then, pet."

Terribly ill at ease, the unfortunate author rose; but his woe-begone visage was not inviting, and after a glance at it, Mabel turned away, and, clutching her grandfather tightly round the neck, hid her face on his shoulder.

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"Oh, come, come, Mabel, that's silly!" Warden said, with a chuckle of delight; "the gentleman's waiting. Now, darling, do as grandfather tells you."

But the baby clung the closer, and Warden's face grew quite grave.

"Mabel," he went on, earnestly, "kiss Mr. Clinton, or I shall be angry."

With the flush getting deeper on her cheeks, Mrs. Somerset went to her father.

"Father, dear," she pleaded, "as a favour to me, let the child go. She is inclined to be naughty altogether, this morning."

Warden shook his head and tried to look stern.

"All the more reason not to give in to her," he remarked, firmly. "Mabel, kiss Mr. Clinton at once! Clinton, please hold your face a little nearer."

With a sensation as of cold water running down his back, the hapless author protruded his forlorn countenance; but the child, having stolen a peep at him, began to cry vigorously, and even to kick, whereat her grandfather lost patience.

"Hang it all!" he ejaculated, warmly; "this child is getting too obstinate by half. But I will not be beaten by her. Come here, Dolly, and make her do as I tell her. Oh, don't move, Clinton, keep your face just as it is."

Clinton began to totter on his feet, and Mrs. Somerset, with sparkling eyes, took the child from the somewhat irate, elderly man, and put her into the arms of the maid, crying sharply:—

"Take her away at once; at once, Sophie, do you hear? I am sorry, father, to interfere," she continued, more gently—"but, dear, do recollect Mr. Clinton's business is important."

His good temper quite restored, Warden turned to the agitated young man.

"My dear boy," he said, "you must forgive me. That small minx is the apple of my eye, bless her! Now, Dolly, attend, please: don't talk."

Browne smothered a laugh, and Clinton recommenced unsteadily:—

"Interior of morning room at Mr. Findlater's. Handsomely furnished apartment. Family portraits on walls. Old Master over mantelshelf——"

"Pictures! Old Master! Good!" Warden cried, rattling his money excitedly. "Are you fond of pictures, Clinton?"

Mrs. Somerset and Browne coughed simultaneously, and the scared author raised his eyes, but he could make nothing of their signals and head shakings.

"Yes," he replied, drearily, "yes, I'm fond of pictures."

Warden rose, and walking briskly to the easel, withdrew the curtain and disclosed an utterly incomprehensible painting: a worthless imitation of a well-known artist, meaningless daubs of yellow being depicted upon an impenetrably black background.

"If you're fond of pictures, here's something will delight you," Warden cried, gloatingly. "Now, what do you think of that?"

The young man hesitated.

"I don't call that a picture," Warden proceeded.

"No, no more do——"

"It's a poem, sir, not a picture. I say it, and you won't find me far wrong in matters artistic. I am an art critic by instinct, in fact. Never had a lesson, but I know exactly how a thing ought to be. If I hadn't taken to the stage, I should have made a first-rate painter. Why, I have suggested a dozen subjects, any one of which might have made a big sensation; but painters are queer folk: they never seem disposed to take an idea from anyone else. Now, that man is an exception, that landscape is the result of a suggestion of mine; but he's a genius, this fellow is, and yet he has never once been hung at the R.A. But how can you wonder? Think who are the successful artists nowadays—just you run through their names——"

"Father!" Mrs. Somerset interrupted, desperately. "Unless he goes on, I shall forget the names of Mr. Clinton's characters."

"By Jove! Yes, of course. My dear, you are perfectly right. Clinton, I must apologize again. Sit down, my boy. By-the-bye, would you mind giving me some idea of the idiosyncrasies of the characters before you start off? It helps one so much in understanding a play. One doesn't miss points."

Greatly reassured, for Warden appeared at last to have settled down calmly, Clinton replied, quite cheerfully:—

"By all means. Well, the Rev. Felix Findlater is a man who thoroughly believes in himself——"

"I know," chuckled Warden; "I know, a very objectionable sort of person——"

"A man," continued Clinton, "who has all sorts of new theories, and lays down the law about them."

Raising his hand with an excited gesture, the manager cried, triumphantly:—

"New! Lay! I understand it now! It's

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Clinton's voice was almost strident from agitation as he proceeded :—

"The next on the programme is Frederick Hammer; Hammer is an ordinary young man enough——"

Warden started violently.

"My dear fellow, excuse me a moment. You've just reminded me—Browne, is the carpenter here?"

"Yes, that's all right; don't you worry."

"But are you sure he's mended the desk and the arm-chair?"

"Yes, long ago; it's all right, I tell you."

"Ah, very well. Ten thousand pardons for interrupting you, Clinton; but if I hadn't got the matter off my mind, my attention might have wandered from your play. Now I'm perfectly ready."

"The footman comes next," Clinton explained, tersely: "low comedy."

"Good! Pass on to the women," Warden cried, sharply; "pardon my brusque manner, dear boy, but fewest words are best in these matters."

"Quite so," the author agreed. "Marjorie Findlater is rather a strange sort of girl; attractive, but a creature of impulse with a fiery temper."

"By Jove!" Warden ejaculated, "another Evelyn Thompson!"

"I beg your pardon——"

"Evelyn Thompson is the principal woman in one of my comedies. Recollect that character, Dolly?"

"Perfectly, father," Mrs. Somerset responded, curtly.

"There's a capital scene in that play," Warden continued, stretching out his thin legs, and resuming his rattling of the contents of his pockets, while a shadow of green overspread Clinton's moist and pallid face. "I say it without conceit, but that scene positively sparkles with epigram. Where is that MS., Dolly?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father," she replied, her heart thrilling with sympathy for the unhappy author.

"But, my dear, you *should* know," the unconscious manager remarked, gently.

"Dear father," she responded, pleadingly, "I'll look for it directly Mr. Clinton has finished; but he must get on now. See, the time is going quickly."

"By George! So it is! Fire away, Clinton. We understand about the characters now. I like the introduction of the child. Queer little souls, they are! Mabel's tantrum this morning reminds me of the time Fraser called. You recollect that time, Dolly?"

"No, father, I do not," Mrs. Somerset answered, compressing her charming mouth with an air of determination. "Now, Mr. Clinton, please."

Very tremulously, the hapless George Clinton recommenced, but hardly had he spoken the first words, than his throat seemed to close, and an overwhelming attack of nervous coughing seized upon him. He was just recovering, and was dabbing his crimson face, when once more the door opened and Sophie reappeared, ushering in a lady.

"Mrs. Blunt," the maid announced.

With a musical ejaculation of pleasure, Humphrey Warden sprang up.

"Mrs. Blunt!" he cried, delightedly, while the agonized author groaned inwardly. "Dolly, here's Mrs. Blunt come to see us! Ah, Mrs. Blunt, I caught sight of you at the private view the other day. *Now*, what do you think of British art? How about the comparative merits of the French and English schools, now?"

An hysterical desire to burst into tears came upon George Clinton, and placing his hand over his trembling lips he got up hastily, and walking to the window stood gazing disconsolately out, struggling to prevent his eyes welling over. But when Mrs. Blunt's reply fell upon his ears, his heart rose a little. Sharply and brusquely the lady spoke, with a decided American accent.

"Can't argue about that this morning, Mr. Warden; guess I haven't time. My visit's to Dolly on business. Dolly——!"

Mrs. Blunt was an especial favourite with the manager; but finding that for once her object in coming had not been to chat with him, she became suddenly perfectly uninteresting to him, and drawing himself up with dignity he said, somewhat coldly :—

"Mrs. Blunt, you'll excuse my wishing you good morning. The fact is, this gentleman, Mr. Clinton"—Clinton bowed gloomily, trusting nobody would notice the condition of his eyes—"this gentleman is reading a play to me."

Hastily Mrs. Blunt broke in :—

"Sorry I interrupted, then. Shan't be a moment. Dolly, meet me this afternoon."

"You see, Mrs. Blunt," the manager proceeded, with mild severity, "an author's time is precious. That must be my excuse for hurrying you off. Good morning to you."

With a humorous twinkle in her eyes, Mrs. Blunt bustled to the door.

"Marshall and Snelgrove's, Silk Depart-

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ment, 3 sharp, Dolly. Good-bye all, don't move, anyone."

With a smothered laugh, the visitor departed. For a moment Warden looked almost cross, and then his face lighted up again.

"By George! How that little woman does talk!" he exclaimed, good-humouredly. "I hope she didn't think me rude, but I was obliged to hurry her off. Women really haven't the slightest idea of the value of time."

"Oh, father, dear!" Mrs. Somerset cried, whilst Browne turned away to conceal the amusement excited by poor Clinton's blank stare of amazement. But Warden noticed nothing; settling himself comfortably, perfectly unconsciously he continued, smilingly:—

"It's quite true, Dolly, I never knew a woman who realized the value of time, yet. I remember a very funny instance of my dear wife's disregard of time, Clinton——"

"Father!"

"My child," Warden said, deprecatingly, "what an awkward habit you have of interrupting! That's another womanly weakness. It seems to be a positive impossibility to a woman to keep her attention fixed: her mind invariably wanders from the subject. Well, Clinton, on this particular occasion I was playing a character-part. I only came on in one scene, but, I say it without conceit, that scene made the piece; my performance was as highly polished as a gem. Where do you find that sort of polish nowadays, eh? Nowhere. It's these stylish amateurs have spoilt the artistic standard. Now, this very Mrs. Blunt wants to go upon the stage. What are her qualifications? Youth and beauty, you'll answer. Granted. But where is the beautiful humility and modesty, that doubt of her own powers, without which there can be no true art? There's no man, I say it without conceit, who can read character better than I can. I can read Mrs. Blunt. Mrs. Blunt believes in herself, and therefore she's a duffer."

The table began to shake; Clinton had suddenly turned deadly cold, and he shivered involuntarily as he sat with depressed head and dreary eyes.

"My boy," Warden cried, almost tenderly, "you don't look comfortable—not a bit of it. You are cold?"

"I am not, indeed," Clinton muttered, hoarsely. "I'll get on now, please."

"Stop a bit, don't be in a hurry!" was the kindly rejoinder. "You must come nearer the fire. It's quite impossible to do yourself justice while you feel uncomfortable. Come over here."

The blood singing in his ears, Clinton rose, and, walking unsteadily round the table, dropped into the chair Warden had placed for him. Then, raising his MS. once more, he cried, in trembling tones:—

"The scene you have heard described. Enter Frederick Hammer, carrying bouquet of flowers——"

"Ah!" Warden exclaimed, drawing in his breath appreciatively—"Ah, you are fond of flowers, Clinton?"

"No, I am not!" the desperate author shouted, his very lips growing pale as he clutched his MS. hard.

"Really, now, that's very strange!" Warden remarked, bending towards him with much interest; "not fond of flowers! Well, well, and I love them myself! Not fond of flowers: how queer! Why, to me a rose is the incarnation of beauty. And then a lily! Purity symbolized! Daisies, cowslips, primroses, violets! But, there, I worship Nature in every aspect. That's where I get my power both as author and actor. I am a student of Nature. I say it in all becoming humility, but in my plays my men and women live and breathe; they are not puppets: they are human beings with souls! While on the stage—— How many parts have you seen me play, Clinton?"

Completely crushed with bitter disappointment, his brain dizzy and his heart aching, Clinton gazed blankly at his kindly torturer.

"I haven't the least idea," he faltered.

"But you know which you consider my greatest effort?"

"No, I don't," the young man responded, faintly, consumed with a terrible fear that he should never get away without breaking down altogether.

"Oh, but think, think, my boy," Warden continued, energetically. "There's Sir Peter, Sir Anthony Absolute, Touchstone——" The clock commenced striking; Clinton could not suppress a smothered groan of misery.

"God bless me, what's that?" Warden cried. "Not twelve, surely!"

"Yes, it is," Browne said, ominously.

Mrs. Somerset was silent, but she looked in almost tearful sympathy at Clinton.

Warden rose and fussily buttoned up his coat. "Dear, dear," he said, "I'm so awfully sorry, but I must go. I've called a rehearsal for twelve, and I never keep people waiting. I'm really grieved that we shan't be able to finish the play, though. It opened capitally.

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"I'M SO AWFULLY SORRY, BUT I MUST GO."

The child, the pictures, the flowers, all first-rate! Fresh and unconventional, that's what we want nowadays. That's how I've made my hit. I'm unconventional; there's no actor like me, in fact. I combine old-fashioned finish with modern go-aheadedness. I'm not boasting, you understand—I detest that sort of thing—it's a fact. Now, Browne, come along, I want to talk to you. Good morning, Clinton"—shaking hands warmly with the speechless author—"good morning to you; I hope we shall meet again at some future time when I'm not so busy; you see how it is with me to-day. So pleased to have made your acquaintance. I shall tell Moore I think your piece commenced remarkably well. By-bye, Dolly. Good morning, again!"

The two were gone, but Clinton could not speak. Sinking into a chair he leant his bewildered head on his hand.

"Mr. Clinton, oh! Mr. Clinton, I'm so very sorry; I don't know what to say," Mrs. Somerset faltered.

Pulling himself together, the young man rose, and began with trembling fingers rolling up his MS.

"Don't say anything, Mrs. Somerset," he stammered, with a brave attempt to speak lightly; "at least, I don't mean that, but it's of no consequence, thank you."

"But it *is* of consequence," she retorted. "Oh, if the wind had only been in the east!"

"The wind in the east!" he repeated, disconsolately. "I don't understand."

"That is the only time when it's possible to read a play to father."

"Indeed!"

"When the wind is in the east," she explained, very earnestly, "father is subject to rheumatism in his jaws; talking under those circumstances is painful to him."

"I understand," Clinton murmured, regretfully; "I wish I had known."

"Will you leave the play with me?" Mrs. Somerset asked, flushing prettily. "The wind may change at any moment, you know, and I promise you I wouldn't lose an opportunity."

A gleam of hope came into Clinton's woebegone eyes.

"Do you really mean," he cried, "that you would read my unfortunate little piece to your father yourself?"

"Indeed, I would."

Poor Clinton's voice shook with emotion.

"You take away my breath," he said. "It might be the making of me if your father would accept the play. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't try to thank me now," Mrs. Somerset murmured, lowering her eyes demurely; "thank me when you come to fetch the MS."

Clinton's heart suddenly leapt, and an unaccountable thrill passed through him.

"I may come again?" he said, quite tenderly; "you really are serious?"

"Of course I am," she responded, softly, "and I hope I shall have good news for you."

"Oh, I don't care about that now," he cried, irrationally; "that is to say, so long as I may come and talk it over with you I shall be more than content."

Somewhat confused, the lady held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, gently; "good-bye for the present; I hope we shall meet again soon."

"I hope so, indeed," Clinton answered, pressing her hand slightly; "good-bye, I can't tell you how grateful I am. I was so awfully down ten minutes ago. Good-bye, again."

Mrs. Somerset stood at the window watch-

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ing until Clinton's tall figure was lost in the distance; then she turned towards the fire and seated herself with his MS. in her hand.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured. "Poor fellow. How good-tempered and how good-looking he is. I wonder if his play is clever! I am almost afraid to look, I should be so sorry to find it wasn't. Ah, Sophie, clear away the breakfast things."

Opening the MS., she glanced rapidly through the first page, while the maid loaded the tray with plates and dishes; she read rapidly for a few minutes, and then her countenance began to beam.

"Good!" she cried, involuntarily. "Capital! That's awfully funny, really! Oh, Sophie, for mercy's sake do leave off making that dreadful noise. Clear the things presently."

"And what time is Miss Mabel to go out, ma'am?" Sophie inquired. But Mrs. Somerset did not reply, and the maid raised her voice. "Nurse says, what time is Miss Mabel to go out for her walk, ma'am?"

With an impatient gesture, Mrs. Somerset shook her charming head.

"Good gracious, Sophie! do go, and don't bother," she cried. Sophie raised her brows in astonishment, and was about to close the door quietly when Mrs. Somerset looked up sharply. "Sophie," she said, excitedly, "what quarter is the wind in now? I thought I heard the window rattle. Go and look—make haste!"

The maid crossed the room, while the mistress continued, in an undertone:—

"It's really wonderfully good! Poor fellow, how disappointed he must have felt. So modest he was about it, too. Father must and shall take it. I hope we sha'n't keep him long in suspense. Well, Sophie?"

"The wind's changed, ma'am," Sophie said; "poor master will feel it in his face: it's in the east."

But Mrs. Somerset expressed no commiseration for her suffering father. Pressing the MS. to her breast, she looked up at the astonished maid, and murmured, ecstatically, "In the east—already in the east! Oh, I am so glad!"

"THE WIND'S CHANGED, MA'AM."

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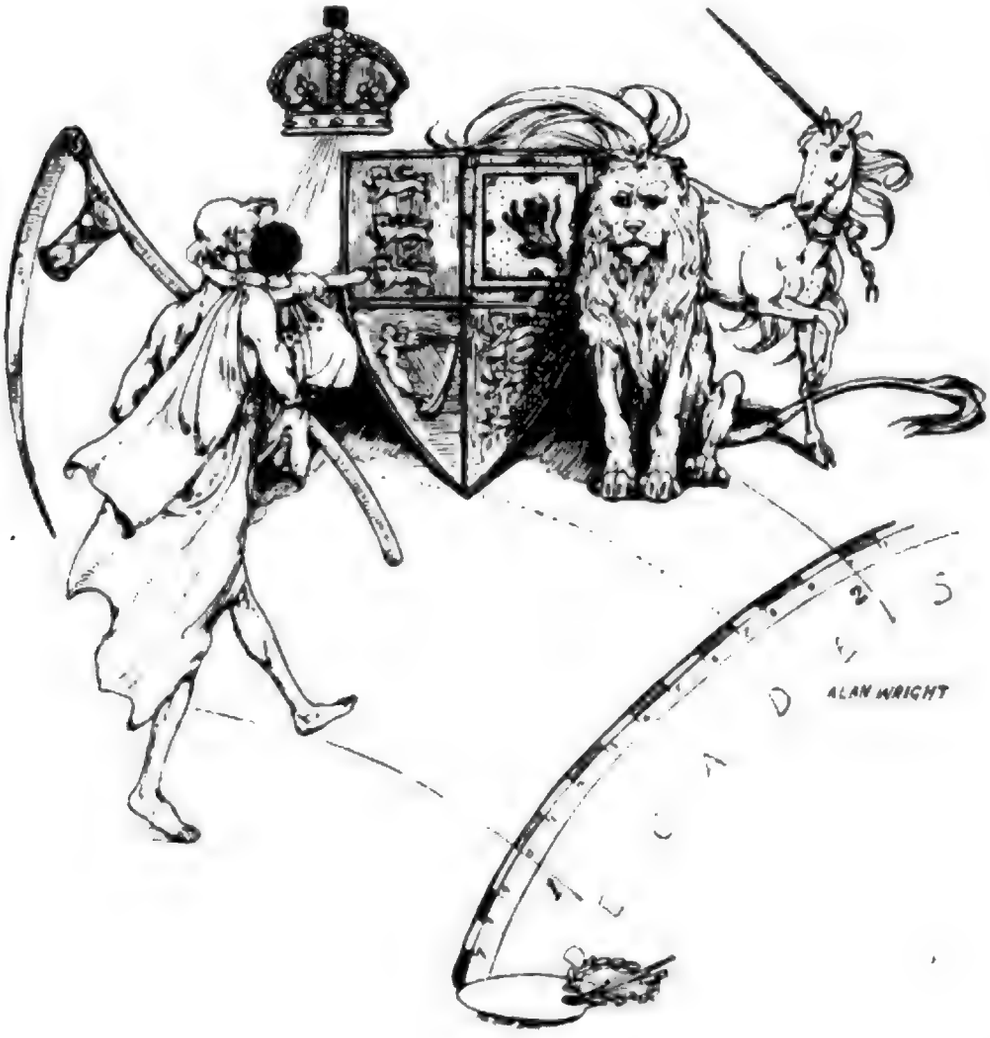
child playing with a dog, under the title of "Queen Victoria at the Age of Four," accompanied by the following description by the writer of the article, Miss Spencer-Warren: "Going into another room in the upper part of the house, I find on the wall a painting of Her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria, now our Queen, representing her as a wee child cuddling her favourite dog. This seemed to me to be well worth photographing; carrying one back as it does over a period of seventy years, when the parents of the little Princess scarcely dreamed of the future exalted position their little daughter would be called upon to take." The portrait was pointed out to Miss Spencer-Warren as that of the Princess Victoria by an old retainer of the Castle, who had been charged with the mission of conducting her over the Palace. "Are you certain," asked Miss Spencer-Warren, "that this is a portrait of the Princess Victoria?" "Undoubtedly it is," replied the old gentleman; "I have lived in the Castle all my life, and my father lived here for thirty years before me, and this picture has always been known as a portrait of the Princess Victoria." Upon this authority Miss Warren photographed the portrait with an easy mind. But, alas for the stability of the best-established legends! When our reproduction of the portrait came to the Queen's notice, Her Majesty at once pronounced it to be a painting by the celebrated French artist, Greuze, who died in 1805—fourteen years before the Queen was born. Her Majesty was so good as to inform us of the fact, and at the same time to give orders that two genuine portraits should be sent to us for reproduction in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Our readers have therefore the privilege of comparing the portrait which has so long enjoyed an undeserved reputation with the two interesting and valuable portraits here reproduced with the authority of Her Majesty herself.



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FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES BEAUME.

I.

FOR a long time Roch had lived alone with his son, in his house, built of reeds and stones, by the roadside, under the hill overlooking the far-off little town. He was the owner of rich lands, planted with vines, both on the hillside and in the plain. Only on rare occasions he quitted his own paths to climb into the mountain woods, to shoot the hare or gather mushrooms and salads.

Persons sometimes came to see him, mostly on the eve of the vintage, to treat for the purchase of the fruit, which he sold on the vines for ready money, and on no other terms. At those times, after business, he would invite the dealers or his comrades to drink a bottle of wine, over which he would gaily talk about the doings of his youth, his health; all the while laughing the laugh of the master, sitting at his door in the sun, his fowls picking and scratching in the straw and dust around him.

His son Michel resembled him closely—blonde, square-shouldered, with beard and hair tufted like the brambles in a ravine.

The old man was becoming grey, and bushy eyebrows protected his keen little eyes, which took a dreamy expression when, at the close of the day, he sat upon his stone bench and saw the trembling sea of darkness overspread the plain. He was a miser. He mended his own clothes, repaired his own ploughs, replastered the worn-out walls of his house and trimmed the hedges on his domain. He and his son, without any beast of burden to help them, did all the work. They dug deep, and opened out their cultures to the sun with energy and confidence. Their vines were the best in the country. They never quitted them—never ceased thinking of them day and night; and so, lived by them.

Roch took pleasure in this kind of existence. He loved money—religiously, with all his strength. He hungered for gold, more and more gold, that he might handle it, imbibe its powers, hide it in corners, at the foot of trees, under heaps of rock.

On sunny Sundays he collected his fortune from its hiding-places, and heaped it on his table in front of his door, in the midst of his fowls, alone, and counted his silver and

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his gold pieces, making them glitter in the sunlight, and fall through his horny fingers in a clattering shower. Near him, within instant reach, he had his double-barrelled gun. And he laughed and fed his eyes with his large fortune. A glory sang within him, he swelled with the pride of being rich. He thought of Michel, of the happiness which this treasure, amassed with so much fervour and patience, would give him at some future time, when he would no longer be there. At ease in his solitude, he gave himself up to this enjoyment; he enjoyed his lands, still full of riches, while his son, down yonder, behind the trees, dug bravely at the foot of a vine.

Then, suddenly, overtaken by terror, he hurriedly returned his gold to a canvas bag and bore it away; made a fresh hole in the ground, no matter where, sometimes in the most open and noticeable spots, so as to ward off suspicion. And when he had thus buried his treasure, the old man stood powerless, oppressed with remorse, as if he had buried his happiness, his eyes lost in an ecstasy: he planted himself for a moment before his cottage, lifted his eyes towards the blue sky, scanned the high road along which were passing the dull and indifferent waggoners, and ever fearful of having been watched, he looked for his son, still working yonder behind the trees.

When he returned to labour and health, the joy of the soul came back to him abundantly. Yet he was pursued by an anxiety, a miser's care, a peasant's pride in his lands. After him what would become of the patrimony? What would become of his gold? He had confidence in his son—who resembled him; but his son would not remain alone. He ought to be married already. And the young wife and the new relatives would, perhaps, destroy the order and prosperity of his possessions. He would himself choose a wife for his son.

Michel bowed humbly before his father, whom he regarded as a superior being, since, out of nothing, from the depths of poverty, Roch had raised himself to opulence. They went forth together, at dawn, one Sunday in spring. The clear sky hung over all like a robe of innocence. Fresh voices murmured in the solitude.

"We will not go into the town," said the old man. "We shall not find there what we want: the girls there are too fond of luxury and amusements. Let us try what we may see in the villages."

Michel followed him, his hands in his pockets, his head bent downwards, not daring to turn his eyes on the country, agitated by happiness and weakness, troubled in his virgin nature as a brooklet by the storm.

They went on for a long time without speaking: they were thinking of the old woman who, for five years, had slept at the foot of an oak, and for whom, at sunset, they said a prayer. She was wanted now. She would have given her advice, and Roch, supported by her, would have been enabled to maintain his authority; as it was, he, for a moment, mistrusted his experience.

They visited the hamlets and villages, to the surprise of those who lived there, and were taken to the café, to the skittle and racket grounds, and to the spots where the crowd was promenading. They refused to drink, and walked about slowly, considering the girls.

"THEY WALKED ABOUT SLOWLY."

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Michel tired of these proceedings after awhile: none of the girls pleased him. He thought them all too much dressed up and too forward in their bearing. The father grumbled at the young man's ill-humour and exaction. With quickening steps they made their way into the open country.

In the evening they returned home tired out. On the way the old man, angrily and with flashing eyes, attacked his son.

"What do you mean by all this?" he demanded. "Don't you want to marry? Are you hoping to find a princess, blockhead?"

Michel shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing about it—only that I love the land—and that a girl who has sprung from it might please me."

The old man, dumfounded by this reply, bit his lips. He wished to get at the full meaning of what his son had said, suspecting that they implied the existence of a love as yet unknown to him. Something like a feeling of joy dawned upon him, but coupled with the agony of a fear, lest he might be deceiving himself.

But, blunt and rough as he was, he dare not ask any questions, conscious of his inability to touch the desire which, like a flower under water, was waking in the young man's simple soul.

II.

On the further side of the mountain, on the border of a torrent and shadowed by trees, stood a farmhouse, poor and isolated, the only house to which Michel sometimes paid a visit. Its inhabitants were a man named Bruno, taciturn, always at work, rusted by the sun; the wife, Olympe, a dried plant of the mountain, burned up like a cinder, like her husband, for ever at work, sewing, and tending the flowers and vegetables; then the daughter, a tall, brown-haired girl, sweet smelling as the grass about a spring, the pure and caressing growth of the peace of the fields.

This was Justine, the sunshine of the hearth, the pride of her parents. For her sake Bruno put off his taciturnity after the day's work, and on Sundays went to the town and to the fêtes, exhibiting his heiress dressed in bright-coloured gowns, with gold chains about her neck—the jewellery of a long-forgotten grandmother. Justine was not yet twenty, and there had been no thought of marrying her

Michel sometimes went to the farm, and he and Justine chatted, standing by the well, or, more often, under the mulberry trees, breathing the freshness of the leaves in the hours of rest and when the heat was too oppressive, looking through the hanging branches away to the far-off hills and the wide-stretching plain.

Then Michel returned home in company with Justine's father, examining by the way the vineyards, meadows, and olive gardens of their neighbours, comparing them with their own. But Michel only entered the inclosure. Occasionally Roch, putting down his spade, came forward, and he and Bruno, in their shirt sleeves, with their arms resting on the barred gate, chatted for awhile, but in a tone of no great intimacy. Bruno never entered the gate, which Roch never opened, seeming to guard his domain on the threshold.

Sometimes Bruno received commissions from him which he executed in the town on Sundays; these were the only confidences between Roch and him. The old miser had never been across the mountain, and had only by chance seen Olympe and Justine as they passed along the hedges; when that occurred they only said "Good day" and smiled, without stopping to converse.

Michel and Justine had grown up together on the same soil. They regarded each other as if they had been old people, talking and laughing together without restraint, their conversation always turning on the same subjects, their labours and the seasons.

On the evening of the day following that on which he had been with his father on that strange excursion to the town and the adjacent villages, Michel met Justine; they looked at each other—then suddenly flushed, and their eyes grew moist with fondness.

They walked side by side.

At length Michel, with a thrill of contentment, clapped Justine on the shoulder.

"Are you going home?" he asked.

"Yes, I am returning from the town—tired. Where are you going?"

"I'm on my way home, too—but I'll go with you; I have not seen your parents for a long time."

They walked on slowly up the hill.

As they went down the other side, the fresher evening breeze fanned their faces, and they were penetrated by a glory of health: a pleasure of calm and purity united them. Their eyes turned together to the same objects of interest. They had one and the same soul, and the same feeling of life.

When they were near the farm, already dim amid the shadows that were creeping to the brow of the hill, Justine asked:—

"You and your father were away from home yesterday—why?"

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"BY THE WELL."

"Oh, yes!—Fancy!"

And with laughter and abrupt gestures, fearing to offend Justine by ideas forbidden to her modesty, Michel related to her the story of the pilgrimage in search of a wife.

"It was all nonsense," he added; "I don't know what my father has been thinking of lately. I have constantly seen him, spade in hand, removing his treasure from one place to another. And now he wants me to marry—a thing I never thought of," a look of dreamy helplessness in his eyes.

"Well, don't worry yourself about it, stupid!" cried Justine. "One would think you were going to cry!"

She bantered him noisily; but he stopped and gazed at her in surprise, that she should mock instead of console him. They entered the farmyard. The young man's gravity had touched Justine; she went to him with downcast eyes, vexed at having hurt his feelings. They went on to the house in painful silence. In the kitchen, the mother was setting the supper table: Bruno was sitting by it more than half asleep.

"Oh! there you are!" cried Olympe, putting down a glass and a yellow plate before her husband.

Bruno lifted his elbows, rubbed his heavy brow, admired his daughter; the two young people seated themselves somewhat uneasily in front of the father.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the mother, laughingly; "have you two been fighting?"

"No," murmured Michel.

"No," repeated Justine.

She sighed, and in turn recited in a breath, and forcing herself to smile, the quest of Michel and his father about the country in search of a wife for the young man.

The old people were taken aback, painfully disturbed, as if threatened with the deprivation of something. They looked at the young people. A heavy silence fell upon the hum of life which came from without. They were afraid to think, and the same idea, as by a miracle, entered and haunted their minds.

"I'm going," said Michel, abruptly. He

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back, entered the cottage hurriedly, and, face to face with his father, felt as if he had suddenly been turned into a block of ice. Roch scolded.

"Where have you come from?—from Bruno's?—Oho!" And bursting into a loud laugh, he added: "By your hang-dog look one would imagine that you have been up to some mischief. What ails you?"

The old miser then tranquilly seated himself at table and helped the stew. While they were eating, Michel eyed his father furtively, watching for the moment to explain himself.

"Well—what's the matter with you?" repeated the old man.

"I daren't——"

"I know: you need not tell me. It is this marriage business that worries you, and you have some notion of your own."

Michel nodded.

"Justine pleases you, then?"

The young man looked at his father, and resolutely replied: "Yes."

"What about me?"

Michel was silent; his weakness and cowardice came back; he was afraid of offending the miser.

"Don't be uneasy," said the old man. "Justine is to your taste, but what dowry will she have? Her parents are not rich, I believe, while you will have money and rich lands, you know."

"Yes."

"Oh! I know that they are honest people, and that with them my vines have nothing to fear."

Filled as he was with anxiety, Michel knew not what to say: his heart was overflowing with love and entreaty.

"You are an odd fellow; but well, after all, why should I not accept Justine? I prefer people who have surmounted privation and poverty." And with a decided tone and gesture he added: "Well, we'll see about it—that will remind me of past happiness and of your poor mother."

He scratched his forehead, dried his eyes: big tears were running down his cheeks.

"I'll have it so—but on one condition. It's a fancy of mine."

Michel turned pale and his lips quivered, and he leaned back a little in his chair, as if terrified by these strange exuberances.

"What is this condition?"

"You will marry—that is settled; but I'll not give you the money till you have given me a grandson—an heir to my name." And he laughed boisterously, Michel observing him dubiously.

"So be it, father—I accept!"

They struck hands on the bargain made.

Three months afterwards Michel and Justine were married and living at Bruno's farm by the torrent. Michel still worked at his father's vines, but Justine never went beyond the inclosure. All were happy. The miser's fortune slept tranquilly underground, in some unknown nook.

But, near all this happiness and hopefulness, death was keeping watch.

One evening the miser, while doing something in the interior of his cottage, slipped, fell on his head and expired. When he was found—the next morning—his body was cold and rigid. Naturally, the old man's treasure occurred to the minds of all: had he been murdered by some robber? Everybody on the farm, including Olympe, set to searching the whole of Roch's land; but nothing was discovered. The cottage, with its barred door, would speedily have fallen into ruins under the beating of the rain; but they kept it intact, as a sacred altar.

The spring arrived, and Justine became a happy mother. With the spring, too, came a long and heavy downfall of rain. Michel, Bruno, and the women, who sometimes tremblingly entered the dead man's domain, went to see what effect the deluge had had upon the empty cottage. They opened the door: a breath as from the tomb exhaled from the deserted dwelling. They sounded the walls: the rain had eaten into them on every side—the shattered building of stones and reeds was ready to fall at any moment. Michel sadly and vaguely gazed on the ruin.

But the clouds had passed to the far end of the plain; the sky cleared, and suddenly a flood of sunlight spread over the lands of the departed miser.

Then from the highest part of the roof of the desolate cottage broken tiles began to fall, and a shapeless something was laid bare to the sun—a coarse canvas bag, which moved and burst: the miser's treasure! The peasants sprang back, and pieces of money, white and yellow, poured down in a torrent.

Ah!—old Roch might well have laughed to himself! Vainly the domain might have been searched till Doomsday! Doubtless he met his death in the act of forming that final hiding-place for his beloved treasure. And still the shower of gold continued—slowly now—now at intervals—now drop by drop.

Michel collected the whole—thousands upon thousands of gold and silver pieces. Silently he and Bruno heaped the treasure

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upon a hand-barrow, covered it with a blouse, and wheeled it to the farm through the livid half-light of the evening.

Nothing was said of the dead miser, but the thoughts of all turned to him—a little more lovingly. Their wealth was great enough for them to have enjoyed ten years of luxurious life in the great cities far away; but Michel and Justine, in spite of their opulence, determined to live in the farm, to change nothing in their way of life—in the peace of their hearts and the joy of their love, and in the delight of dreaming of amassing a great fortune for their children. Who shall say what constitutes the *summum bonum* of human happiness!

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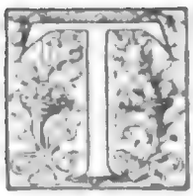
The Handwriting of Thomas Carlyle.

FROM 1809 TO 1875.

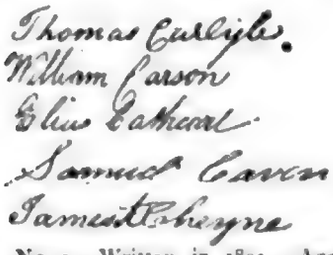
(Born 4th December, 1795; died 5th February, 1881.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

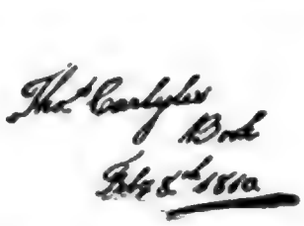


THE earliest existing specimen of Thomas Carlyle's handwriting is shown in No. 1. It was written at age 13–14 in the "Matriculation Album" of Edinburgh University. Curiously enough, a boy named *Cheyne* signed on the fourth line below Carlyle—who in later life was so intimately associated with Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

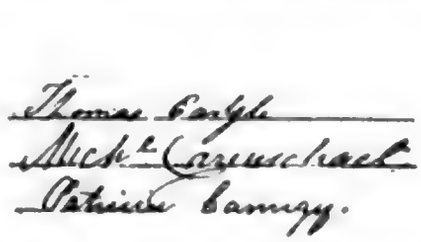
Handling Carlyle's school-books is somewhat of a novel sensation. I cannot pass the sensation on to readers of this paper, so I give in No. 2 the signature from



No. 1.—Written in 1809. Age 13-14. When a first-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

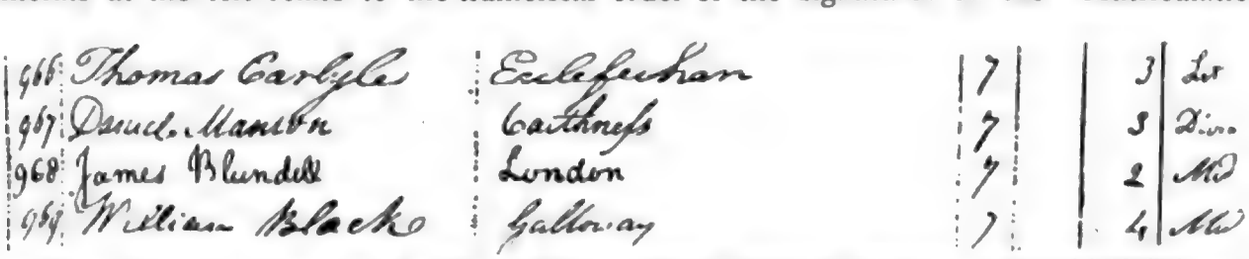


No. 2.—Written February 10, 1810. Age 14-15. From the fly-leaf of the boy's "Homer." (Reduced facsimile.)



No. 3.—Written in 1810. Age 14-15. When a second-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

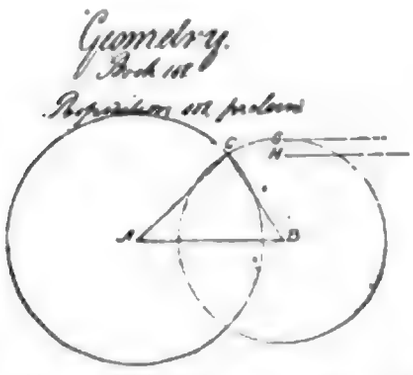
his "Homer," and, later, other facsimiles of these most interesting signatures. Nos. 3 and 4 both relate to Carlyle's life at Edinburgh University; and, as regards No. 4, the numerals at the left relate to the numerical order of the signatures in the "Matriculation



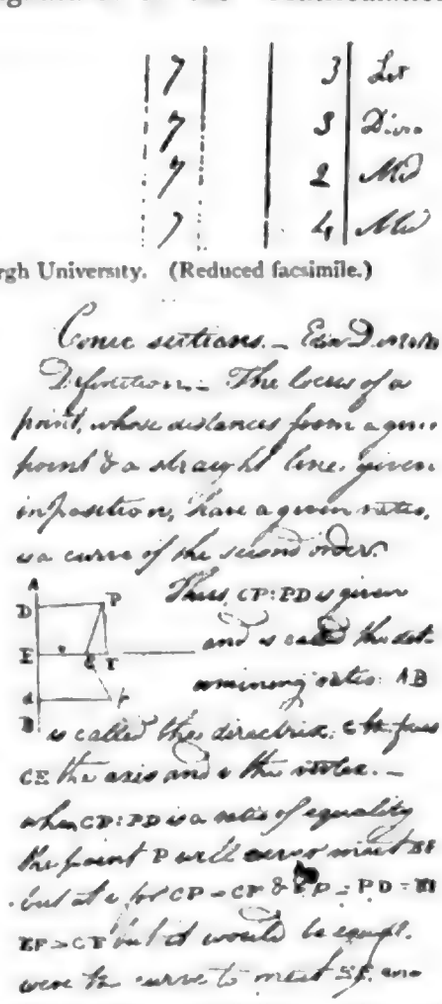
No. 4.—Written in 1811. Age 15-16. When a third-year student in Edinburgh University. (Reduced facsimile.)

Album"; the figure "7" is the fee paid, 7s. 0d.; the numbers at the right denote the year of studentship, and the abbreviated words show the class of the student—*Literature, Divinity, Medicine, Law, etc.* We see, thus early, *literature* written against the name of Thomas Carlyle.

The earliest specimen of Carlyle's mathematical *inability*—subsequently, he became an excellent mathematician—is shown in No. 5. This is the 1st Problem of the 1st Book of "Euclid": "To describe an equilateral triangle on a given finite straight line"—which Carlyle did not succeed in doing, for inspection shows that the triangle A B C is not an equilateral triangle: the sides of it are of unequal length. No. 6 shows to us Carlyle's experiments with "Conic Sections" (December 24, 1811), and in No. 7 there is a facsimile of the label pasted by him on this "Old College Note-Book"



No. 5.—Written in 1811. Age 15-16. From the first page of Carlyle's "Old College Note-Book." (Reduced facsimile.)



No. 6.—Written December 24, 1811. Age 16-17. From the second page of Carlyle's "Old College Note-Book." (Reduced facsimile.)

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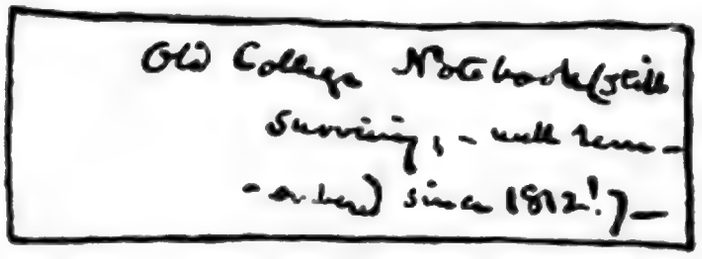
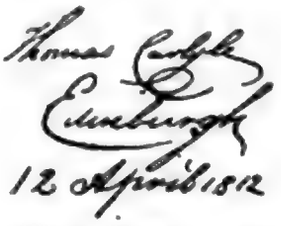
in (about) the year 1860. No. 8 is from the boy's "Sallust," and in No. 9 is a pen-and-ink caricature on page 56 of the same book. Close examination showed that the moustache was added, probably on August



No. 7.—A label pasted by Carlyle on the cover of his "Old College Note-Book." This was written in or about 1860.



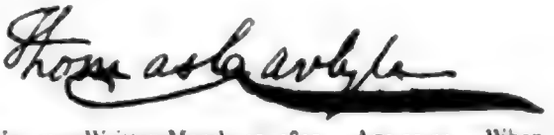
No. 8.—Written April 12, 1812. Age 16-17. From the fly-leaf of Carlyle's "Sallust." (Reduced facsimile.)

No. 9.—A caricature of "Cataline" from page 56 of Carlyle's "Sallust." (Reduced facsimile.)

24th, 1825, for the ink used for the moustache is the same as that used by Carlyle for appending, in 1825, both this date and the moustache. No. 10 shows a curiously written signature on the last page of this "Sallust."

No. 11 deserves special attention. First it is the only one of Carlyle's signatures that

No. 10.—From the last page of the "Sallust." Written at about age 16-18.



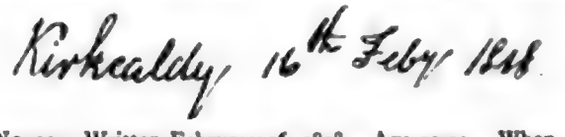
No. 11. Written March 17, 1817. Age 21-22. When a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy.

I have seen which contains any sort of a flourish—a significant gesture conspicuously absent from his writing throughout his life. Second, it is from a very early letter written to his mother when Carlyle was a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy. He writes :—

. . . It gives me pleasure to hear that the *bairns* are at school. There are few things in this world more valuable than knowledge—and youth is the period for acquiring it. . . . My father spoke once of a threshing machine. If twenty pounds or so will help him—they are quite ready at his service.

Thomas Carlyle respected his father, the sturdy, reliant stonemason, and he loved his mother—she loved Carlyle ; and she learned to write, at a mature age, in order to be able to exchange letters with her son Thomas.

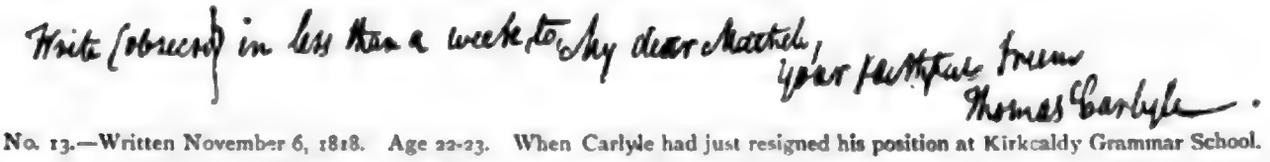
Want of space prevents the showing of many *unpublished* letters of extreme interest. Here, in No. 12, is the address of one written to Carlyle's friend, Mitchell. He poses his friend thus :—



No. 12.—Written February 16, 1818. Age 22-23. When a schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy.

After an arduous struggle with sundry historians of great and small renown, I sit down to answer the much-valued epistle of my friend. Doubtless you are disposed to grumble that I have been so long in doing so ; but I have an argument in store for you. To state the proposition logically—this letter, I conceive, must either amuse you or not. If it amuse you, then certainly you cannot be so unreasonable as to cavil at a little harmless delay ; and if it do not, you will rather rejoice that your punishment has not been sooner inflicted. Having thus briefly fixed you between the horns of my dilemma—from which, I flatter myself, no skill will suffice to extricate you—I proceed with a peaceful and fearless mind. . . .

There is a splendidly characteristic bit of Carlyle in the letter from which No. 13 has been taken :—



No. 13.—Written November 6, 1818. Age 22-23. When Carlyle had just resigned his position at Kirkcaldy Grammar School.

Kirkcaldy. — My dear Mitchell,—About a week ago, I received a letter from the Magistrates of this burgh (which letter I even now use as a blot-sheet), accepting my "resignation of the Teacher of the Grammar School," as their phrase goes : and in a fortnight, I shall quit my present situation. . . . The desire, which, in common with all men, I feel for conversation and social intercourse, is, I find, enveloped in a dense repulsive atmosphere—not of a vulgar *mauvaise honte*, tho' such it is generally esteemed—but of

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deeper feelings, which are partly due to the undefined station I have hitherto occupied in Society. . . . *Therefore I must cease to be a paedagogue.* . . . I have thought of writing for Book-sellers *Risum teneas;* for *at times* I am serious in this matter. . . . You see, my boy, that my prospects are not the brightest in Nature. Yet what shall we say? . . . Simply I wish to tell you, that in days of darkness—for there *are* days when my support (pride or whatever it is) has enough to do. . . . But have done.

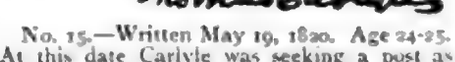
Here's a gem! He tells his friend not to laugh, "for *at times* I am serious in this matter"—the matter of "writing for book-sellers"!

No. 14.—Written December 17, 1818. Age 23-24. To his mother, from Edinburgh, when Carlyle was struggling for existence.

And No. 14 again, written when Carlyle was fighting for existence in Edinburgh. True, he was then drawing monthly rations of oatmeal and butter from the domestic store at Mainhill, near Ecclefechan, but he was bravely fighting for an opening in life. Listen to this:—

. . . Therefore I entreat you, my mother, not to be any way uneasy about me. I see none of my fellows with whom I am very anxious to change places. They are mostly older than I by several years—and have as dim prospects generally as need be. Tell the boys to *read*, and not to let their hearts be troubled for me. Tell them, I am a stubborn dog—and evil fortune shall not break my heart—or bend it *either*, as I hope. . . .

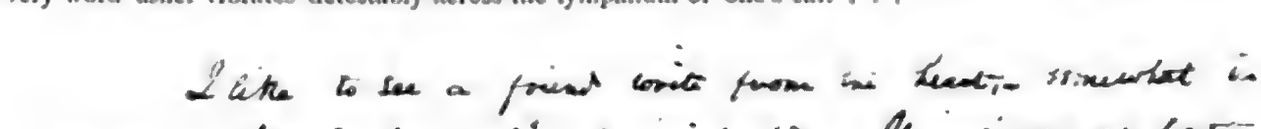
A "stubborn dog," indeed — a man of dogged grit and no show was Thomas Carlyle—and the small, strongly-compressed, and simple gestures of his handwriting remain to prove to us that he was such a man.



No. 15.—Written May 19, 1820. Age 24-25. At this date Carlyle was seeking a post as mathematical tutor.

Here, in No. 15, he writes—with fine scorn:—

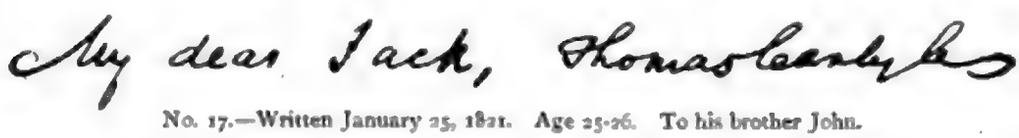
. . . Eighty pounds a year, if board and lodging are included, is a respectable salary for teaching a mathematical class three hours a day. . . . If, however, Mr. Vicars wants a creature of the *usher* species, to sit ten or a dozen hours per diem with his boarders, to superintend the washing of their faces, and see them all quietly put to bed each evening—I cannot be of any service. The very word usher vibrates detestably across the tympanum of one's ear. . . .



No. 16.—Written June 7, 1820. Age 24-25. In this letter Carlyle comments upon the indications of character that are shown by handwriting. (Reduced facsimile.)

In No. 16 we have one of Carlyle's deductions from handwriting. Mr. J. A. Froude wrote to me on June 27th, 1894:—

More than 50 years ago John Sterling showed me a letter which he had just received from Carlyle, whom I had then never seen. I made some remark about it, on which Sterling observed: "No doubt there is a physiognomy in everything that we do."



No. 17.—Written January 25, 1821. Age 25-26. To his brother John.

The letter of which No. 17 is part says:—

. . . After all, this literature is a grand and glorious thing. It is the life-blood of the mind; and mind is the Sovereign of Nature. Kings who have it not go down to dust and are forgotten; those who have it influence the world, and spread their own brief being over many generations of their fellow-men. Go on then to improve! . . . I shall be well I know by-and-by—and we shall then remember with joyful thoughts these days of trial. *Vale et me ama!*

Carlyle crippled his own means when he needed help to provide for the medical education of his brother John.

In No. 18 we have the end of a letter, in which Carlyle wrote:—

No. 18.—Written in 1822. Age 26-27. To his mother.

. . . For I begin to feel more and more the necessity of setting about *writing a book.* In general I am quite unhappy on this score; but I hope I shall at last fix on something, and then set to it like fire to tow. . . . Always, my dear mother. . . .

Carlyle began to publish his "Life of Schiller" in 1823, in the *London Magazine.* He wrote to his mother on his twenty-seventh birthday. See No. 19:—

This is my birth-day: I am now seven and twenty years of age! What an unprofitable lout I am! What have I done in this world to make good my place in it, or reward those that had the trouble of my upbringing? Great part of an ordinary life time is gone by: and here am I, poor trifler, still sojourning. . . .

No. 19.—Written December 4, 1822. Age 27. From a letter to Carlyle's mother on his twenty-seventh birthday; he had not then published any book.

He wrote No. 20 when he was in London for the first time; No. 21 was written to Leigh Hunt, and No. 22 refers to the complete failure of the famous "Sartor Resartus":—

. . . I am writing *nothing;* reading, above all things, my old *Homer.* . . . Fancy me as reading till you see me, then must *another* scene open.—(The "Homer" is that from which No. 2 has been taken.) . . . as for the unhappy *Sartor,* none can detest him more than my present self. There are some ten pages rightly *fused* and harmonious; the rest is only *welded,* or even agglomerated, and may be thrown to the swine. . . .

No. 20.—Written July 3, 1824. Age 28-29. During Carlyle's first visit to London. (Reduced facsimile.)

No 21.—Written November 20, 1832. Age 36-37. Part of a letter to Leigh Hunt.

[Carlyle's work, "Sartor Resartus," appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine,* vols. viii.-x., 1833-34. It was a dead failure, and letters poured in to the publisher countermanding subscriptions until Carlyle should be removed from the pages of the magazine. Two persons, Ralph Waldo Emerson and another, wrote to praise the work, but it was for a while doomed to failure. Recently, Mr. Frederick Chapman informed me that 114,000 copies of one edition *only* of this work had been printed by his firm during 1871 – 1894.—J. H. S.]

In No. 23 Carlyle wrote:

. . . I must be a toughish kind of lath after all, for my life here these three years has been sore and stern, almost frightful, nothing but Eternity beyond it in which seemed any peace. Perhaps better days are now beginning. God be thanked we can still do without such; still, and always, if it be so. Esperons! . . . Be steady, my boy: we shall see what becomes of us . . . Adieu, dear Jack. Gehab Dich wohl mein wackerer! (Take care of yourself, my dear boy.) I shall see (whether) there is a margin left. Auf ewig (Yours ever), T. C.

No. 22.—Written April 18, 1834. Age 38-39. Part of a letter to Leigh Hunt.

No. 23.—Written May 30, 1837. Age 41-42. To his brother John.

This letter was addressed "Dr. Carlyle, Countess of Clare's, Poste Restante, Rome." There *was* a "margin left," on which Carlyle wrote, in tiny letters, "Excuse this mean end of a letter. . . . I will do better next time. Adieu, Dear Brother, T. C." The four sides of a large sheet of paper are covered with writing, which is also neatly squeezed into the margins.

When Carlyle wrote No. 24, he also wrote:—

. . . The lectures terminated quite triumphantly, . . . there was applauding, complimenteering, &c., &c., and a money result of near £300 left in the hands of a man heartily glad to shrink back into his hole

Jane says I am fated to be the nucleus for all the mad people of my generation.

Ever your true Brother, T. Carlyle

No. 24.—Written July 17, 1838. Age 42-43. When Carlyle was lecturing in London. (Reduced facsimile.)

again. . . . If dire famine drive me, I must even lecture; but not otherwise. . . . Freedom under the blue sky; ah me, with a bit of brown bread, and peace and pepticity to eat it with: *this* for my money before all the "glory" of Portman Square or the Solar System itself!

From Mark.	Title of the Work, or Number of the MS. wanted.	Sec.	Place.	Date.
3. O. h.	Melmoth's Letters of Pliny	8°	Lpz.	1747

(Date) 27th April T. Carlyle (Signature).

Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place, as soon as done with.

No. 25.—Written April 27, 1839. Age 43-44. A British Museum reading-room ticket. (Reduced facsimile.)

The "Jane" here mentioned was Thomas Carlyle's wife.

The reading-room ticket shown in No. 25 is interesting. Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, ascertained the year of this ticket, and recently showed me the small reading-room (now closed to the public) where Carlyle wrote it, and where he was "obliged to sit on the top of a ladder" when reading—owing to the then scanty accommodation.

No. 26 explains itself. In letter No. 27 Carlyle wrote:—

One thing struck me much in this Macaulay, his theory of *Liberal* Government. He considers Reform to mean a judicious combining of those that have any money to keep down those that have none. "Hunger" among the great man is *irremediable*, he says. That the pigs be taught, etc.

I must and will persist
There seems no use in living to me, if it be not
nothing, or preparing to write T. Carlyle

No. 26.—Written August 2, 1839. Age 43-44. Carlyle's "French Revolution" was published in 1837, and a second edition in 1839.

No. 28 is from a splendid letter to his wife. No. 29 was written to brother John, the doctor:—

. . . If you do good to the poor patient, why should you not be content? It is to be *doing* good. Few people can certainly say of themselves so much. The most are but consuming victual; a *male*faction and theft if there be not work returned for it, in the shape of *improvement* to some man or thing!

That the pigs be taught to die without squealing: then is the sole improvement possible according to him. Did Whiggery ever express itself in a more damnable manner. T. Carlyle

No. 27.—Written July 24, 1840. Age 44-45. From a letter adversely criticising Lord Macaulay's political writings.

But space is very much too limited, and I can give only a scanty account of many of the selected passages, etc., from these unpublished letters. The originals of Nos. 30 and 31 are of great interest, and No. 32 is from a closely written three-page letter sent by Carlyle to his publishers on behalf of a poor lad who went to solicit his help; the letter ends: "So stands it in our Scotch Psalm Book; and, really, it is a

T. Carlyle

No. 28.—Written in August, 1840. Age 44-45. From a letter to his wife: ". . . Have your earthquakes done; and the house all ready for me to begin work at my return."

Adieu Dear Jack

No. 29.—Written September 5, 1840. Age 44-45. To his brother John, the doctor.

Courage, Patience, Cheerfulness!

No. 30.—Written January 12, 1841. Age 45-46. A "syllable of salutation" to brother John.

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great truth." No. 33 is from a letter to Carlyle's mother, which narrates the advice he gave to "those red-hot Irish Repealers," who had just visited Carlyle at Chelsea: "They are all ready for 'insurrection,' for 'death,' etc., etc. I strongly advised them to make a general insurrection *against the Devil* first of all, and see what came of that! . . . " No. 34 is the signature from the receipt for £300 for the first edition of "Oliver Cromwell." On May 21, 1844, Carlyle wrote to a

Thomas Carlyle

No. 31.—Written May 17, 1842. Age 46-47. From an agreement with Messrs. Chapman and Hall about the publication of "Heroes and Hero Worship."

against the Devil

No. 33.—Written April 28, 1845. Age 49-50. (See text for description.)

"Blessed is he that wisely doth
the poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is
the Lord will him deliver!"

No. 32.—Written March 20, 1844. Age 48-49. From a letter written to aid "a raw, respectable-looking Scotch lad."

T. Carlyle

No. 34.—Written January 7, 1846. Age 50-51. From the receipt for £300 for the first edition of the "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell."

collector who possessed one of Cromwell's letters, asking for a copy of it: "If it be of any length, I will come to the Museum, or send; for at any rate I must have a copy. . . . The punctuation I should like to have exact. . . ." The great attention given by Carlyle to his own punctuation affords good evidence of his thoroughness and care. No. 35 must go

As Robson sent me the first
Prospectus of the F. Revolution the other

No. 35.—Written June 14, 1847. Age 51-52. From a letter which refers to Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution."

without notice; No. 36 is the end of a letter, in which Carlyle wrote:—

Mr. Bosworth tells me that the Book *Sartor Resartus* has been quite out of print for a month past, and that inquiries are occasionally made for it—of course in vain. . . . As many "editions" as you like of it, and of all the others.

Yours always truly
T. Carlyle

No. 36.—Written August 31, 1848. Age 52-53. About "Sartor Resartus." (See text.)

"Simon Brodie had a cow;
He lost his cow, and he could na find her:
When he had done what man could do,
The cow came hame and her tail behind her."

T. Carlyle

No. 37.—Written January 23, 1849. Age 53-54.

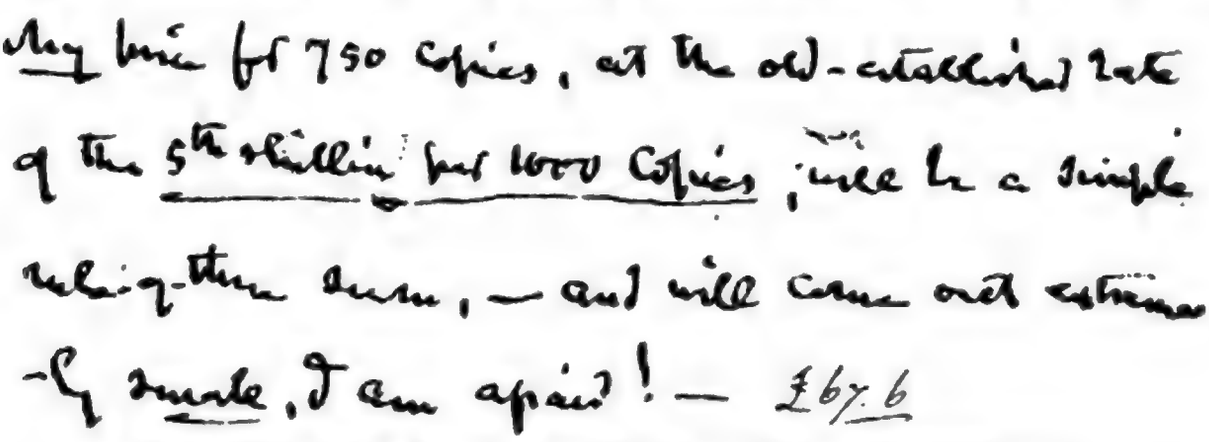
In 1894, no fewer than 5,000 copies of "the Book *Sartor Resartus*" were printed—of one edition only.

No. 37 speaks for itself, and I pass by

No. 38.—Written November 15, 1851. Age 55-56. From the receipt for £100, re the first edition of the "Life of Sterling."

Nos. 38 and 39. The next one was written to John Ruskin: "What a pleasant human evening we had. *Encore* to it!—T. C."

Here, in No. 41, are Carlyle's original instructions about the title of his "Life of Frederick the Great": "Fr*iedrich*, always used in the Text, is his right name (just as 'Louis' instead of '*Lewis*' in a French name, but it occasions a jar on our common habits; —and with 'Frederic the Great' would perhaps be unintelligible. You might say Friedrich

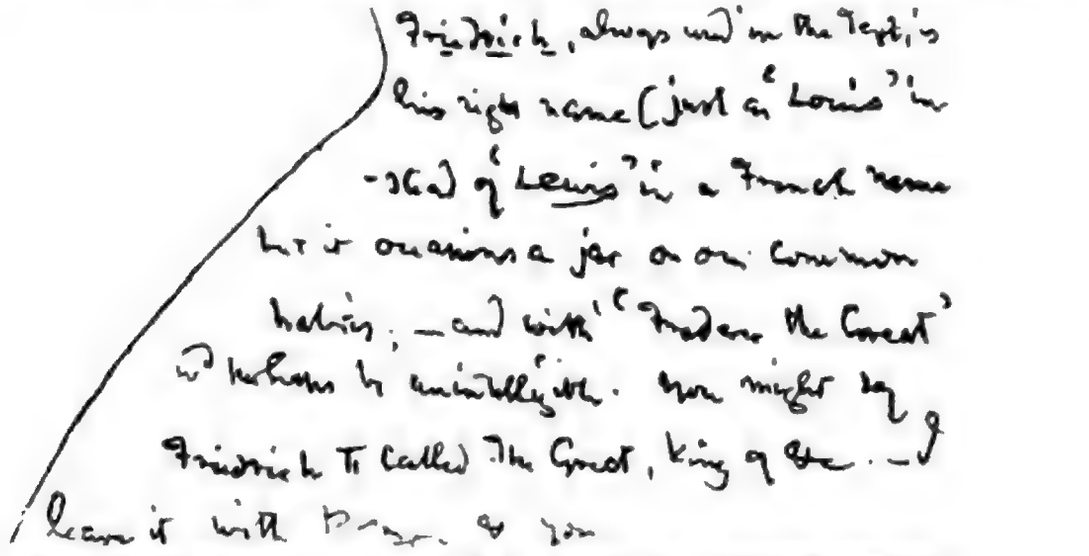


No. 39.—Written July 10, 1852. Age 56-57. This relates to a "cheap edition" of "Heroes."

II. called the Great, King of, &c.—I leave it with Robson and you." What an instance of Carlyle's minute care—which all his handwriting throughout his life shows so prominently. Thomas Carlyle, like many another famous man, knew the great value of "an infinite

No. 40.—Written in about 1854. Age 58-59. From a letter to John Ruskin.

capacity for taking pains" with his work. Every figure in this pageant of a book "has his own proper visage, stamped indelibly with the expression it bore as he flitted across this earth." No. 42 is worth notice. At the end of No. 43 Carlyle wrote: "Let him



No. 41.—Written November 13, 1857. Age 61-62. A pencil "note" containing instructions about the title of Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great."

come down to me in person"—the *him* was the unfortunate man who had "made a botch" of some of Carlyle's work. It is interesting to notice in this bit of gesture how Carlyle's gust of temper gave an unwonted emphasis and extension to the final strokes of some of the words here shown (No. 43). Just as an angry man will often

No. 42.—Written September 18, 1858. Age 62-63. From the receipt for £1,050 for the first edition of Vols. i. and ii. of "Frederick the Great."

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Raging nonsense

is mainly what I make of it

No. 43.—Written February 6, 1865. Age 69-70. From a letter of complaint. "Raging *nonsense* is mainly what I make of it."

temporarily abate some of his restraint of speech, so does he show a like intemperance when he makes written gesture at the moment when passion is leading him. No. 44 shows the signs of breaking up of a *man*, whose hand afterwards became more tremulous. It

Cordially detesting everybody

yrs affectly T. Carlyle

No. 44.—Written August 4, 1865. Age 69-70. From a letter to his brother James.

is pleasant to read No. 45, and No. 46 shows increasing infirmity. No. 47 is taken from the fly-leaf of "The Early Kings of Norway: also an essay on the Portraits of John

To Frederick Chapman Esq., my courteous
ever obliging Publisher:
with many kind wishes & regards.
T. Carlyle.

Chelsea, 23 Jan. 1871.

No. 45.—Written January 23, 1871. Age 75-76. From Vol. i. of a complete set of his works which Carlyle presented to Frederick Chapman, Esq. (Reduced facsimile.)

T. Carlyle

No. 46.—Written March 2, 1874. Age 78-79. Endorsement on a bill for £100.

Knox," by Thomas Carlyle. At this date, and prior to 1875, Carlyle wrote with much difficulty, and usually with a blue pencil; the broken lines were then traced over with a pen by another hand. This specimen has not been touched.

To my dear Niece Mary C. Aitken:
affectionately thankfully
T. Carlyle

Chelsea, 5 May
1875.

No. 47.—Written in blue pencil, May 5, 1875. Age 79-80. From the fly-leaf of a book given to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (*née* Mary Carlyle Aitken.)

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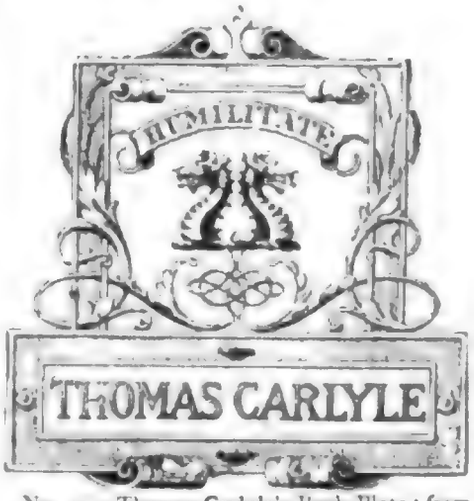
I end this series of facsimiles with one from a letter written at an advanced age by Margaret Aitken Carlyle, the mother of Thomas. She never forgot him—nor did he ever forget his "own old mother." The Book-Plate shown in No. 49 is the Book-

ever your own old Mother

M A C

No. 48.—End of a letter written to Carlyle by his mother in May, 1846, when she was of advanced age.



No. 49.—Thomas Carlyle's Book-Plate: from the "Homer" used by him when a boy. (See Note.)

Plate of a brave and honest man—who has left to us the evidence of his written gesture—who was never inflated by the success brought to him by his genius: who did kind and generous deeds in the dark, and who had—always ready—scornful words for the quack and the pretender, and kind acts for the needy: who was once absurdly accused of vaunting truth and honesty for the sake of the effect to be gained by the vaunt, but who was as sincere a lover of truth and honesty as ever lived; who fought against the depression caused by ill-health, and indelibly and for time stamped his mark—*Thomas Carlyle*—upon the thinking world; who curbed as best he could his fitful gusts of irritation and temper, and who was a true, simple, and kindly man in thought and act—this is the Book-Plate of Thomas Carlyle.

NOTE.—I thank, for the loan of most valuable letters, those owners or guardians of Carlyle letters, etc., who have enabled me to prepare this unique collection. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle (*née* Mary C. Aitken), the niece, secretary, and faithful friend of Thomas Carlyle; Mr. Frederick Chapman—Carlyle's "worthy and ever obliging Publisher"; Dr. Richard Garnett and Mr. Francis B. Bickley, of the British Museum; Mr. Samuel Davey, the Editor of the *Archivist*, 47, Great Russell Street, W.C.; Messrs. Noel Conway, autograph dealers, of 50B, New Street, Birmingham; Professor Kirkpatrick, Secretary of Senatus, Edinburgh University; Mr. Hugh A. Webster, Librarian, and Mr. Thomas Gilbert, Clerk to the Senatus, Edinburgh University; Sir Edward Strachey, Bart., of Sutton Court, Bristol; Mr. William Brown, 26, Princes Street, Edinburgh, and Mr. R. C. Robertson, of that city; Mr. William Duncan, B.A., Rector of Annan Academy, who undertook inquiries for me at the Dumfriesshire town where Carlyle went to school; Mr. John Waller, autograph dealer, of 2, Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, W.; and Professor J. A. Froude, who informed me of an interesting fact, which I quote from his letter, dated June 27th, 1894: ". . . More than fifty years ago John Sterling showed me a letter which he had just received from Carlyle, whom I had then never seen. I made some remark about it, on which Sterling observed: 'No doubt there is a physiognomy in everything that we do.' . . ." It is curious that all these men, Froude, Sterling, and Carlyle (see No. 16), should have noticed that handwriting contains signs of character—signs that are set out in *Handwriting and Expression* (Kegan Paul, 1892), and which the curious reader may investigate in the complete collection of Carlyle's handwriting that has now been given.—J. H. S.

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and depressed state, and himself begged me to place him under the care of a medical man."

"Is he conscious," I inquired, "of the nature of his malady?"

"Happily not—certainly not," she quickly responded; "he believes that he is suffering from a mere nervous disorder, which will readily yield to proper treatment."

At this point her pent-up emotions gave way, and, weeping piteously, she exclaimed: "Doctor, he is my only, my dearly loved child; say, is there any hope? Oh, pray, say there is hope that my dear one may be spared."

"Madam," I said, "your son's case is serious, but I by no means think it hopeless. In cases of this kind recoveries are not infrequent; but stay, they are returning"—for at that moment I heard the merry voice of my wife laughingly bidding her young companion carry the egg-basket more carefully. "You must not see your son like this," and so saying I sprang through the open casement on to the lawn just in time to catch them before they entered, and whispering a word to my wife, I asked Mr. Chisholm to accompany me to the stables.

"The stables are large," I said, "for the house, like the family that inhabit it, has seen better days, but their only occupant is my nag and my wife's old pony of all work."

"I like this place immensely," he replied; "and if you will allow me to stay with you for a month or two, I shall, with your permission, bring down one or two stable companions for your horses."

I told him I hoped we might have that pleasure; and thus, rambling about the garden and by the side of the little trout stream that babbled along under our windows, we conversed on numerous topics. During the whole of the conversation, although I narrowly observed all that he said, I could trace no indication of impaired intellectual power. On the contrary, I was satisfied even by this short interview that he possessed no mean capacity, and that his general information was, for his years, large and varied. I came then to the conclusion, which subsequent events confirmed, that he suffered from what to specialists is known as emotional insanity, in contradistinction to those forms of insanity which arise from a disordered intellect.

Although my experience of mental disease had been comparatively small, yet I had taken great interest in cases of homicidal mania, and I had at Dr. R.'s several patients suffering from this form of insanity under my care, and had been fortunate enough to have enjoyed a large measure of success in their treatment. But I must not be led away into a tedious digression, and will resume my narrative.

On rejoining the ladies, I found my wife had completely won the heart of Mrs. Chisholm, whom she had persuaded to stay with us all night, instead of at the little inn. We spent a long and pleasant evening. Mr. Chisholm sang and played with my wife, and no one looking at him, next to my wife, the gayest of our circle, would have dreamt that so dark a cloud hung over his bright young life.

After our guests had retired I explained to my wife the situation, and expressed my doubts whether, with our three little children, it would be prudent to receive into our house anyone afflicted with this dangerous disorder.

Mildred replied, wife-like: "Ralph, whatever you do will be for the best." Then woman-like, "You may not have such another chance again. Mrs. Chisholm is immensely rich, and will grudge us nothing we like to ask."

"Well," I replied, "we mad doctors have to risk a deal; and if you have no fear, I have none, so let it be."

The next morning after breakfast I took Mrs. Chisholm into my study and told her that I was prepared to receive her son, but inasmuch as it would not be possible for me to be in constant attendance upon him, it was necessary that a male servant should be employed who might unobtrusively observe his movements. She told me she fully appreciated the necessity of providing her son with a general attendant, and for that purpose she proposed placing at my disposal an old and trusted servant, who had been valet to her husband, and to whom she had felt compelled to confide the sad state of her son.

I fully acquiesced, and we then made all final arrangements; as to my remuneration, it was on a scale of liberality far beyond my expectation. I suggested that, in her as well as his interest, Mr. Chisholm's residence with me should commence forthwith, and that I should at once ascertain his views thereon.

She assented, and the result of a short interview with Mr. Chisholm was that he cheerfully agreed to commence that evening his stay at Burnhope Grange.

Mrs. Chisholm left early that afternoon, and as I saw her into her carriage, with the sole companionship of her maid, I was profoundly moved at that splendid fortitude

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"You have heard, Dr. Armstrong, of our Highland superstition of second sight?"

"Yes," I replied, "and Roderick has favoured me with many an uncanny legend touching your own ancestral hall; but why do you ask me?"

He paused, but after a moment's hesitation went on:—

"Of course I don't believe in the thing, but two nights in succession this week I dreamed that I had tried to take the life of one for whom I would gladly lay down my own." He stopped, and leaning over the ledge of the window, covered his face with his hands.

I was deeply agitated, more, perhaps, than as a doctor I should have been, but to me he had become, even in that short time, less a patient than a younger brother. There flashed across my mind the story of that night when his mother stood in peril of her life. It was of her I thought he spoke. Ah, little deemed I that it might be one more dear and more near even than a mother. Across the sky the hawk was bearing in its cruel talons a tender dove, and often in after times, when I have recalled this scene, it has seemed to me that those two birds were for a portent of what might be.

"Gerald," I said, "when thoughts such as these come over you, turn for strength to Him who alone can afford it"; and then, thinking I was unwise to be thus serious, I added: "You are not yourself, my boy; you have been reading too much and riding too little."

At this moment the servant entered and announced that Colonel and Miss Aylmer were in the drawing-room.

"Come, Gerald," I cried, "there is someone downstairs who will dispel all these gloomy fancies."

He hesitated; he was in no mood for society, but his mental strength triumphed over his moral weakness, and it was on this strong intellectual force of his character that I based my hopes of his ultimate recovery. We entered the drawing-room.

"How are you, Armstrong?" cried the hearty voice of the Colonel. "We are late callers, but we have been at 'The Warrenne,' and it is so long since we met that we thought we'd look in on our way home."

"I am glad to see you," I replied, "and Ella too. I only heard yesterday of your return from abroad. Let me introduce to you both Mr. Chisholm, of——"

I turned as I spoke and was surprised to observe on Gerald's face a look of embarrassment and confusion, on hers of amusement and girlish fun.

"It is not the first time we have met," she said, laughing, "although I did not before know Mr. Chisholm's name. I was riding on the fell, and Mr. Chisholm gallantly recovered my hat which was sailing away to Blea Tarn."

"Mr. Chisholm," said the Colonel, "I am glad to make your acquaintance. I think I can claim some distant kinship on the maternal side with your ancient family."

And so we chatted away pleasantly enough, and when this visit ended, short as it was, my wife and Ella had made no end of engagements for fishing and riding and picnics, in all of which, I overheard, Gerald was to play a part.

Colonel Aylmer, who lived at "The Chase," was a large landowner in our district and a near neighbour. Our families had been on friendly terms for many generations past, and though our acres had dwindled and we had sunk from the position of squires to that of little better than yeomen, the old friendship had never been severed, and there were few warmer friends than John Aylmer and I.

Ella was his only child, and though I was seven years her senior, there was rarely a day when I was home from my school that we were not together; and when I married our vicar's daughter, little Ella was our bridesmaid, and I well remember on that day whispering to her that when she married, my little girl should be her maid.

Well, the next few weeks passed very happily. The Colonel and Gerald became fast friends, and as for Ella, seldom a day passed but what we saw her. I had every reason to be satisfied with the progress of my patient; his fits of depression were rarer, and not so profound or so protracted; in fact, I indulged in such strong hopes of his speedy recovery, that towards the end of October I ventured to suggest to him that it might be practicable for him to commence his residence at Oxford in the following January. I was pleased, for I took it as a mark of affection for us and our home, that he showed no anxiety to acquiesce in my proposal; on the contrary, he suggested that he would prefer to stay with us until the commencement of the summer term.

One bright, sunny day at the end of October, Ella had been lunching with us, and Gerald was to see her home across the fell. My wife and I stood at the door watching them ride forth, and indeed it would be

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necessity of confiding the dread secret to Miss Aylmer; and, although I entertained grave doubts whether, not merely as a friend of the Aylmer family, but as a man of honour, it was not my duty to disclose the truth to her father, I finally decided, for the present, at least, to confine my communication to his daughter.

The more I weighed the matter the stronger did I feel my justification; for if I caused the engagement to be broken off, disasters would be the inevitable result, while my belief in his ultimate recovery had become firmer with every succeeding month, and I felt satisfied that the concentration of his affections in the passion of reciprocated love, although possibly in the first instance prejudicial, would tend eventually to the subordination and, ultimately, the elimination of those morbid emotions, which hitherto had found their only counteracting force in his intellectual strength.

With reverent hands I draw the veil over my interview with Ella Aylmer. Our ancient friendship rendered my task, in a measure, easier. She frankly confessed her love for Gerald, and—ah me! although I knew it could not be otherwise with her—my heart was not too old to thrill with mingled joy and sorrow when, standing erect within the framework of the window, very pale and sad, she said:—

"Mr. Armstrong, I shall never take back the promise I gave to Gerald."

One condition alone I exacted from her, and that was that under no circumstances, without my consent, was her marriage to take place before the lapse of three years.

It was early in April; some five months had passed since my interview with Ella. We had seen comparatively little of the folks at "The Chase," for it had been a hard winter and bad travelling across the moor, and even as late as this, great wreaths of snow lay on the roads. And now I was anxious about Gerald. His old fits of depression had returned, and more than once my watchful scrutiny detected, in the sudden flushing of the cheek and the fitful gleam in his eyes, the darkly boding signs of mischief; yet I observed with satisfaction how manfully his fine intellect battled against the thraldom of this malign influence, but still the situation was sufficiently alarming for me to take every precaution. As for himself, I had no fear, for I was fully satisfied that there was no suicidal tendency, but I arranged that during the daytime he should be under the constant and close observation of either Roderick or myself.

It was the 6th of April, the snow was still on the moor, and Ella had driven over in her sleigh to lunch and spend the afternoon with us. Gerald, during luncheon, was cheerful, almost mirthful. His merriment, however, received a sudden check when Ella said: "This will be my last visit for some time to the Grange; next week we are going to London. Papa wishes me to be 'presented,' and I suppose we shall not be back at 'The Chase' before July."

"Well, that is news," he exclaimed; "I thought you were going to stay here all the summer. When you are among all the fine folk in London you will forget all about us poor simple joskins."

Ella threw a reproachful glance from her soft brown eyes upon the speaker, and I guessed by a little movement of the tablecloth that some gentle and silent pledge of faith was given.

"I tell you what," cried my impulsive little wife, "I mean to attend your Drawing Room tea, and if Ralph won't give me a holiday in town, Mr. Chisholm will, won't you, Gerald, honey? I mean to see all the pretty frocks. Why, the fact is, I have not, save you, Ella, dear, seen a decently dressed woman since we came here four mortal years ago."

I promised my wife I would take her to London for a holiday, and Gerald agreed to go with us, and so we all chatted away about the fine doings we would have in London.

After a time my wife went up to the nursery, and I withdrew into the library which opened out of the drawing-room, into which Miss Aylmer and Gerald had gone. I sat down to write my letters, among them my weekly one to his mother, and through the half-open door there came the gentle murmur of their conversation. Presently I heard the soft voice of Ella, to the accompaniment of her zither, singing a little French ditty—I call to mind the words:—

Tu t'en repentiras, Colin, tu t'en repentiras,
Si tu prends une femme, Colin, tu t'en repentiras.

What it was that caused the feeling I cannot tell or understand, but somehow the thought of the kestrel and the dove flashed into my mind, and an uneasy sensation came over me that something evil was about to happen. I laid down my pen and gazed forth on the moor; the sun was slowly westering and tinging the wide expanse of snow with its crimson light. The voice of the singer had ceased and all was still. I rose from my seat, and, led by what impulse I know not, moved towards the half-opened door.

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Treasure Beach.

By R. Robertson, F.S.A. Scot.

I.—A Strange Vocation.

A FEW winters ago we spent several weeks in a very pleasant yachting cruise among the West Indian Islands. When coasting along the southern shore of San Domingo, a continuance of bad weather caused us to seek shelter in a little land-locked bay. The attempt was somewhat difficult, the entrance being rather narrow, and flanked on either side by high cliffs. Once in, however, the anchorage was perfect; sheltered from every wind and with depth of water sufficient for ships of any size. This bay is semi-circular in shape, and a tiny stream, which has its source in the swamps a few miles inland, falls into the western corner.

Along the banks of this stream are scattered from two to three dozen squalid negro cabins, each with its own slovenly cultivated patch of garden ground adjoining. A few roughly constructed flat-bottomed boats are drawn up on the beach. These the owners use for fishing in the bay, which swarms with various sorts of edible fish. The latter are split up and dried in the sun, and constitute, along with the few fruits and vegetables raised, the sole means of subsistence of this little settlement.

The surrounding country is of the wildest description. Forest and jungle intermixed with noisome swamps extend for many miles around. There are no other settlements at all near, and at first it seems strange that this out-of-the-way and almost inaccessible spot should have been chosen for a place of permanent residence.

The explanation, however, is by no means an exceptional one. The reason or object which has led to this self-imposed banishment is the same which impels men of all nations to endure isolation and hardship—the desire for wealth; easily and rapidly acquired riches. The conception of what constitutes a fortune varies, of course, according to the wants and tastes of different people, and to many the total amount of wealth ever acquired, or likely to be acquired at this remote spot, would appear comparatively insignificant. But to the ideas of this little band of negroes and half-breeds, with their few and simple wants, the lucky "finds" here met with are more than sufficient. Every one of them lives in hope of some day becoming the happy owner of a sum large enough to enable him to return to his native town or village, and pass the remainder of his days in what to his mind constitutes the height of bliss—utter idleness!

The beach is composed of sand mixed with small pebbles and shells of various kinds. A considerable stretch is laid bare at low water, except at the eastern side, where the cliffs rise abruptly and almost perpendicularly from the sea. At exceptionally low tides, however, a narrow strip of sand along the base of the cliffs is left bare for a few hours at a time. Usually the settlers pass their time idly lounging about the doors of their huts, sometimes doing a little gardening, or fishing in the bay. When these low tides occur all is changed. Every man, woman, and child able to render the slightest assistance at the work then hastens to this small stretch of sand, and the great business of their lives is hurriedly proceeded with. Some handle spades and shovels of iron or wood, others manipulate rudely made riddles; all are engaged in the work of sifting the sand and shingle into sacks and baskets. The sand is thrown away, and all that will not pass through the meshes of the riddles is carried away to be carefully examined at the possessor's leisure. It is amongst this mixture of shells and shingle the "treasure-hunters" look for the realization of their dreams of wealth.

This curious occupation has been engaged in for many years. When and by whom the work was first begun, no one can tell. But so it is, and year after year the labour goes on, though the "bonanza finds" are every year becoming fewer in number and smaller in value.

This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the treasure is by no means inexhaustible, and owes its existence to the hand of man and not of Nature. The gold and silver are mostly ready coined, and the precious stones set in ornaments of various descriptions. Doubloons, moidores, pieces-of-eight, and dollars are the coins usually met with, but, if tales are true, the early explorers of the hoard were rewarded by obtaining valuable

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It turned out a much simpler affair than the pirates had any hope to expect, and they had abundant reason to congratulate themselves on their bloodless victory. Flood now found himself in possession of a vessel in every respect suited to the requirements of his nefarious profession. Several of the captured Frenchmen were not averse to joining the ranks of the pirates, and the others were bundled into the smallest boat and permitted to make their way back to port as best they could.

The brigantine was re-named the *Shark* and Flood assumed command, Cæsar being put in charge of the *Mosquito;* the men being apportioned between the two ships.

The details of the adventures of Flood and his partner for the next two years we will pass over. During that period the two vessels remained in close company, carrying on with impunity their career of robbery and bloodshed. Many a richly-laden merchantman had fallen a prey to their combined attack, and both were well filled with valuable, if unlawful, spoil. The cruisers of several nations were on the outlook for them, but, thanks to their fast-sailing qualities, the piratical craft had always managed to elude their pursuers.

When not at sea, the little bay we have described on the southern coast of San Domingo was a favourite rendezvous of Flood and his comrades. Here they were in the habit of frequently repairing for rest and the refitting of their vessels. One important change, however, had taken place in the relations of Captain Flood and his lieutenant. The latter, in the desperate enterprises they engaged in, had shown an amount of reckless daring and audacity which had made him intensely popular with the crews of both ships. Indeed, he had become a much more popular leader than Flood himself.

Rightly or wrongly, the men had acquired the notion that the latter had a wholesome regard for his own skin, and although they could not accuse him of open cowardice, still he did not display the dash they looked for in their chief in action. Cæsar's boldness was in direct contrast to Flood's pusillanimity, and the former's position grew stronger every day. Flood was not slow to perceive this, and much as he resented his rival's growing popularity, he had the acuteness to come to an understanding and amicable arrangement with him. He accordingly proposed that Cæsar should be placed on an equal footing with himself. To this the men assented, and the lieutenant was promoted to the rank of captain. Flood retained command of the brigantine, but Cæsar had an equal say in all deliberations, and was awarded the full share of a captain in the division of booty.

III.—The Fate of the "Shark."

Up to this time the operations of Flood and his partner had been confined to the West Indies, but now, emboldened by success and perhaps through a more vigilant search being made for them, they determined to extend the sphere of their depredations. It was agreed they should leave their customary cruising ground for a time and run across the Atlantic to the neighbourhood of the Canaries.

Here they expected to be able to plunder some of the large ships trading with the East Indies. These ships were much larger and also better manned and armed than any they had hitherto ventured to attack. At the same time, if there was increased risk there was also the certainty of richer spoils. The first sail sighted proved to be a Dutch barque from the Cape, which, surrendering quietly, was allowed to proceed after being overhauled and all valuables carried off.

A few days afterwards another ship hove in sight. As soon as they came within range the pirates unfurled their black flags and opened fire. The stranger immediately displayed English colours and sailed steadily on. She was a large East Indiaman, fully manned, and carried several heavy guns. As quickly as her guns could be brought to bear she returned the pirates' fire, and was evidently prepared to make a fight of it. The pirate craft, sailing much faster and more easily handled, dodged round about, pouring in their shot and waiting a favourable opportunity of boarding. For this purpose the *Shark* forged ahead, and then, putting her helm down, attempted to lay herself alongside the merchantman.

The *Mosquito* meantime peppered away at her stern, ready to come alongside and join in the attack simultaneously with her consort. Their little plan, however, did not come off as anticipated. Perceiving the object of the *Shark's* manœuvring, the Indiaman suddenly altered her course a few points, and, bringing her starboard guns to bear, discharged a rattling broadside slap into the pirate. A well-directed shot hit the *Shark's* foremast and it went by the board. Deprived of her head-sails and hampered by the wreck of the foremast, she refused to answer her helm, and lay a helpless log. As she

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in climbing on board the sinking ship, only to delay their fate a few minutes. Most drifted to leeward and quickly sank.

Steadily and surely the *Shark* settled down. Several of the pirates hastened to throw a few planks together to form a raft. Too late! With a sudden lurch the brigantine heeled over—the water rushed in amidships—her stem rose high in the air—one last despairing shriek rang over the surface of the sea, and stern first she plunged to her last resting-place beneath the waves.

A few weeks afterwards the *Mosquito* lay at her old anchorage in the little bay. Luckily for the pirates, their voyage across the Atlantic had been a rapid one. The unexpected addition to her complement of men taxed the commissariat of the schooner to the utmost. The *Mosquito's* stock of food and water had been already much reduced by their long cruise, and had they taken all Flood's crew on board there would have been danger of their starving.

Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and when the two captains recognised their difficulty they did not hesitate to sacrifice the lives of a considerable number of their men to save the remainder. The pirates on board the *Mosquito*—hardened villains though they were—at first seemed inclined to resent the abandonment of their comrades. But when their captains' reasons for so acting were explained to them, they acquiesced. Probably the fact of their falling heirs to their unlucky shipmates' valuables went a long way to ease their consciences and quieten their resentment of the treacherous deed.

IV.—More Treachery.

The two captains being once more in the same vessel it was mutually agreed that, until another suitable ship was come across, they should resume their old relations. Cæsar accordingly resumed his position of lieutenant, with one reservation. This was, that he should continue to share equally with Flood in all plunder.

The amount of treasure accumulated by the pair was now considerable. Always dreading treachery, not only from their men, but also from each other, it was deemed desirable some more secure place than the ship should be found for their ill-gotten gains. A hiding-place on shore was, therefore, sought out, and a favourable opportunity awaited for the removal on shore of the most valuable and portable portion of their hoards.

One moonlight night, when the crew were all below, busily occupied in their customary work of gaming and drinking, the scheme was carried out. As usual when at anchor, no watch was kept, and Flood had taken the precaution of serving out an extra quantity of rum that night. About midnight all the crew were either dead drunk or so far gone as to be totally incapacitated from any active interference with the project.

Cæsar crept forward and viewed the scene below, through the open hatchway, with satisfaction. All of the men were fast asleep, except a half-dozen or so, who still sat round the table in a maudlin condition with half-closed eyes. There was no fear of any interruption from them, and he at once returned aft and joined Flood in the cabin.

"Well," queried the latter, "is all safe?"

"Perfectly," answered Cæsar; "the brutes are nearly all dead drunk, and not one of them could crawl on deck to save his life."

"Then, the sooner we get our little job done, the better," said Flood, rising. "You go on deck and get the skiff alongside; I'll see about getting the 'swag' up."

The powder magazine opened off the cabin, and Flood unlocked the door and went in with a lantern in his hand. Flasks and kegs of gunpowder were ranged around. Picking his way through these, he opened a trap-door in the floor at the far end and disclosed a low chamber underneath.

Cæsar meantime went on deck, and after drawing the small boat up close under the stern, he rejoined Flood below. A couple of strong wooden chests, clamped with iron at the corners, lay in the apartment beneath the magazine. One of these was quickly hauled up and carried on deck. With as little noise as possible it was then lowered on board the skiff, and the two men took their places beside it. The painter was then unloosed, and Cæsar taking the sculls pulled rapidly for the shore.

Here the box was put ashore and the boat hauled up a few yards on the sand.

The spot selected for the reception of the treasure was at the cliffs on the east side of the bay. Taking the chest between them, the two pirates made for this spot without delay. There was no path, and the ground was rough and in some places overgrown with scrub, but in a short time the summit of the rock was reached.

As we have already described, the cliff at this point rises abruptly from the sea. About thirty feet from the top a ledge of rock runs along the face, on which a few bushes find a

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He was in a terrible fix. From his men he knew he would receive no mercy. Both his treasure and his life would be sacrificed to their feelings of greed and revenge. Again, the horrible thought struck him that it might be the intention of his follower to say nothing to the rest of the crew, but simply leave him to die a lingering death on the ledge. Either alternative was dreadful to contemplate, and throwing himself down on the widest part of the shelf of rock, he cursed his folly for not taking better precautions to prevent his movements being known.

Here we leave him, meantime, and return on board the *Mosquito*, where another strange scene was being enacted.

When Flood left the schooner he believed the men were all asleep or in such an intoxicated condition as to be incapable of leaving the fore-cabin. On this particular night, however, when midnight arrived, instead of being all drunk as usual, some twenty of the pirates found themselves still comparatively sober and the liquor all gone. This was a state of affairs they were not accustomed to, and calls at once arose for more drink. The captain, they believed, would have retired to rest by that time, but nevertheless they resolved to rouse him up. More liquor was wanted, and more they would have.

After some talk, three of the crew were selected to proceed to the cabin and procure more rum and brandy. The three chosen were Davis, the boatswain, a burly Welshman; Harley, the carpenter, a lanky Scotchman; and Schneider, a Dutch seaman. Crawling up the hatchway the three worthies staggered aft to the cabin-stairs. Here they were surprised to see a light still burning, but boldly descending the companion they pushed open the door and entered the cabin. A lighted lantern swung from the ceiling, but Flood was nowhere to be seen. They searched everywhere, but, of course, the captain could not be found. In their muddled state, it took them some time to realize the truth; but when they did so they at once raised the alarm. All the other pirates who retained their senses and the use of their legs immediately flocked to the after-cabin.

At first it was conjectured Flood must have fallen overboard and met the same fate as Cæsar. Soon, however, the boat was missed, and a cry arose that they had been abandoned. Everyone now rushed into Flood's cabin. Chests and lockers were broken open and ransacked. A plentiful supply of strong drink was obtained, and the pirates, to the number of some twenty or thirty, made free with all they fancied. Some gathered round the table beneath the lantern, some sprawled on the lockers, others on the floor.

Schneider, the Dutchman, being the soberest man in the company, acted as "master of the ceremonies." He sat at the end of the table facing the cabin-door. Before him was a water-bucket, into which a dozen or two bottles of rum and brandy had been indiscriminately emptied. This mixture he measured out freely in glasses, bowls, and pannikins to all who applied for it. Needless to say, he was kept well employed, and more than once more bottles were added to the contents.

One by one the pirates dropped on the floor dead drunk. Some, half drunk, fought and cursed. Knives were drawn and pistols fired amidst blasphemous shouts and yells of fiendish laughter. Soon only about half-a-dozen of the wretches retained sufficient sense to be able to sit round the table. Schneider roared and yelled like a very demon, and was ably seconded in his efforts by Harley, Davis, and one or two others. Some, in a maudlin condition, shouted snatches of buccaneering ditties of the grossest description.

"Fill up again, boys," cried Schneider, struggling to his feet, "fill up to de brim. I vill give you a toast, and I vill shoot de man who does not drink it!" So saying, he pulled out a pistol and laid it on the table in front of him.

The pirates round the table at once eagerly passed in their glasses, all except one. This exception was Pedro, the black cook, who lay with his head on the table fast asleep.

"Come, wake up, Pedro!" roared the Dutchman. "Wake up! No skulking here, I tell you!" and he seized the negro by his shock of woolly hair and raised his head. The black's eyes turned up with a ghastly glare, but on Schneider relaxing his grip his head at once sank down again.

"Vat!" screamed the Dutchman, "you vill not take your liquor, you black tevil? By gar, but I vill make you take it! If you vill not take it *inside*, den you shall have it *out!*"

With these words the drunken villain plunged his pannikin into the bucket of liquor, filled it to the brim, and emptied the contents over the negro's head. The liquor saturated his curly hair, and ran in streams down his neck and face. The Dutchman's

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rigged vessel, or have served an apprenticeship of five years to some licensed pilot vessel, and also two years in a square-rigged vessel, before he can become a pilot for the London district.

What is known as the London pilotage district extends from Orfordness on the north to the Isle of Wight on the south. But there are also under the jurisdiction of the Trinity House a number of so-called outport districts, extending from Rye round the south coast as far as Milford, besides Carlisle, Barrow, Holyhead, and other places on the west coast. The qualifications necessary for these outport duties are much the same as for the London district, except that for the London district no man can be appointed who has passed the age of thirty-five, whereas in the outport districts pilots may be licensed after that age in certain circumstances.

Any man having these several qualifications, or intending so to qualify himself, may become a candidate for the pilot service. But this is not all that is required of him. These represent only the general qualifications; the special ones required of him are that he shall be thoroughly conversant with the channels for which he desires to act as pilot; which for the London district means that he must have a thorough knowledge of the various channels of the estuary of the Thames, and of the waters leading thereto; or, if he wishes to be a river pilot only, of the Thames from Gravesend to London Bridge.

But here it is necessary to discriminate between the different classes of pilots. For the London district, then, there are:—

(1.) River pilots, who are licensed to take vessels from Gravesend to London Bridge, or *vice-versâ*.

(2.) Outward pilots, who are licensed to take vessels from Gravesend to sea; and

(3.) Inward pilots, who are licensed to bring vessels from the sea to Gravesend.

But there are again differences and distinctions in these three classes. For instance, among the pilots who ply their trade between Gravesend and London, there are three separate categories: compulsory pilots, pilots for exempt ships, and home-trade steam passenger pilots—of which I shall have more to say anon. Then among the outward and inward pilots there are differences in degree and in extent of license. Thus, when a man first goes up for examination in order to be passed as a pilot, he has to choose either the North or the South Channel of the Thames. If he chooses the South Channel, and he passes, he is licensed to take charge of any ship drawing not more than fourteen feet of water in that channel or in any of the channels leading thereto or therefrom; but at the expiration of three years he may go up for re-examination, after which he is able to take charge of vessels of any draught in those channels. After a man has served as pilot two years in the South Channel, he may go up and pass his examination for the North Channel, when he is licensed for vessels of fourteen feet draught and under for that channel. Thus it takes him five years to obtain full qualifications for an outward and inward pilot. Some, however, go a step farther than this, and pass an examination for the Isle of Wight, whereupon they are able to pilot a vessel as far as that island. There are some, however, who never pass for more than one channel—it may be either north or south.

"Formerly," said Mr. Keigwin, "a man might act both as outward and as inward pilot, taking a vessel out and then waiting on the station for an inward-bound ship and pilot her to Gravesend, or *vice-versâ;* but that system was found to be so unfavourable, especially to the cruising pilots, that in 1886 it was done away with; and now a pilot taking a vessel out, either by the North or the South Channel, is not allowed to bring one back."

"How does he get back, then?"

"He returns by train."

It should be explained here, perhaps, how the system works. The outward sea pilots are stationed at Gravesend, which is probably the largest pilot station in the world, the staff of river and sea pilots permanently stationed there numbering upwards of 300. The river pilots bring the vessels down from London to Gravesend, where they hand them over to the sea pilots. These, if the vessel is bound north—that is, to the Baltic or North Sea ports—carry her by the North Channel as far as the Sunk Light, or Orfordness, on the Suffolk coast, and there leave her, being put on shore by one of the pilot cutters that are always cruising on that station, in order to intercept ships coming from the north.

If the vessel be southward bound, she is taken away from the Thames by the South Channel, the pilot quitting her at the Downs, at Dover, or at the Isle of Wight, whence he returns home by train. Formerly, there were four cutters constantly cruising between Dungeness and South Foreland, to meet the needs of the inward service, as at Orfordness; but two or three years ago

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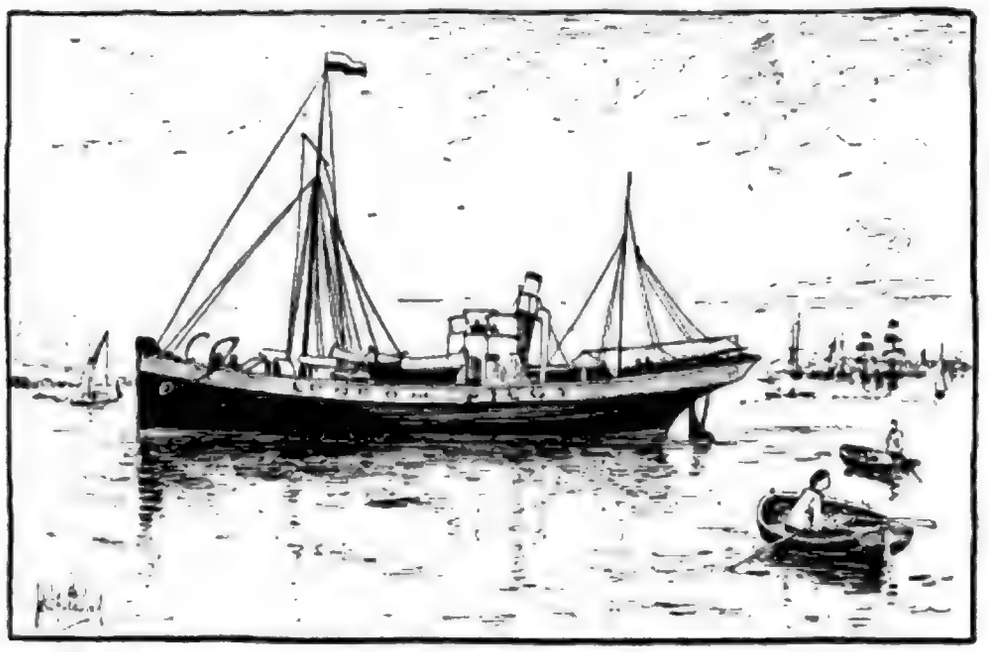

[From a Sketch by] STEAM CUTTER PILOT. [John Fullwood.

they were replaced by two steamers. When a vessel comes up wanting a pilot she is supplied with one from the steamer on duty, which is kept fed with pilots by one of the old cutters, each pilot going off in rotation. Like the outward pilot, the inward pilot returns home by train.

Asked why the system by which the outward pilot could also take a vessel inward was done away with, Mr. Keigwin said:—

"Well, as a matter of fact, because certain men took all the cream of the work. But I can best explain the thing by letting you into another peculiarity of the pilot system. There are among sea, as well as among river pilots, what are called 'choice' men, that is, men who are chosen by companies having a large number of vessels, such as the P. and O., the Orient, and other lines, to do all their pilot work. These men have the pick of the service; they have their own regular boats, and whatever other work they can get in between in addition. Thus, one might take one of his own boats down to the Isle of Wight, Plymouth, etc., and then ship on board a vessel coming up, and so deprive one of the 'turn' men, as they are called, of a turn. Hence, in fairness to the 'turn' men, the system was done away with."

"According to this, then, the pilots are not paid by salary, but for work done?"

"For work done, certainly."

"And how are they paid?"

"There is a regular fixed scale of charges, reckoned by draught of water and by distance, and any deviation from this scale is punishable by fine or suspension."

"And what will be the average income of a pilot?"

"That is hard to say—they vary so considerably. As I have already said, the 'choice' men take the pick of the work, and some of them enjoy a very handsome income. Look at this: it will show you what the men's incomes are better than I can tell you."

The document produced was the report of a committee of inquiry into the system above referred to, and now abolished. According to it, in the year 1886 two men employed by the P. and O. Company earned respectively £1,656 and £1,635. One of the two British India Company's pilots earned £1,579, and three others ('choice' men) earned respectively £1,332, £1,159, and £1,032, less expenses. Out of the whole number of London pilots, fifty-seven earned over £300, whilst of the Cinque Ports pilots (those plying off Dungeness) only one earned £400, the majority earning between £200 and £300. The following scale shows the earnings of the London pilots in a still better light:—

6	Men earned over	£1,000	
9	Men earned between	£700 and	£1,000
6	,, ,, ,, ...	£600 ,,	£700
11	,, ,, ,, ...	£500 ,,	£600
11	,, ,, ,, ...	£400 ,,	£500
14	,, ,, ,, ...	£300 ,,	£400
18	,, ,, ,, ...	£200 ,,	£300
13	,, ,, ,, ...	£100 ,,	£200
6	Men earned under	£100	

In the same year outward pilotage earnings, between Gravesend and the sea, in both North and South Channels, and inward pilotage through the South Channels, amounted to about £70,217, being an average of £337 per man. Of this sum rather more than one-eighth, or £8,393, was earned by six men alone out of two hundred and sixteen.

Asked if all vessels coming into the Thames were obliged to take pilots, Mr. Keigwin answered that they were not. "This," he continued, "is one of the difficulties of the pilotage system. Shipowners, not liking to pay the pilot charges, have

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obtained exemptions from time to time by putting on board captains or mates who have passed the necessary examinations and obtained pilotage certificates. These exemptions, however, relate principally to the North Channel, and chiefly concern home-trade and coasting vessels and colliers. All vessels from ports south of Brest approaching by the South Channels are obliged to take pilots on board; and in any case, if even an exempt vessel employs a pilot, he must be a duly licensed man. There are heavy penalties for employing an unlicensed man. In spite of all the precautions and the great cost taken to prevent irregularity, however, a good deal of evasion of the law takes place in this respect. There are always a lot of men—men who, for the most part, have failed to pass as authorized pilots, and, in other respects, men without character—who are always about, ready to take ships in or out for a lower price than the licensed pilots, and who are, therefore, ever welcome to a certain class of masters of vessels. These men are well known, and, though they are constantly being prosecuted for illicit piloting, they still continue their practices."

Some amusing stories are told of these men and their shifts One instance is worth relating. The worthy in question has been times and again before the magistrates, but all to no purpose. Though he has repeatedly gone on to his knees to them and implored forgiveness, promising not to offend again, yet he has immediately returned to his old practices. Not so long ago he went to the pilots in charge of a cutter, and said if they would put him on board a vessel just steaming out, he would point out to them an unlicensed man who was on board. Pilots are always pleased to have a chance of convicting those who are poaching on their preserves, and so they accepted his offer. But as soon as they came alongside the steamer the tricky fellow skipped on board, at the same time giving the cutter a shove with his foot that sent it yards away, and before the crew could recover command the vessel was too far off for them to do anything. Having thus, by a ruse, got on board free when he had not the means to hire a boat, he carried the vessel out to the Sunk Light; and then by another trick, that is, by giving the name of a licensed pilot, he secured a free run to shore in one of the pilot cutters. Of course, the men owning the cutter could have sued him for their fee, but they knew it was no good, as he had nothing wherewith to pay.

"And as to the relations of the pilots to the Trinity House. What is their position in regard to it, Mr. Keigwin?"

"It is their governing body. All irregularities have to be reported here, and for any violation of the rules of the service a man's license can be suspended. Then a pilot has to report, through the head of his district, all his earnings. This is in part to show that he is working according to scale, but also for the reason that he—that is, the compulsory sea and river pilot—has to pay a percentage of his earnings towards the fund for management and pensions."

"What is the pension?"

"It is at the rate of a pound a year for every year that he has been in the pilot service. The 'exempt' pilots, that is, pilots for exempt ships, neither pay to nor receive any benefit from the fund.

"I have a letter here," continued Mr. Keigwin, "that may be of interest to you. It is from Sir John Franklin—possibly the last he ever wrote—asking for pilots to take out the ships of his ill-fated expedition."

The letter in question is so interesting, never having been published, that we reproduce it in *facsimile* on the next page.

Having giving all these particulars of the pilotage system in general, it is now time to go into the subject more in detail, and to present the *dramatis personæ*, so to speak, *in propriâ personâ;* in other words, to introduce a few of the pilots themselves. And to do this we cannot do better than take a run down to Gravesend, the headquarters of the London district. As already stated, there are some hundreds of pilots stationed here, where they have for headquarters the Royal Terrace Pier, which is their own property, purchased, repaired, refurbished, and, I may add, reopened (with civic honours, too) at their own expense within a few months past. Here, any day and at any time of the day or night, may be seen scores of pilots, full-blown and in the making, by anyone who wishes to examine samples of the craft. But if he wishes to "sample" them according to their rank and status, he must obtain permission to see them and speak with them in their several quarters or offices. For each kind of pilot has its separate "house," just like the Lords and Commons, and the member of one body has no place or lot in the house of the other.

The "house" of the compulsory river pilot is at the end of the pier, and on the side looking towards the sea. Here the men next on the roster for duty are in attendance; and there are generally two or three scanning

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the horizon for incoming ships. To one of these I said: "I suppose you know the ship you have to take up when you see her?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"And in the night?"

"We know her by her lights, and by her whistle."

"Oh, she whistles for you, does she?"

"Yes."

"And each one has a distinctive whistle?"

"Yes, mine gives a crow and two yaps."

The office of the sea pilots is on the opposite side of the pier to the compulsory river pilots, and, of course, looks up the river, whence, naturally, come the vessels that they have to take out to sea. Other offices are allocated severally to the exempt river pilots (that is, pilots who take up vessels that are not compelled to employ pilots), and to home-trade steam passenger pilots. This is another class composed of men who are freemen of the Watermen's Company, and are licensed to pilot home-trade steam passenger ships up and down the Thames between London Bridge and Gravesend.

FACSIMILE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S LETTER.

Here, too, the "Ruler" of the pilots has his headquarters. It is through him that all business has to be transacted with Trinity House, and through him come all communications therefrom to the men. The present Ruler, Captain Ronaldson, has held the office for nineteen years. He is one of the Younger Brethren of the Trinity House, and has of course spent years in the mercantile marine. What he does not know, therefore, in connection with the pilot service is not much worth knowing. After kindly piloting me about the pier and showing me the steam launches of the sea and river pilots, the Ruler patiently laid himself out to be questioned and otherwise "pumped" for information.

"You know," he said, "that between here and London Bridge we have three classes of pilots—the compulsory river pilot, the pilots for exempt ships not carrying passengers, and the pilots for home-trade passenger steamers. The compulsory men, sea and river, cannot enter after thirty-five, and they have to pay 5 per cent. of their earnings to the Trinity House—2½ towards management and 2½ for superannuation. This entitles them to a pension of £1 a year for each year's service; that is, after forty years'

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such a night in his life, although he had had some rough experiences during his twenty years at sea. He was up and down between the deck and the saloon all the time, watching the tide on one hand, and encouraging the dancers on the other. As soon as the tide was fairly on the turn, his anxiety lessened, and he told the dancers they had better go to bed. Towards morning the ship floated and proceeded on her way; but from that day to this the passengers never knew of the imminent peril they ran during the hours of their merrymaking."

"It is a likely enough thing to happen, and I have heard of something very similar. In the case I refer to the ship met another steamer, and in complying with the rule of the road, she was placed in such a position that she was obliged to run one of two risks -that of going ashore or of being sunk. The pilot acted upon his matured judgment, and chose the lesser of the two evils. The anchor was ordered to be let go, in order to deceive the passengers with the idea that they were simply waiting for the tide. We have frequently to run the risk of the ships grounding in order to avoid a collision."

In reply to a question as to how long he would be with the ship he was just going to take out, Mr. Rhodes said: "I shall pilot her to the Isle of Wight, which is usually a run of about twenty-four hours, though sometimes it may extend to thirty-six. Piloting is very different now to what it was formerly, when we had to do chiefly with sailing vessels. Even now, when taking out a sailer, you may be on board two or three weeks; it all depends on the weather; but, shorter or longer, you get no more for the job. I remember the time when the skipper used to keep the last porker or the last fowl for the pilot; and when he came on board the first question was, 'What's the news?' But everything is changed now, and though things are done with more speed, the risk is greater and the anxiety is greater. Personally we have to run so much risk, especially in leaving ships, that, although some of us may be well paid, yet on the whole piloting can hardly be said to pay for the danger incurred. In my time many pilots have lost their lives in following their calling. I have piloted ships on which there have been old and experienced sailors, and after taking careful notice of the work required of us, they have said, again and again, that whatever some may get, generally pilots do not receive enough."

Incidentally, Mr. Rhodes remarked that he thought it was a pity the authorities could not see their way to give them a clear channel of 130ft. from the docks to the sea. It was, he said, quite feasible; and in the crowded state of the river, it would not only be the means of saving much time, but of doing away with much risk.

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A Horrible Fright.

By L. T. Meade.

I DON'T think I am at all nervous, and, therefore, when I say that I am about to describe two hours of absolute agony, I hope my readers will believe that the circumstances were at the best exceptional, and will still give me credit for being at least as brave as most girls of my age.

I have always despised so-called nerves. When a child I quite loved to sleep in the dark. At school I was the prime mover of ghost stories, and I remember now that some of my practical jokes verged strangely upon the unkind and even dangerous. I have been educated quite up to modern ideas. It is only a year since I left Girton, and I am now comfortably established at home with my father and mother. I am the only daughter, and am between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age. We live in a large place about an hour's ride by rail from London. I have my own special horse, and a little pony carriage besides for my exclusive use. I also have my study or boudoir, and can order what books I please for my own benefit, not only from Mudie, but from the local booksellers. I am passionately fond of music, and can play two or three instruments. I think I can say, without any false pride, that my performances on the violin are rather better than those of most amateurs. I am also great at all kinds of out-door sports and games. I am the champion player of the tennis club to which I belong, and I am at the present time successfully getting up a lady's golf club. In short, I think I may truly say of myself that I represent the average, up-to-date, well-educated, rather strong-minded, nineteenth-century girl.

Now, I must tell about my fright. You can imagine that it must have been something special to put me into such a state of terror that I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

I received an invitation late last autumn to go to see my grandfather, who lives in Dublin. My mother did not particularly wish me to go. I really think mothers must have premonitions, for there was no apparent reason for my not taking such a simple and easily-accomplished journey. I had been abroad a good deal, and had had adventures more than one; therefore, when my mother fretted herself about my going from London to Dublin, *viâ* Holyhead, I could not help laughing at her.

"If you must go alone, Virginia," she said, "had you not better travel by day?"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense," I said. "I *hate* travelling by day, particularly by a route which I already know. Besides, it is such a waste of time. At night, one can sleep and travel together. Oh, say no more about it dear, good mother. I'll take the night mail from Euston, this evening, and have breakfast with grandfather in the morning."

My mother made no further remonstrances, but I heard her sighing in the most aggravating style, and I knew she was murmuring to herself about my headstrongness and how I never would listen to reason.

Nothing makes me so obstinate as those muttered remonstrances of my relatives. Are they afraid of me, that they don't speak out? I am always amenable to reason, but when people mutter over me, then I become simply mulish. I adore my dear mother, but even for her I cannot be expected to give up my own way when I hear her muttering that it is "Just like Virginia."

My things were packed, and I started off in good time to catch the night mail at Euston.

"You had better go in one of the ladies' carriages," said my father.

I quite gasped in horror when he made this audacious proposal.

"Now, *do* you suppose I am likely to do anything quite so old-maidish?" I replied. "No, I have fixed on the exact corner where I shall snooze away from Euston to Holyhead." I led my father, as I spoke, to a carriage where two old gentlemen had already comfortably established themselves. They had spread out their rugs, and taken complete possession of the corners which were out of the draught. I was oblivious to draughts, and chose my corner opposite the old gentleman who was nearest to the entrance door. My father supplied me with three or four evening papers. I had an uncut novel in my bag, and

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tables, and standing at counters, each and all of them eating and drinking for bare life.

I ordered my tea, drank it standing at the counter, paid for it, and also for a bun, which I carried away with me in a paper bag, and returned to my carriage. I saw a heap of rugs and a large black bag deposited in the corner away from mine, and wondered with a faint passing curiosity who my new travelling companion was likely to be. The guard came up at this moment to see if I were comfortable. He said that we would not stop again until we reached Holyhead, and asked me if I wanted for anything.

I said "No."

"Perhaps you'd like me to lock the carriage door, miss?" he said. "The train is not too full to-night, and I can manage it."

I laughed and pointed to the rugs and bag in the opposite corner.

"Someone has already taken possession," I said.

"But if you wish, miss, I'll put those things in another carriage," said the guard.

"No, no," I replied, "I don't mind company in the least."

Just then my fellow-traveller put in an appearance. He was a big man, wrapped up in a great ulster and with a muffler round his throat and mouth. The guard looked at him, I thought, a little suspiciously. This made me angry. I have no patience with those squeamish girls who think every man who sees them must offer them either admiration or insult. I looked very cheerful, made way for the traveller to take his seat, and smiled and thanked the guard. A moment later the train started on its way.

We had just got well outside the station when the gentleman in the ulster and muffler carefully unwound the latter appendage from his mouth and throat. He folded it up neatly, and put it into his black bag. Afterwards he took off his ulster. I now saw that he was a fairly good-looking man of about eight and twenty. He wore a full moustache of raven hue, and a short beard. He had very black and piercing eyes. When I looked at him, I discovered that he also looked at me.

"Now, are you getting nervous, Virginia, or are you not?" I murmured to myself. "Why may not a man look at a girl if he pleases? There is an old proverb that a cat may look at a king. Let me suppose, therefore, that the man opposite is a well-grown and presentable cat, and that I am his Majesty the king. The cat may stare as long as he pleases. The king will not disturb himself."

Accordingly, I prepared to light my reading-lamp, as I knew that I could not possibly fall asleep under the gaze of those watchful, dark eyes.

I had just settled myself comfortably, and had taken my uncut novel out of my bag, when the stranger spoke to me.

"Do you object to my opening the window?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I replied. I gave him a distant little bow, which was meant to say that the cat must keep its distance, and lowered my eyes over the fascinating pages of my novel.

The train was now going at a rattling pace, and I found that the draught from the open window was rather more than I cared to be subjected to. I had just raised my head, and was about to ask my travelling companion if he would be kind enough to close it, when I met a sight which gave me the first premonition of that horror which this story is meant to describe. The man in the opposite corner had opened his black bag, and taken from it a pair of large, sharp-looking scissors, and also a razor. When I glanced at him he had opened the razor, and was gently and dextrously sharpening it on a leather strop which he had fastened to one of the buttons of the window. He met my eye as I met his, and smiled grimly.

I felt that a situation of some sort was imminent, and, closing my book, sat perfectly still with my hands tightly locked together and my heart beating loudly. The light from the reading-lamp fell full upon me, and I turned abruptly and put it out.

"I will thank you to light that lamp again," said the stranger. "Do so at once—there is no time to lose."

"I don't understand you," I said.

I tried to make my voice imperious and haughty, but I was terribly conscious that it came out of my throat in little gasps and jerks.

"Now, look here," said the man. "I know you are frightened, and I am not in the least surprised. I should be frightened if I were in your position. You are alone in a railway carriage with a man who could strangle you and throw your dead body on the line if he felt the least inclined to do so. No no—you don't get to the alarm bell. I am keeping guard over that. Now, I may as well tell you frankly that I have come into this railway carriage on purpose to have the pleasure of your society. I saw you get into the carriage

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Giants and Dwarfs.

II.

IN a contemporary print, James Toller, a native of St. Neots, 8ft. high when seventeen years of age, is placed by the side of Simon Paap, a Dutch dwarf 28in. in height, the effect being very graphic, although, as a matter of fact, the giant should, to be in correct proportion, be represented rather taller than he actually has been drawn. Toller was born on August 28th, 1795, and died in February, 1819, being at that time 8ft. 6in. high, 6in. more than when the portrait was engraved. At ten years of age his height was over 5ft.; at seventeen, 8ft. At eighteen he measured from his foot to his knee 26in., and his foot was 15in. long. He had two gigantic sisters, one of whom was 5ft. 8½in. at thirteen years of age, and the other nearly 5ft. when only seven. Their parents were of common size, as likewise was one brother. Toller's appetite was not much larger than that of most other people. In 1816 he was exhibited at 34, Piccadilly. Many old residents of St. Neots will remember the stories long current of young Toller, and his appearance in the streets of the old town.

Little Simon Paap, on the other hand, ceased to grow at three years of age, having previously been rather a fine child. He was born in 1789, and at twenty-six years of age, being, as previously mentioned, 28in. in height, he weighed only 27lb. His limbs and body were of good proportion, but his head was large for his small size. He ate about the quantity proper to a child of four. He was fond of his pipe and a pinch of snuff, as well as an occasional glass of wine, and spoke Dutch, French, and English very freely. Paap was presented to the Queen, the Prince Regent, and all the rest of the Royal Family at Carlton House. At Covent Garden Theatre the little man went through military exercises with a little gun, wearing at the time, on his left breast, a miniature portrait of the Prince of Orange, set in gold, a Royal present. He took his airings in the streets of the West-end dressed as a small boy, with a little whip in his hand, and attended by a nursemaid, to avert public attention. Paap died at Dendermonde on December 2nd, 1828.

SIMON PAAP.

JAMES TOLLER.

Louis Frenz, who gained London notoriety as the "French Giant," was born in 1800. In 1822, when twenty-two years of age, he was first exhibited at 22, New Bond Street. He adopted the show-name of Monsieur Louis, and naïvely confessed to his visitors that he had come to London to make a fortune in order that he might take it back to France to spend. His height was from 7ft. 4in. to 7ft. 6in., and he always alleged that he had two sisters

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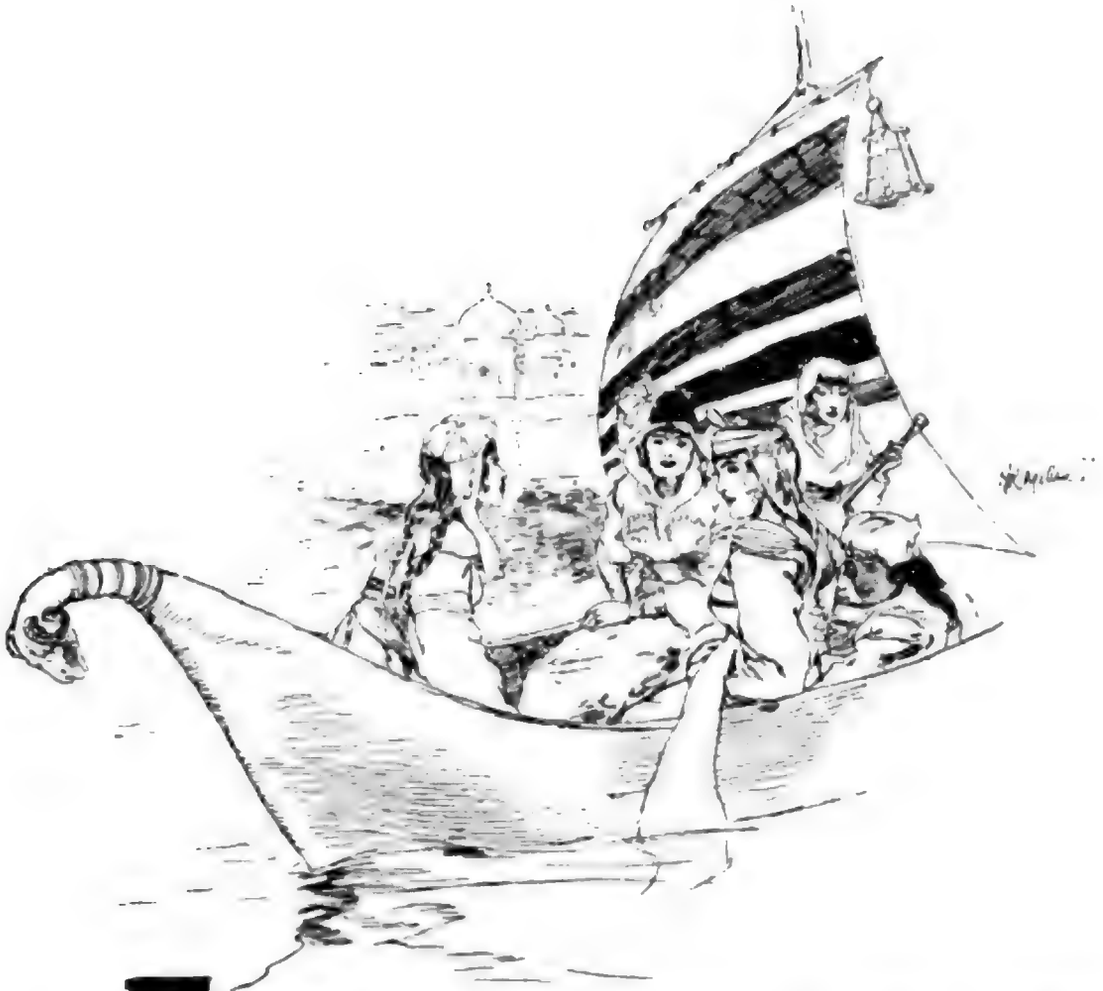

FATMA

A Story for Children.

From the German of Wilhelm Hauf.

I.

MUSTAPHA and his sister, Fatma, were about the same age—the brother being at most two years older than her. A sincere affection existed between the two, and they both united in the effort to brighten the declining years of their invalid father.

On Fatma's seventeenth birthday, her brother held a feast and invited all her girl-companions; the meal was spread in the garden, and in the evening Mustapha proposed they should accompany him in a yacht, which he had hired and decorated for the purpose. Fatma and her friends joyously consented, for the evening was fine, and the town, especially at that time of day, afforded a charming sight when beheld from the sea. The young ladies were so delighted, that they begged Mustapha still further to put out to sea. This, however, he did unwillingly, as a corsair had been seen in those waters only a few days before. Not far from the town rises a promontory in the sea, and here the ladies wished to go to watch the sunset. As they approached the spot, they perceived at a short distance from them a vessel manned by armed men. Suspecting nothing good from this, Mustapha ordered his men to turn round and row to the land. Immediately his anxiety was increased, as he saw the strange vessel bear swiftly towards him and station itself between him and the land. The girls, on seeing their danger, were in the utmost alarm, and all crowded to the farther side of the yacht with cries of terror. Mustapha had no control over the affrighted maidens, and, ere he could prevent it, this rush had capsized the yacht.

Meanwhile, they had been observed from the shore, and the manœuvres of the strange vessel having excited suspicion, several boats had put out to the assistance of the pleasure-seekers. Two of these were on the

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spot just in time to pick up the drowning ladies, and, in the confusion of the moment, the corsair escaped; but, upon the two boats which had come so opportunely, it was uncertain whether all of the unfortunate party had been picked up. They, therefore, approached one another, and, alas! it was found that Fatma and one of her companions were missing. At the same time they found in one of the boats a dark-looking man whom none knew. Upon the threats of Mustapha, this stranger confessed that he belonged to the corsair, which now lay anchored about a league out to sea. In their flight his companions had left him behind while he was helping to pick up the drowning ladies—two of whom he had helped up into his ship.

The grief of the aged father was boundless, but not less was Mustapha overwhelmed, for not only had he lost his sister and was himself the cause of the misfortune, but, in the companion who was to share Fatma's lot, he lost his affianced bride. He had already obtained the consent of her parents to the union, but had not yet dared to inform his father of his choice, as she was poor and not of noble descent. After the first shock of grief was over, the father, who was a stern and passionate man, ordered Mustapha to come before him, and said:—

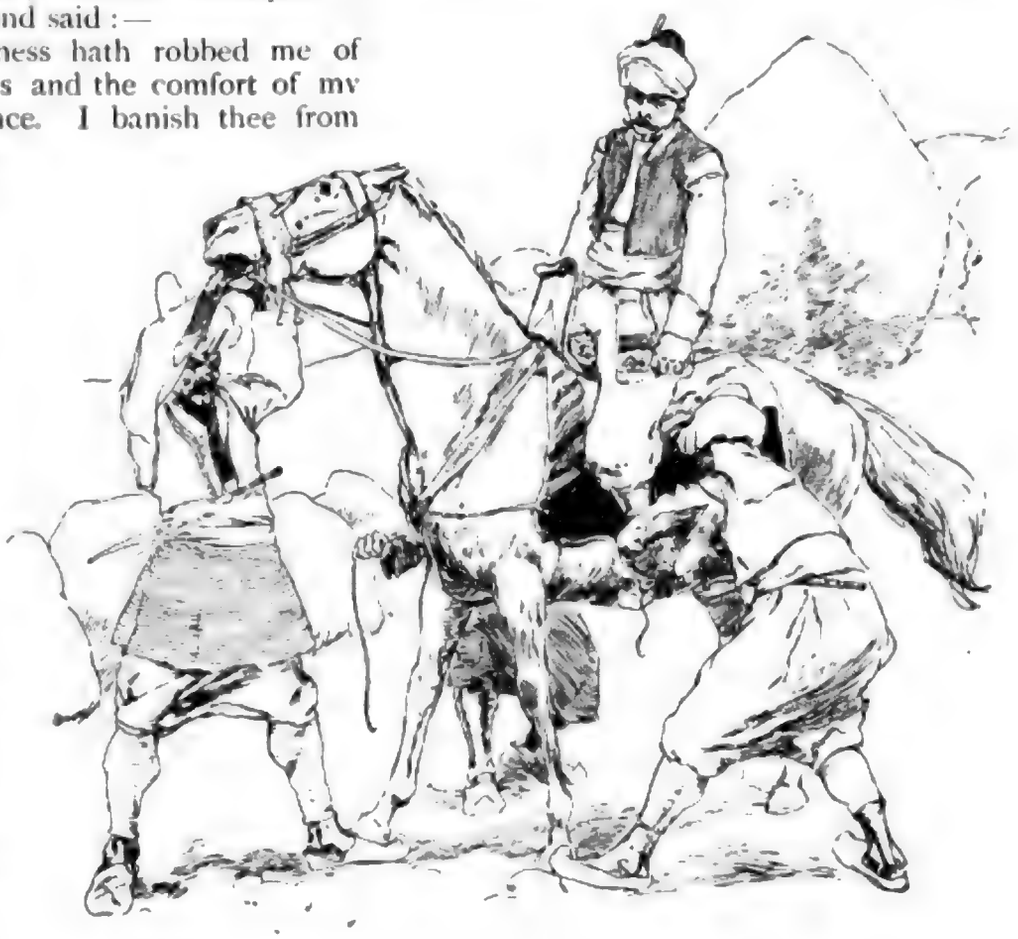
"Thy foolhardiness hath robbed me of the joy of my eyes and the comfort of my old age. Go hence. I banish thee from my sight for ever, and only when thou bringest back my Fatma shalt thou be free from an old father's curse."

Mustapha did not expect this severity. He had already resolved to find and bring back his sister and her companion, and was on the point of seeking his father's blessing on the quest, when he was sent away with a curse! He was almost overcome by grief and despair, but now this unexpected blow served to rouse his strength of will and urge him to action.

He betook himself to the captive sea-robber, and learned that the corsair was bound for Balsora, where a notorious slave-market was held, and there, no doubt, the two captured maidens would be disposed of. On returning again to the house, the father's anger seemed to have been appeased so far that he had left a purse of money to assist his son on his expedition.

Mustapha took a sorrowful farewell of the parents of Zoraida, for that was his bride's name, and then set out for Balsora.

He had to make the journey by land, since no vessels sailed direct from the town to Balsora, and thus he must travel as rapidly as possible in order to arrive there not too long after the sea-robbers. Still, he had a good horse and no luggage, and he might do the distance in seven days. At the end of the fourth day's journey he was suddenly accosted by three men, all well armed and mounted. Seeing that they sought after his money and his horse rather than to take his life, he at once offered to surrender these. They took his gold, and then, dismounting, they bound his feet to his horse's body, and



"THEY BOUND HIS FEET TO HIS HORSE'S BODY."

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then, without uttering a word, they took to the saddle and led him off between them at a sharp trot.

Mustapha gave way to despair: his father's curse seemed already to be in fulfilment. How could he hope to save his sister and her companion, robbed, as he now was, of all his means? The silent party had hurried on for about an hour, when they turned aside into a narrow valley, which was shut in by high trees. A small, rapid brook ran through the valley, and the rich, soft turf seemed to invite rest. Fifteen or twenty tents were erected, around which were grazing a number of camels and fine-looking steeds, whilst from one of the tents came forth the sounds of a zither and the voices of two men. It seemed to Mustapha that the occupants of this jovial camping-place could not intend any bodily harm to their captive, and he, therefore, felt no fear when his conductor loosed his bands and motioned him to follow. He was led into one of the tents, which was larger than the rest, and richly furnished. Splendid cushions, embroidered with gold, soft carpets and golden braziers would elsewhere have denoted wealth, but here they only showed the result of successful robberies. On one of the cushions reclined a short, old man, with an ugly face and dark, shiny skin. A look of defiance and cunning about eyes and mouth gave him a most hateful expression. Although this man affected to be of some importance, Mustapha soon saw that he was not master of the luxuriousness around him, and the words of his captors confirmed this opinion.

"Where is the chief?" they inquired of the short, shiny man.

"He is out for a hunt," replied he, "and has left me to represent him in his absence."

"Then he has not done wisely," answered one of the robbers, "for we must know at once whether this dog must die or pay, and you cannot decide that."

The little man arose and stretched himself out with the obvious intention of revenging this attack on his dignity by a blow, which, however, he was not tall enough to carry into effect, and instead, broke out into a rage of imprecations, in which the others joined until the tent shook with the tumult. At that moment a curtain was drawn aside and there appeared a tall, noble-looking figure, young and handsome as some Persian prince. Besides a jewelled dagger and a richly ornamented sabre, his arms and clothing were plain and simple, but his firm glance and stately bearing commanded respect without inspiring fear.

"Who dares to raise strife under my tent?" he demanded.

The occupants were taken by surprise, and, for a moment, all were silent. At last the robber who had led in Mustapha told how the strife began. The chief's face flushed with anger as he asked:-

"When did I ever require you, Hassan, to represent my place?"

The little man thus addressed seemed to shrink still smaller from fear, and slunk behind the tent door. The three men then led Mustapha before their chief, who laid himself upon the cushions in the tent, and said:—

"We bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

The chief looked carefully on the prisoner, and then said to him: "Bassa von Suleika, your own conscience will tell you why you stand before Orbasan."

On hearing these words Mustapha threw himself down before the chief, and replied: "Oh, Orbasan, you are doubtless in error, for I am a poor stranger and not the Bassa whom you appear to want."

At this, a look of surprise was seen on all who heard it, but the chief added: "It can be of no good to you to attempt a disguise, for I have here persons who know you well." And he commanded Zuleima to be fetched before him.

An old woman appeared, and was asked if she knew who the man was.

"That do I," said she, "and by the beard of our Prophet I swear it is the Bassa, and no one else."

"Do you see, craven," began the chief, in anger, "how your cunning comes to nought? You are too vile for me to stain my sword in your base blood: you shall be tied to my horse's tail, and shall hang thus while we hunt in the woods from morning till mid-day!"

Mustapha was helpless. "This is the curse of my father pursuing me to a horrible death," he cried in tears, "and you also, my sister, are lost, and you, Zoraida!"

"Your feigning is to no purpose," said one of the robbers, binding his hands behind him and leading him to the door. Orbasan bit his lips in scorn and his hand itched to grasp his dagger. "If you would still live one night longer, come, and at once."

Just as the robbers were leading Mustapha out of the tent they were met by three others of their party leading with them a prisoner. They entered Orbasan's tent and said: "We

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"'YOUR FEIGNING IS TO NO PURPOSE,' SAID ONE OF THE ROBBERS."

bring you here the one whom you commanded us to capture."

As Mustapha passed out, he was struck by the great likeness of the captive to himself, only his moustache was blacker and his face of darker colour.

The chief was astonished at the appearance of the second prisoner, and demanded: "Who, then, is the right one?"

"If you mean who is Bassa von Suleika," answered the prisoner, in a proud, haughty tone, "I am the right one."

The chief gazed on him with his keenest look, and then in silence motioned his men to lead him away. He then went himself up to Mustapha, and taking his dagger he loosed his bands, and, conducting him up to his own seat, said: "Stranger, I am right sorry to have mistaken you for that monster; but you have to thank Heaven that you have fallen into our hands just at the time which brings yonder traitor to his doom."

Mustapha then begged for the single favour that he might continue his journey at once, as every hour's delay was of serious consequence to him. Orbasan inquired the business which demanded such haste, and on hearing his story, he begged Mustapha to remain the night with him as his guest, and, in the morning, he would show him a path which would take him in thirty hours to Balsora. As both Mustapha and his horse were in need of rest, he willingly consented, and was served with a costly repast, and then lay down to rest in the chief robber's tent.

The next morning he awoke and found himself alone in the tent. But on the other side of the door curtain he heard several voices speaking all together, and, among them, those of the chief and the little man were recognisable. The latter was demanding that Mustapha should at once be put to death, for, should he once more become free, their own safety would be endangered. Mustapha was greatly disturbed by what he heard, and it was plain to him that he was an object of special hatred to the little man, no doubt because he had been the unwilling instrument of his discomfiture on the previous day. Orbasan, the robber chief, considered for a few moments and then replied, firmly: "No, he is my guest, and my promised hospitality shall not be violated; and, besides, he does not look like one who would betray us." With these words he drew aside the curtain and entered the tent.

"Peace be with you, Mustapha. Let us drink a parting cup together, and then you shall prepare for your journey." Handing him a cup of sherbet, they drank it off, and Orbasan, himself, prepared to accompany him.

Mustapha mounted his horse with a lighter heart than when he came there the previous day. They soon left the tents behind them, and struck a broad path leading through the woods. Orbasan told his companion that the Bassa whom they had just captured was a neighbouring chieftain who had given his word of honour that he and his men might pass unmolested in and out of his territory; but, notwithstanding this, he had captured

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one of his bravest men and put him to a most cruel death. For some weeks they had been waiting an opportunity to avenge this treachery, and yesterday he had fallen into their hands, to forfeit his life in return for his broken promise.

At the end of the woods Orbasan drew bridle, and, after indicating the rest of the way which Mustapha was to take, he offered him his hand and said: "Mustapha, you have been, in a strange manner, the guest of the robber Orbasan. I will not ask your promise not to betray what you have seen and heard. You have suffered some inconvenience here, and I am in your debt. Take this dagger, and if you are, at any time, in want of aid, send me this signal and I will hasten to your assistance; this purse, too, you will needs want to continue your journey."

Mustapha thanked his guide and took the dagger; the purse, however, he declined to receive. Orbasan pressed his hand in farewell, and then, throwing the purse upon the ground, set spurs to his steed, and was lost to sight in the woods. Seeing that he would not return to take the purse, Mustapha dismounted to pick it up. He was astonished at the liberality of his host, for the purse was filled with gold pieces. He then thanked Allah for his deliverance, and commending to him the large-hearted robber from whom he had just parted, he once more rode on his way to Balsora.

"MUSTAPHA THANKED HIS GUIDE AND TOOK THE DAGGER."

II.

At noon on the seventh day from starting, Mustapha entered the gates of Balsora. He hastened to the first caravansery, and, dismounting, he made inquiries when the slave-market, which was held in that town every year, would take place; but, what was his dismay to learn that he was already two days too late: the market was over! The caravansery-keeper informed him that he had indeed missed an unusual sight. Among the slaves had been two women of extraordinary beauty, who attracted the admiration of the whole market. And, indeed, the buyers had almost fought over this rare purchase. But they had been sold for such an enormous price, that only their present owner could afford such a sum. Mustapha showed a great interest in this story, and from what he heard, was convinced that the slaves in question were none other than his sister, Fatma, and her companion, Zoraida. Their purchaser, he learned, was Thiuli-Kos, a rich merchant, who had retired to pass the rest of his life in quiet and rest. His palace was some two days' journey from Balsora.

Mustapha was about to spring again into his saddle and hasten after the objects of his search, but he bethought himself that he was alone and only armed with a dagger, and he would have no chance of success in case of resistance. He, therefore, thought of another plan to attain his purpose. Remembering his near likeness to the Bassa von Suleika,

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which had so nearly cost him his life, he determined to personate this man, and thus attempt the rescue of his sister. He, thereupon, hired one or two servants, and with Orbasan's purse of gold, he was enabled to buy horses for them; and then, arraying himself in a jewelled cape, he made towards Thiuli's palace. This was situated in the midst of a beautiful plain, and the palace itself was surrounded by a high wall. On arriving there, Mustapha, to complete his disguise, dyed his moustache black and stained his face with the juice of a plant to give the darker shade of Bassa's skin, and dismounting, he sent one of his servants to request, under the name of Bassa von Suleika, that he might pass the night within the palace.

The servant soon returned, and, with him, four richly clad slaves, who took Mustapha's horse to the courtyard and led him into the palace, up a vast marble stair into the presence of Thiuli-Kos. The latter was an elderly man with a most friendly, affable mien. He set before his guest the best of repasts which his slaves could procure, and, after Mustapha had eaten, he entered easily into conversation with him. They soon brought the talk to the latest news of the slave-market, and Thiuli was high in praise of his two new slaves, who, however, he said, were very dejected in spirit, and seemed to be pining away; this he hoped would not last long. Mustapha was greatly pleased with his reception, and, when he retired to his sleeping apartment, was full of hopes as to his ultimate success.

He had not slept more than an hour when he was awakened by the gleam of a lamp, which fell brightly on his eyes. He sprang up as in a dream, and found before him the little, shiny-skinned man whom he had seen in Orbasan's tent. He held a lamp in his hand, and a malicious smile distorted his mouth. Mustapha at first believed he was still dreaming, but, finding that the grinning object was a reality:—

"What can you want in disturbing my rest?" he demanded.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," replied the figure before him; "I can well guess why you have come here, and I have not forgotten your honoured features, although had I not helped with my own hands to hang the real Bassa von Suleika, I might have been deceived by your clever disguise. But what I want here is to ask you one favour."

"First of all, tell me how you came here," asked Mustapha, angered at being found out.

"Simply told," replied the other. "I and Orbasan could no longer agree, so I came here. But you will remember that you were the cause of our little difference, and now I come to ask you to allow your sister to become my wife. If you say 'yes,' I will aid you in rescuing her and her companion; if you refuse, I go and enlighten my master about the new Bassa von Suleika."

Mustapha was beside himself with rage and disappointment. Just when he seemed so near the accomplishment of his plans, this wretch steps in to frustrate all. Only one thing remained for him to do: this little, grinning object must die. With a single bound he leapt from his couch; but the dwarf, anticipating the action, sprang aside, throwing down the lamp, and escaped to raise the alarm of treachery.

Mustapha now gave up all thought of saving his sister, and looked around for means of saving his own life. The window of his room was a considerable height from the ground, but, as he heard voices approaching his door, he was forced to leap out, taking with him his dagger and clothes. The fall was a hard one, but no limbs were broken; he got up and made for the wall which surrounded the palace. To the surprise of his pursuers, he climbed over this and was thus out of danger. He hurried off until he entered a wood some distance away, and there he flung himself down, exhausted. What was he to do next? His horse and his servants were left behind, but he still had his gold, which he carried in his girdle.

His inventive imagination soon discovered another plan. Going on through the wood he came to a little village, where he bought a horse for a low price, and then rode on to the nearest town. Arrived there, he inquired after a physician, and was directed to an old man, credited with great learning and experience. This man he dazzled with his gold pieces, and obtained from him a medicine which would produce a death-like sleep; which, however, could be at any moment counteracted upon administering a second draught. In possession of these drugs, he provided himself with a long gown, a white beard and wig, and numerous medicine cases and boxes. Loading the medicines upon an ass, he disguised himself as a travelling physician and returned to the palace of Thiuli-Kos.

He came slowly up to the palace entrance and announced himself as the Physician Chakamankabudibaba. As he expected, the gullible Thiuli was dazzled by the name, and

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surprise, then exclaimed: "Now I begin to see through it; now it is quite clear to me how I have been saved. They call me Fatma in the palace, and it was to me that you gave the bit of parchment and the medicine."

Mustapha then inquired after his sister, and learned that both she and Zoraida were within the palace, but in accordance with Thiuli's custom, they bore other names, and were called Mirza and Nurmahal.

Mustapha was greatly disheartened, and, as this showed itself in his face, Fatma tried to encourage him and informed him that she knew of a plan by which his sister and her friend might yet be saved. He was inspired with fresh hope on hearing this, and begged her to tell him of her plan. She then began:—

"I have been five months in yonder prison, but all the time I had been looking round for means of escape; but, for a solitary girl, the task was too hard. You will no doubt have noticed a fountain in the inner court-yard of the palace, the water flowing from ten jets. This fountain attracted my attention. I remembered we had one also in my father's castle which was supplied with water through broad pipes. In order to learn if this fountain was made in the same way, I admired its splendour one day in Thiuli's presence. He replied: 'That is all my own design, and what you see is but the least part of it. The water comes from a lake half a mile distant from here, and is brought here through a vaulted passage as high as yourself, and all of it is my own design.' Often since then have I wished for a man's arms to lift up a marble block from the fountain side, then I might have been free! I can show you the passage and the fountain, but you will require at least two men with you if you attempt to get into the palace, as two armed slaves always guard the entrance of the seraglio."

This was, then, Fatma's plan. Mustapha, although twice defeated, was filled again with hopes, and believed that, with the Prophet's blessing, he might yet succeed in accomplishing the new device. He promised to conduct Fatma to her own home if she would first assist him in showing the way into the palace, but here he was at a loss where to find two trusty men to help him. He then remembered the dagger which Orbasan had given him, and he at once resolved to find out the robber chief and claim his promised aid. Leading his companion to the nearest town, he left her in charge of a poor woman until he should return, and with the last of his gold he bought him a horse and rode off at once by the road he had come—towards Orbasan's camp.

In two days he found the tents still there, and went boldly forward into Orbasan's presence. He related his futile attempts to rescue his sister, and when he told him of his disguise as Chakamankabudibaba, the robber could not repress a smile; but on hearing of the treachery of his late deserted dwarf he was greatly incensed, and swore to hang the traitor up on the spot where he would find him. He promised to come with Mustapha as soon as his horses were rested after their long ride, and once more Mustapha passed a night within the robber's tent. Early next morning they started, Orbasan and three of his bravest men, and made for the town where Fatma was to await them. After two days' riding they arrived there, and, taking Fatma with them, they proceeded to a wood within sight of the palace, there to await the darkness.

Soon after dark they went, led by Fatma, to the lake, and soon found the vaulted passage. One man remained with Fatma and the horses at the opening, while the others proceeded to enter. Once more, before leaving her, Fatma described minutely the plan of the palace court: they were to remove the marble slab at the fountain side, and would then find themselves in the inner court. On each side were two corridors with entrances to apartments occupied by the female slaves. Fatma and Zoraida were in the chamber through the sixth door on the right, guarded by two black slaves. Orbasan and his men then entered the vaulted passage, and, wading waist deep in water, they made their way to the fountain. Armed with irons, they soon loosened the slab and opened a way into the court. Orbasan scrambled through first, and helped the others up after him. They found the corridors and apartments as had been described to them, but as one door on the right had been bricked up, they were uncertain whether to count this one or not. They did not hesitate long, but Orbasan, marching up to the sixth door, gently opened it, and found within a large porch where six slaves lay sleeping upon the ground. Perceiving this was the wrong door, they were about to withdraw, when a dark figure raised itself in one corner, and the well-known voice of the shiny-skinned dwarf began calling for help. In a second Orbasan had seized him by the throat and stopped his cries. Tearing off his girdle, he bound his arms behind his back, and, before

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the other slaves had well awakened, they were served in like manner. With Orbasan's sword pointing to his neck, the dwarf informed them where Mirza and Nurmahal were kept. Mustapha hastened into their room, where they had been awakened by the noise, told them to gather up their things and follow him, and they would be free! Orbasan's men then begged to be allowed to plunder some of these luxurious apartments, but this he refused.

"It shall not be said," replied he, "that Orbasan breaks into houses by night to steal."

Mustapha and one of the others then descended into the vault, bearing with them the two captives, whilst Orbasan and the other man remained behind. Taking a cord which they had with them, they then passed it round the dwarf's neck, and left him hanging on the highest spout of the fountain. After thus repaying the traitor for his conduct, they also entered the vault and followed the others through it.

Mustapha and his sister were boundless in their gratitude to Orbasan for his noble assistance, but he advised them to continue, without a moment's delay, their flight, as it was almost certain that Thiuli-Kos would send pursuers in all directions. They then separated with much emotion from their deliverer. Fatma, the other freed slave, went disguised to Balsora, where she could get shipped to her own home, while Mustapha and his companions returned to their father's house. The old man was overcome with joy at again seeing his daughter, and rewarded Mustapha by giving his willing consent to his marriage with Zoraida.

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The Rosemonde.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULIAN SERMET.

AS if he had been a veritable king, the Lord of Pomerolles possessed in his feudal castle all the necessary dependencies —servants innumerable, men-at-arms, and retainers of noble birth. The battlements of his high square towers were visible afar over the plain, telling of steel and fire, and causing terror alike to timid peasant and warlike foe.

In front of the lordly dwelling extended the mall, bordered with lime trees, century-old; then the falconry at the entrance of the acacia wood, and the smithy and foundry where the steel for making cuirasses was hammered, and where gun-metal was melted for the founding of the bombards, which for fifty years had replaced the old-time catapults.

The Lord of Pomerolles was preparing for war, but he hoped for the protection of Heaven, and, to gain it, had taken pious counsel of the venerable Abbé whose famous monastery stood upon the summit of a neighbouring hill. The Abbé had promised to put up prayers for the Lord of Pomerolles, who had vowed, on the cruciform pommel of his sword, to give to the church a bell as large as the bourdon of the cathedral of St. Hilaire. And, as a little daughter had just been born to him, and had been named "Rosemonde," it was agreed that the work of the bell-founder should bear the name of the infant.

Then the Lord of Pomerolles returned to his castle, and gave rigorous orders that the work of fabricating arms should be suspended, and nothing thought of but the casting of the promised bell.

But for the due accomplishment of such an undertaking the ordinary workmen of the castle were not sufficiently skilled. An artisan was needed who was experienced in all the difficulties of this particular kind of work, capable of combining the proportions of copper and tin best calculated to produce the greatest volume of sound, and to put in practice the thousand details furnished by experience and transmitted by the corporations from generation to generation.

So the Lord of Pomerolles sent to the great city for two famous workmen.

Jehan and Mathias went to the castle of Pomerolles. Both were young and strong, accustomed to the fabrication of fine swords; bare chested, in front of flaming forge-fires, to strike in cadence the glowing blades; keeping faithfully the secrets of the old master-founders, and knowing well how to guide the flowing of the terrible liquid metal from the caldrons to the casting-pit.

By order of the castellan, Jehan was made master of the foundry, with Mathias for his first assistant, and the old workmen under his command.

The preparatory work was begun, but an incident occurred to disturb the harmonious relations of the two chiefs, which had been perfectly maintained down to that time.

A woman came between them.

It was Annette, the daughter of the head butler, a maiden pure and calm, who, in the porch of her parents' home, plied her spinning-wheel, while singing an old refrain:—

> Alas, alas! a-don-don-dell!
> Why may not a maiden tell
> A-don-don-dell, a don-don-dell?
> Why may not a maiden tell
> When soft sighs her bosom swell?
> Alas, alas, a-don-don dell!

Jehan and Mathias both had learned this song, listening to it in the intervals in the clash of hammers beating the sparkling iron upon the anvil tops.

Jehan, tall and muscular, opened his big, black sombre eyes, surmounted by heavy and almost meeting eyebrows. He looked at Mathias weighing ingots of copper in the scales—looked at him hatefully, without daring to show his hatred.

He hated him because he had seen him speak to Annette, who had laughed while listening to him, and shown her range of ivory teeth. Would he win her love—this comrade with the blue eyes and blonde beard falling upon his chest like a sheaf of ripened oats?

He, Jehan, had spoken to Annette, and she had greeted him with a pleasant smile. But perhaps she had only turned on him a simple glance of scrutiny, as a stranger from that distant city about which she had heard vaguely, as one of the wonders of the world, filled with gigantic palaces and churches with spires piercing the sky.

And as he worked, Jehan asked himself whether he could bear to live far from this

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FIG. 12.

ing his duties, and having held the appointment for upwards of 46 years."

A good word is given for the special constables, 3,752 of whom were sworn in these parishes, for their services during the Chartist Riots. St. Stephen's Church, consecrated, built, and endowed at the sole cost of Miss Burdett-Coutts; the death of Sir Robert Peel, the result of a fall from his horse (Fig. 13);

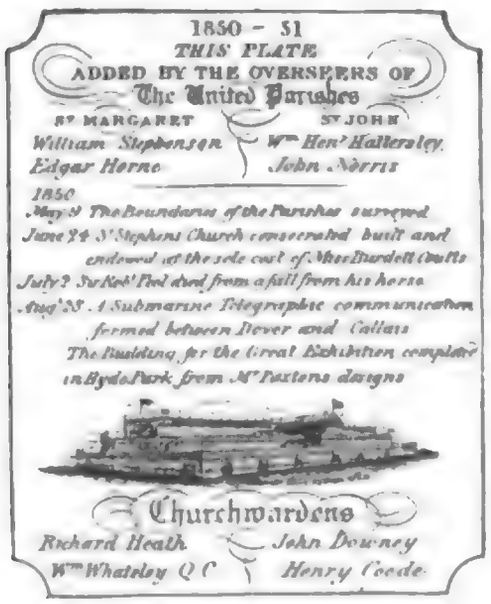

FIG. 13.

and the huge success of the great Exhibition in 1851 is substantiated by the statement that "it was visited by 6,063,986 persons (110,000 being admitted on one day), and the total receipts were £505,107 5s. 7d." (Fig. 14).

The Battle of Balaclava; the Battle of Inkermann; the death of Joseph Hume, M.P., father of the House of Commons; the arrival of "Big Ben" in the Palace of Westminster, October 21st, 1856, in the twentieth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and first sounded on the same day; the cracking of the same big bell on October 24th, 1857; the Indian Mutiny, May 18th, 1857; the marriage of

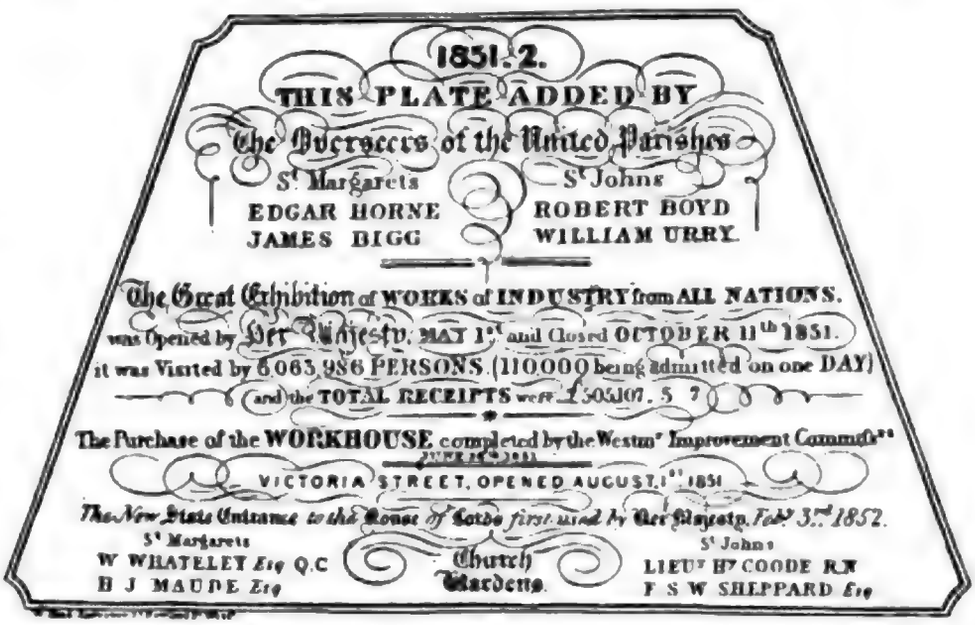

FIG. 14.

the Princess Royal, and the birth of Prince Frederick William of Prussia (Fig. 15); the deaths of Lord Macaulay, Robert Stevenson, and Brunel, and that of the Duchess of Kent, are chronicled on various plates. The plate in memory of the death of H.R.H. the Prince Consort is a plain but beautiful one, and bears an admirable likeness of the late Consort of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, "who terminated a life of exemplary virtue and usefulness on the 14th of December, 1861, eliciting national sorrow for his loss and universal sympathy for our beloved Queen" (Fig. 16).

The marriage of the Prince of Wales (Fig. 17); the birth of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor; the death of Viscount Palmerston, and of George Peabody, the great philanthropist; the illness of the Prince of

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FIG. 15.

Edinburgh; the loss of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, 24th March, 1878; the erection of Cleopatra's Needle; war between England and Afghanistan; the blowing down of the Tay Bridge; assassination of Alexander II., Czar of Russia, in 1881; and the deaths of Beaconsfield, Lord Hatherley, and Dean Stanley, are all extensively noted.

A portrait of General Gordon, and the announcement of his death, January, 1885, at Khartoum, is recorded (Fig. 18). In 1885 the revised Bible is published and sixpenny telegrams come into force; 1887 is the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and "the jubilant voice of a loyal

Wales, his recovery, and the thanksgiving at St. Paul's, February 27th, 1872; the Tichborne trial; the marriage of the Duke of

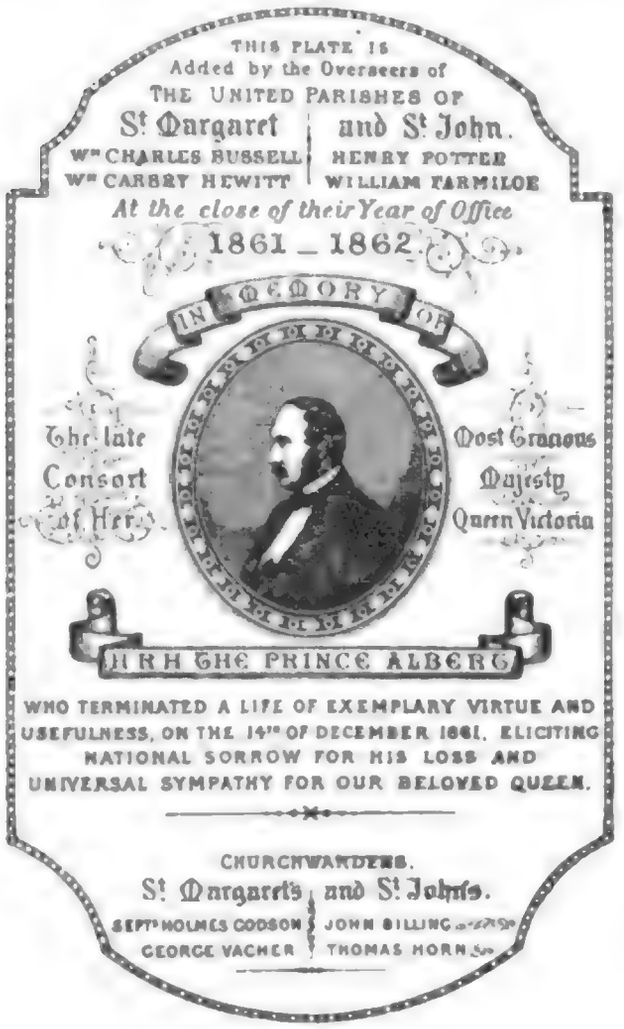

FIG. 16.

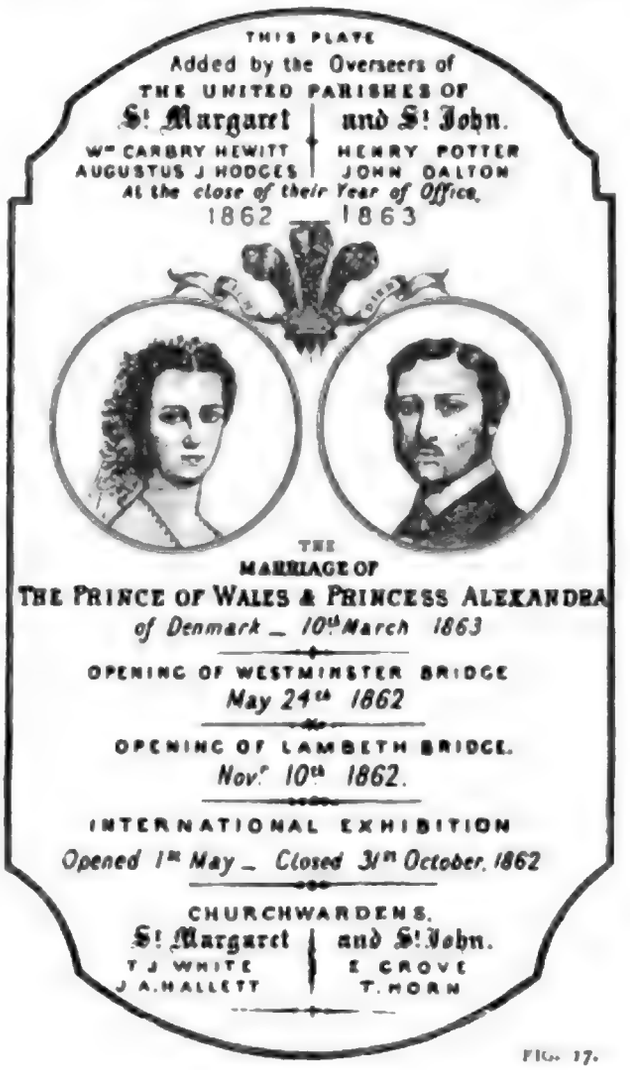

FIG. 17.

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Muzzles for Ladies.

THE emancipation of women from the oppression of men, and from the thraldom of conventionality, being just now a favourite theme with debaters, dramatists, and dressmakers, the occasion may be an appropriate one for the purpose of recalling an article of head-gear which was frequently worn by the fair sex, throughout this country, in the "good old times."

The particular head-dress of which we are about to treat, although produced in many ingenious fashions, was never popular with the ladies; and we do not desire in these progressive and enlightened days to re-introduce such unbecoming and inconvenient wearing apparel, but to show the advance that has been made in our social life, and in the relations between the sexes since the age of the pillory and the ducking-stool, and to draw attention to a phase of the past with which many at the present day may not be familiar.

A few generations back our forefathers were wont to inflict upon women certain punishments, which sadly exhibited their lack of gallantry and propriety. Among the most curious of these punishments was that of the Brank or Scold's Bridle. This curious and cruel instrument of torture was employed by borough physicians and petty provincial tyrants for the purpose of curing women of an ailment of the tongue to which they were said to be subject.

The Brank, or Scold's Bridle, or Gossip's Bridle, as the instrument has been variously called, was in very general use in this kingdom from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, as is amply shown by the many allusions to its application which appear in corporation and municipal records; and in some counties the specimens of the implement still existing are sufficiently numerous to testify to its prevalence. In Cheshire alone no fewer than thirteen examples are extant; and Lancashire and Staffordshire each contain five or six. In Derbyshire there is but one. Others may have been used in the county, but no allusion to them is to be met with in the local records. Whether the women of the three former counties were more violent in the use of the "unruly member," or whether the men of Derbyshire were less barbarously and cruelly inclined, there is no evidence to say.

The brank consisted of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head of the delinquent. It was armed in front with a gag, plate, point or knife of the same metal, which was fitted in such a manner as to be inserted in the scold's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue; or, more cruel still, it was so placed that if she did move it, or attempt to speak, her tongue was cruelly lacerated, and her sufferings intensified. With this cage upon her head, and with the gag pressed and locked upon the tongue, the poor creature was paraded through the streets, led by the beadle or constable, or else she was chained to the pillory or market cross to be the object of scorn and derision, and to be subjected to all the insults and degradations that local loungers could invent.

It appears the brank was never a legalized instrument of punishment, but nevertheless it was highly popular with local magnates; and was one of the means upon which arch-tyrants of provincial towns relied to sustain their power and hold the humbler folk in subjection. By it authority was preserved and vindicated at the expense of all that was noble, seemly, and just.

The scold's bridle is frequently mentioned in literature. Gay alludes to it, and Robert Burns, in his poem on dining with the young Lord Daer, says:—

> Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
> I dinner'd wi' a Lord!
> * * * * *
> And gowing as if led wi' branks
> I in the parlour hammer'd.

It is also mentioned by an early English poet in the following lines:—

> But for my daughter Julian,
> I would she were well bolted with a Bridle,
> That leaves her work to play the clack
> And lets her work stand idle;
> For it serves not for she-ministers,
> Farriers nor Furriers,
> Cobblers nor Button-makers,
> To descant on the Bible.

Fig. 1 represents the Derbyshire Brank, which is a remarkably good example.

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FIG. 1.

It consists of a hoop of iron hinged on either side, and fastened behind. An iron band passes over the head from back to front, where there is an opening to admit the nose of the individual whose misfortune it was to wear it. On the left side of the hoop a chain is attached, whereby the victim was led through the streets or tethered to a post or wall. On the front of the bridle are the initials "T. C." and the date 1688—the year of the Great Rebellion. Fig. 2 illustrates the manner in which the instrument was worn.

One of the most celebrated branks is that

FIG. 2.

preserved at Walton-on-Thames, which is dated 1633, and is inscribed with the characteristic couplet :—

Chester presents Walton with a Bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle.

Tradition says this brank was presented to the parish of Walton by a man named Chester, because a gossiping and tattling woman prattled to a rich kinsman of his from whom he had great expectations, which caused him to lose a large and promising estate.

A very early example, made of wood, and said to be of the time of Henry VIII., was preserved in the celebrated Meyrick collection ; and others of as early a period are to be found in Scotland. A particularly repellent-looking brank, called the "Witches' Bridle," and formerly preserved at Forfar, is one of the most savagely cruel implements ingenuity could devise. Fig. 3 exhibits this

FIG. 3.

instrument. It is dated 1661, and was the bridle worn by condemned witches when led to execution. It will be seen that in this brank, instead of the usual flat tongue-plate, a sharp, three-pointed spur has been substituted on a movable band to which the leading chain was attached, so that terrible injuries could be inflicted on the tongue of the victim on the way to the stake, at the will of the person holding the chain.

As several very early examples of scolds' bridles exist in Scotland, the opinion obtains that, like the maiden or guillotine, this article of punishment

FIG. 4.

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FIG. 5.

may be of Scotch origin, and then have gradually made its way southward into this country. Fig. 4 portrays a brank of a usual type, which came to light in 1848, from behind the oak panelling in the ancient house of the Earls of Moray in Edinburgh. Fig 5 depicts one that may be seen at Leicester. It is somewhat simple in construction, and to the back of it a chain of about a foot in length is attached.

A very curious specimen is preserved at Newcastle (Fig. 6), to which reference has been frequently made; and one of the most curious allusions to it occurs in Gardiner's

FIG. 6.

"England's Grievance Discovered, in Relation to the Coal Trade," printed in 1655, where, on page 110, it states that John Willis, of Ipswich, when in Newcastle, saw a woman named Ann Bidlestone led through the streets by an officer of the corporation, wearing a brank upon her head, the tongue-piece so forced into her mouth as to cause it to bleed. He adds, "This is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scoulding women." John Willis also affirms that he has seen drunkards punished by being driven through the streets of the same town inclosed in a beer barrel, as depicted on the right of Fig. 6. This uncomfortable vestment was known as the "New-fashioned Cloak."

Among the many curious objects brought

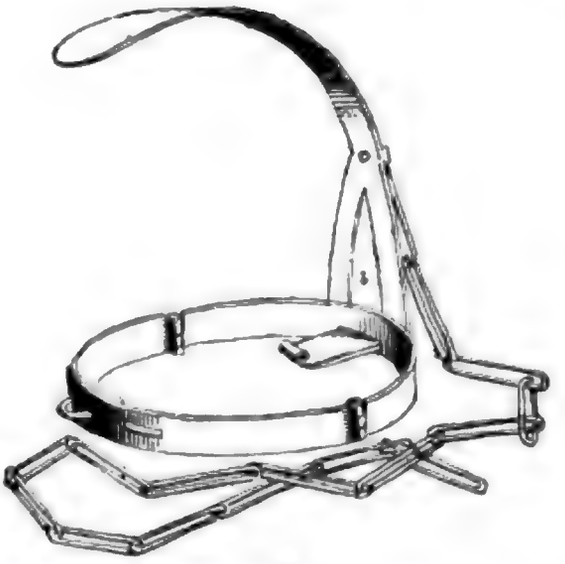

FIG. 7.

together by that eminent antiquary, Elias Ashmole, and preserved at Oxford, is a brank of the less cruel type (Fig. 7), in which the tongue-plate has been rounded at the end to prevent the tongue from being injured. In this specimen the leading chain is fastened to the front of the instrument immediately over the nose aperture. Possibly the maker was a bit of a wag, and intended the unfortunate wearer to have the additional mortification of being "led by the nose."

Fig. 8 shows us a brank of an unusual pattern. Upon it appears an initial W, surmounted by a crown, and from this mark it

FIG. 8.

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By Huan Mee.

THE City of Paris is in the throes of a great revolution. At the street corners groups stand nervously discussing the latest outrage, and speculating, in whispers, where and when the next may be perpetrated.

The whole city is in a state of suppressed excitement, and seems moved by one common impulse to arise and protect itself. War has been declared! Not the open warfare of one nation against another; not a rising that the huge armies of France can be called upon to quell; but a combat waged against the city itself by an enemy unseen, unassailable, unconquerable; a demon who steals upon it unawares, and proclaims his arrival with dynamite, devastation, and despair. A war of the vandals, whose mission it seems is to destroy this city of the world, to wreck the Americans' paradise, and leave but a pile of ruins to tell the tale.

For the past month the Parisians have called upon their gods and their secret police in vain. They are powerless against this invisible enemy; who, now in one quarter of the city and now in another, appears with a mighty roar, demolishes one of the wonders of Paris, crushes citizens beneath the *débris*, and disappears.

They cry loudly for vengeance, upbraid their detectives, their Government and themselves, and marvel who can be the prime mover in this work of terror. "Who—the Anarchists? The Monarchists? Or, who knows, perhaps the hated Germans?"

Paris is already being shunned by tourists; to carry a parcel means suspicion; to look too curiously upon a public building, arrest.

In one of the rooms of the secret service offices of the Rue Jerusalem, two men are seated, earnestly conversing: one a middle-aged man, with an iron-grey moustache, tall, and straight as a dart; and the other, young, thick-set, with piercing eyes, a clean-shaven face, and a quiet, settled look of determination in every feature.

"What do you think of the letter?" asks the elder man.

"Cool, deuced cool, and, what is more, I believe they'll do it!" is the rejoinder of his companion, as he holds the paper to the light and reads:—

"Monsieur, Your public edifices are badly built, they are crumbling and falling to pieces; unless Ravroche and Derplantz are released, there will not be one worth looking at in a week, and after that we visit *you*.

"Saturn."

"Poor Parisians!" he continues, with a smile, "they must be getting nervous."

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"DISCUSSING THE LATEST OUTRAGE."

"It means this, Paul," answers the official, pacing the apartment. "We must take a decisive step at once, or we shall have the populace howling at our doors. The whole of these outrages are the fruit of the brain of one man: one man, who sits and schemes far away from Paris, who pulls the strings and works his figures here. Take that man, and the whole structure falls. He is the keystone, the prime mover. He must be caught, and you, Paul, shall take him."

The young man springs to his feet and salutes.

"His name?"

"He has a dozen. He is now in Venice. You will leave for there to-night: bring him back with you, and fame and position are yours. Make a false move, and you will never see Paris again."

"I shall not fail."

"Then go, report yourself at Venice to the police; they will give you every assistance, although they dare not act alone. You must leave at once."

An hour afterwards a distinguished-looking man in a thickly-trimmed fur coat saunters on to the platform at the Gare de l'Est, and, boarding the waiting train, curls himself up in the corner of a first-class carriage. His only fellow-traveller is a gentleman of aristocratic appearance, a charming conversationalist, and of unexceptional breeding, and so the time of that most tedious journey passes pleasantly enough. They exchange cards, for Paul is now a Parisian journeying for pleasure, and when they separate at their destination he is pledged to visit, during his sojourn in Venice, Prince del Oro, his travelling companion.

A pitiless rain is falling throughout the whole of Northern Italy, a freezing mixture of sleet and water, calculated to inspire one with nothing but loathing and disgust for the much-vaunted Queen of the Adriatic. A north-east wind whistles up the narrow by-ways of the City of the Sea, and the muddy-looking waters eddy in black swirls round the damp, greasy, green-stained bridges and piers. The city itself is deserted, save for one or two dejected-looking figures standing in the coffin-like gondolas, and watching the never-ending, radiating circles, as the rain streams down upon the lagoons. The melancholy drip of the water from the eaves of the sombre houses, the swish as it beats upon the canals, and the howl of the sharp-teethed wind, all serve to make the scene one of dreariness and desolation. A playful gust catches Paul in its icy clasp as he leaves the station, and fastens him like a vice against the wall, where from his point of vantage he takes his first view of the "Bride of the Sea"—cold, clammy, and grey as the sea itself. He motions to a gondolier, and, whispering his desired destination, takes his seat.

In a few minutes the journey is over, and Paul, entering the Bureau of the Venetian police, explains his mission.

"Your venture is a dangerous one," the chief says. "The man you seek probably knows by this time of your journey here, but that should not deter you, for it is by strategy you must work. 'Saturn' is the fancy name

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by which he goes. 'Saturn and his Satellites' is the pleasing title under which this band of fiends have won thousands of supporters in every country, for their cursed work of Anarchy."

"Where can I find him?"

"Find him? It will be difficult to move in Venice without seeing him; the title, the wealth of the Prince del Oro, is on everyone's tongue."

"The Prince del Oro!" exclaimed Paul, excitedly; "then he is——"

"Saturn; precisely."

"Then why have you not arrested him long ago? Surely there would be no difficulty?"

"None; the difficulty would be to prove that the Prince del Oro was in any way connected with Saturn. It is Saturn who must be arrested. If he proves to be the Prince, well and good; but the Prince will never turn out to be Saturn. As Saturn he mixes with his low-lived followers; as the Prince he is unapproachable. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, to-morrow night a grand carnival is to be given in one of the halls in the lowest haunts of Venice. Saturn will be there amongst his satellites. Take what help you like, act in whatever way you choose; there is your opportunity—use it."

In the densely-populated and intricate labyrinth of streets and lanes in the district of the Canal di Mestre, a carnival is at its height—a carnival and fête of all the vagabonds of Venice, and Paul is making his way to this dangerous quarter, anathematizing the city and its weather, contrasting the Venice of reality with the fanciful ideals of the French school adorning the walls of the Salon.

"Bah!" he cries, as the gondola soughs through the water. "Bah! and this is Venice, with its rippling moonlight glory, its nights of dancing and of music, its fêtes and flambeaux. This is Venice, that artists paint with skies of blue, with limpid waters, and white marble palaces."

"Di Mestre, signor," cries one of the gondoliers, a secret agent of police, breaking in upon his monologue; then, bringing the boat at rest against a damp and slimy quay, he steps ashore and assists his passenger. Fastening the boat to a rusty iron staple, the three proceed through the narrow, straggling lanes and alleys towards the building where revels wild and furious hold sway, where plots are hatched, Anarchy is rampant, wholesale massacres are chuckled over, and failures are deplored—where those whose instruments of death have destroyed cities and shattered human beings are praised and fêted; where lot is drawn for still more awful crimes against society, against justice, law, and order.

To-night Joy wears her gayest dress. Red-handed Murder throws away her mask, and boldly flaunts herself. Anarchy to-night is on its topmost pinnacle of glorification. Paris has been shaken, Paris has been terrorized, anxiety is on the features of those who idle time upon the Boulevards. Paralysis has seized the Rue Jerusalem; buildings have been wrecked; dynamite has torn the stones like an air balloon ripped by the March wind; nitro-glycerine has devastated theatres and laid pleasure-seekers cold and pallid in the arms of death, and they whose hands have wrought the ruin and the chaos have escaped—left Paris, quitted France, and here in Venice are fêted! Fêted and met as conquerors after battle. Saturn welcomes his Satellites, and reimburses all with wine and revel, with high praise and lucre.

The grand dance of the evening has just commenced, when Paul, in the costume of a Pierrot, and his companions give the pass-word and enter the building. The dance of Saturn and his Satellites! In the centre stands a figure clad in crimson, skin-like in the tightness of its fit, and vivid blood-red from head to foot—from the long, pointed shoes, with ruby buckles, to the deep crimson mask which completely covers the face, and the cap of liberty which completes the costume. Motionless he stands with folded arms, while in the wildest of circles, with shrieks and yells, the mob whirls round him in ever-changing figures. A medley of men and women, with faces flushed and flaming with excitement, charge down upon him, swerve upon one side, charge again, and dance around with gestures of madness and demoniacal exultation, until at last, with sheer exhaustion, they drop out of the revel. Then a wild bacchanalian chorus, more dancing, more drinking, more excitement, and so the night flies by.

Three o'clock strikes from a neighbouring campanile. As though all turned to stone, a dead hush falls upon the assembly, and Paul holds his breath in apprehension. Suddenly every light is extinguished, and from out the blackness comes a weird chant, gaining in intensity, and each verse ending with a shriek and the constant repetition: "Death to spies and traitors." Paralyzed in every

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"IN THE CENTRE STANDS A FIGURE CLAD IN CRIMSON."

limb, Paul waits terrified, every moment expecting to feel the keen point of a stiletto pierce his flesh.

The voices are coming nearer and nearer out of the darkness, and he edges backwards until he can go no farther, and searches round the rough walls of the low-roofed building for any projection by which he may raise himself and perhaps find safety. Then his fingers touch one of the slanting beams which support the roof, and making a frantic effort, he clutches it, and hauls himself up until he lies full length upon it. Gradually he climbs until at last, through an open window, he can see the dark, wintry clouds and one of the tall spires of Venice; a window which to reach he must take an almost impossible spring from his cramped position. The flare of a torch below startles him, and then as others are lighted from it he sees his two companions stretched upon their backs, with a stiletto driven full and fair to the hilt in the breast of each. A shout proclaims that he is discovered. With a rush they make for the beam, and one man, with a dagger between his teeth, drags himself up the slanting woodwork.

To hesitate is death. Better, Paul thinks, to lie below with a broken neck than to be stabbed where he is. Yet there shall be one scoundrel the less for this exploit. He draws his revolver, and as his assailant is but two yards away, fires full in his face, and calling forth every energy, springs for the window, to cling for a moment with bleeding fingers to the stonework, and then by a superhuman effort to gain a footing on the sill and disappear.

Bruised and breathless, he reaches the ground, and racing to the water's edge flings himself into a gondola, and urges the boat out into the canal. Painfully and slowly he forces it forward. The long oar is unmanageable, the speed seems a snail's pace, but he finds consolation in the fact that his pursuers have not yet caught sight of him, and are probably searching the narrow lanes on either side. A pale, sickly

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Thieves v. Locks and Safes.

EVER since man has been possessed of anything worth keeping, some other man has been at work to get it away from him without paying for it. When the property was cattle and tents, then he took who had the power, and he kept who could—with a club or other means of solid argument. But when jewels and money came into fashion, and people used houses with doors to them, things became more orderly, and a gentleman who wanted another gentleman's portable property had to go about the matter quietly. As experience taught him that it saved trouble to select a time when the owner was out or asleep for making selections in a strange house, the owner naturally began to fasten his door—with a bolt. He would put a staple in his door-post and two more on his door, and slide a wooden beam through the three.

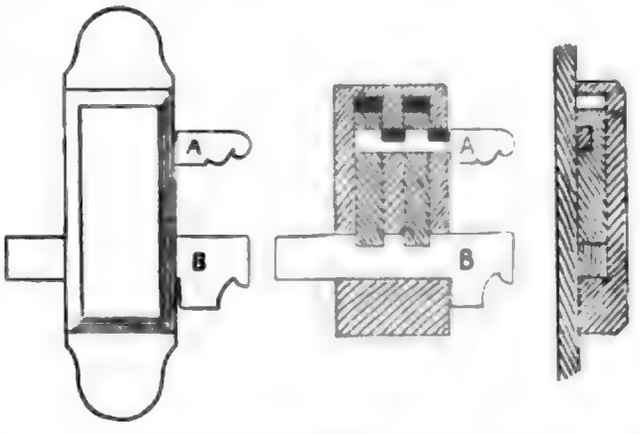

FIG. 1.—PRIMITIVE WOODEN TUMBLER LOCK.

We do precisely the same thing now with an ordinary iron bolt on the same principle. This was a capital arrangement to sleep behind, but didn't admit of going out shopping with security, so that soon a hole was made in the top of one of the staples, and another corresponding to it in the bolt. Then a pin was dropped through these holes, and held all fast. This was done from outside through a hole in the door, the forerunner of our own keyholes, with an instrument conveniently shaped both for dropping and lifting the pin—the ancestor of our own familiar key of the street. With a handle to slide the bolt to and fro, the primitive lock was complete. Wooden locks of this kind are even now in use in certain remote parts of Austria and in the Faroe Islands; whence it may be inferred that in those happy spots man has a singular trust in his neighbour.

FIG. 2.—EGYPTIAN WOODEN LOCK AND KEY.

Almost anybody could open a lock of this sort, so that an improvement was wanted. The illustration (Fig. 1) shows the first improvement. Two or more falling pins were used—they were afterwards called *tumblers*—and these pins and the part of the bolt into which they fell were inclosed in a box, shown in the outer view. The key (*a*, Fig. 1) was provided with certain projections which fitted into notches cut into the bolts, so that when inserted at the side of the box, and lifted, it raised the tumblers from the holes in the bolt (*b*), and allowed the withdrawal of the latter.

Now, it is obvious that unless this wooden key were made with its projections at such a distance apart as exactly to correspond with the notches in the tumblers, and of the same number, one or more of these would not be lifted, and the bolt would remain immovable. So that here was some sort of security against other keys than those held by the owner. Identical in principle, though rather neater in application, is the wooden Egyptian lock, still in use, shown in Fig. 2. Here the bolt (*b*) is made hollow, and the loose key (*a*) is provided with little pegs with which the tumblers are pushed up, when the bolt is drawn back in the direction indicated by the arrow. This is all done with the key, so that this lock possesses the advantage over the previously-mentioned one of only demanding the work of one hand.

Although it was possible to make these locks and keys in any number of different patterns, it required the expendi-

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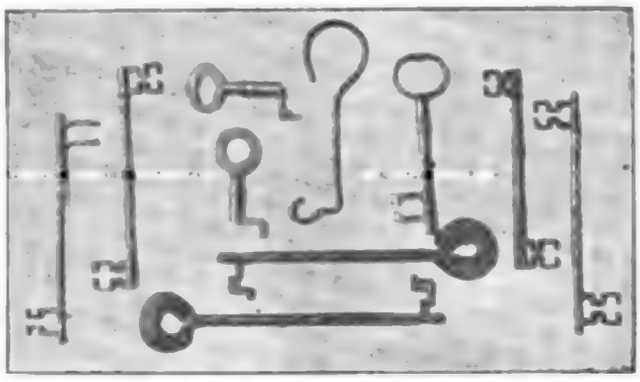
ture of very little ingenuity on the part of the Bill Sikes of early ages to dodge them. A simple picklock, with a movable peg or two, and a little patience were all that was required. The Romans made a gallant attempt to defeat these picks by making the tumblers of all sorts of sections—triangular, square, semi-circular, etc.—but the device was scarcely worthy of the Roman genius. Obviously a mere peg, if only thin enough, was enough to lift a tumbler, no matter of what section. One improvement, however, the Romans made. They kept the tumblers down by springs, instead of allowing them to rest by mere gravitation, and thus, with the addition of a revolving key, produced in all its essential parts the common tumbler lock to which we moderns went back within the last century or so.

But in order to secure these locks against picks it became customary to interpose all sorts of obstacles, of various shapes, cutting each key to a shape to pass these obstacles. This gave rise to the system of *warding*, which, during the Middle Ages, was almost exclusively relied upon, tumblers being scarcely used. A revolving key was made to act upon and shoot a bolt direct, but the way to this bolt was guarded by a complicated system of wards. Now, it is impossible to devise wards which skeleton keys and picklocks cannot defeat. You make a great key cut into a perfect fretwork, and in the lock provide complicated wards which this fret-work just passes. Immediately there comes a burglar with a mere wire frame of a key, which overcomes all these wards by simply ignoring them, passing its thin frame round, behind or before the whole system, and easily shooting the bolt. So that a hundred and fifty years ago or more the old tumbler system (modified) was returned to.



PICKLOCKS AND SKELETON KEYS.

Here the tumblers were mere horizontal pegs pressed down by a spring into notches on the bolt. This was still guarded by certain simple wards, and such a lock as this is the ordinary cheap door-lock of to-day—scarcely more secure, however, against the picklock and skeleton key than a simple warded lock. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of certain skeleton keys and pick-locks actually used by burglars upon ordinary modern locks. The more common skeleton key is an ordinary key with all the wardings filed out of the bit, as is the specimen on the right of the wire picklock shown in the centre of the group.

In making a skeleton key of this sort, it is a principle to file down the shank and bit as thin as possible, consistent with strength; because no matter how much thinner these parts may be than those on the proper key, they will still do their work, while the least excess in thickness will either prevent the instrument entering the lock or cause a jam. For this reason, too, a barrel shank is filed down flush with the last arm of the bit, as is seen in the two small keys here represented. The double-bitted picklocks shown on either side are, of course, specially made for portability and convenience, and designed to suit the various usual types of warding. The two bits of each instrument are commonly of very similar patterns, with a little variation in size or measurement of warding, so that when a lock is tried which one end will almost pick, but not quite, the other end is handy and almost certain to act. The principle of keeping all the parts thin as well as strong and stiff is well exemplified in these double-bitted picks. A pick of stiff bent wire is a very handy, quickly prepared, and commonly used article. The one here shown is used for shooting the plainer kind of bolt, lock or latch, and is also convenient for pushing through the keyhole of a small latch, and moving the finger-catch on the inner side.

Skeleton keys are, of course, to some extent defeated by the well-known modern lever-lock. In this a number of small levers, fixed at one end and held down by a spring, must each be lifted to a certain (different) height before they will allow the bolt to be withdrawn. Any number of combinations are possible, and the least inaccuracy in any part of the key is enough to prevent action, since one or other of the levers must be lifted too high or too low. But a skilful man will get at the bolt, and applying pressure to free it back, deal with each lever in succession with a wire pick till the projection from the bolt will pass. But he will probably prefer to break the door—a much simpler task; which brings us to the matter of safes.

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An impregnable lock is useless on a weak box or door. And in almost any case it is a simpler matter to use force in breaking or cutting through a door, or breaking the lock away from it, than to use patient guile in picking the lock. So that safes and strong rooms came into being. At first these were the coffers of romance and the Middle Ages —either strong oak boxes with bindings of iron, or made entirely of metal and fastened usually with a padlock. But in these later days criminals became more effective and systematic workmen, and the safe (which meantime, for convenience, had been set on end, with a door instead of a lid) assumed the shape now familiar to us, being made of various designs in iron and steel, and fastened as to the door with many bolts shooting from every side.

Now, the tools of the modern housebreaker are many and varied, and consist of many things beside skeleton keys. Here is a copy of a photograph of a very simple set, taken, not from a burglar, but from a mere hotel thief, whose practice was to take a bedroom in such an establishment, and to pay quiet visits during the night to other customers' bedrooms. One of his most useful tools was the small pair of pliers shown in the middle of the group, near the muzzle of the revolver on the left. This was a long-nosed instrument with a cylindrical grip. When a visitor with valuables in his possession locked his bedroom door on retiring, and like a careful man left the key in the lock to prevent anybody trying a picklock, he saved our *chevalier d'industrie* a lot of trouble. That worthy simply placed the long nose of his pliers in the keyhole, gripped the shank of the key and turned it. The door was open and free for him to enter very quietly and make his judicious selection. After doing this it was only necessary to retire and lock the door again with the victim's own key in the same manner. The surprise of the said victim on rising and finding the door locked and the key on the inside, and all his valuables gone, may be imagined.

COMMON HOUSEBREAKER'S TOOLS.

The crooked metal rod almost touching the pliers is another interesting implement; it was used to unfasten small bolts—the small brass bolts (one is shown just above) fixed half-way up a door. At the angle nearer the pliers is a hinged joint, so that the two pieces may be straightened out like one rod. This being thrust through a keyhole, the hinged end is allowed to fall across the bolt-fastening; a very little firm and skilful handling is then necessary to push back the bolt. The small bolt here shown, by the way, was used to fix temporarily on the door of any unoccupied room in which the gentleman might be pursuing his profession, to prevent intrusion or surprise. The other articles—comprising silent matches, a brace and bits, gimlets, a saw, screw-drivers, files, picklocks, pistols, and a neat crocodile-hide bag to hold them all—have uses too obvious to need explanation.

None of these tools, however, are designed for the attack on an iron safe. Here is a different group—a group of tools of the very first quality. They were found hidden in certain empty rooms in Cannon Street over a post-office, together with a quiet little syndicate of two or three gentlemen who were

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now use chrome steel (a steel containing, besides a high percentage of carbon, a certain proportion of chromium) laid with Siemen's mild steel in three-ply or five-ply sheets, and this has resisted whatever burglarious tests have been applied. Of course, everything *can* be punched through, with heavy machinery and time, but the comfort is that the ingenious burglar has neither.

Rolled out, hammered by hand to perfect flatness, and cut to properly sized sheets of the right thickness, the safe, or strong room, is built upon a proper frame of angle metal of the same composition as the sheets, and joined at the corners by massive cast-steel corner-pieces, dovetailed into their places. The building-up is, of course, done by riveting, and as a bad or unscientific rivet might prove a likely source of attack, a great deal of care is given to this work. The holes in the hard steel are made slightly larger than those in the soft, so that the hole through the complete thickness has irregular sides. The rivet is made of tough metal with several strands of chrome steel running through it, so that it cannot be cut. This rivet, having been made red-hot, is put into its place in the work and brought into the jaws of a hydraulic press, which flattens it out like so much putty, compressing the grain of the metal to a diamond-like hardness, and forcing it out at the sides in the layers where the holes are larger, so that the result is an utterly immovable, undrillable, unbreakable, dovetailed rivet. Then the ends of these rivets are neatly ground off under a large emery buffer, making any number of thousand revolutions in a minute, in the midst of a crackling pyrotechnic display of sparks, which envelop the grimy workmen and are unpleasant to the bare skin. The accompanying illustration will give a good idea of the amount of this riveting work to be done on a large piece of work. It represents the strong room made for the National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, in course of erection. This little box is fifty feet long and weighs, complete, something over a hundred tons.

STRONG ROOM COMPLETE.

To get into a safe of this sort any way except by the door is out of the question—that way madness lies. There remains the door. On the outside this is just as uninviting as the other parts. It cannot be drilled or tapped, of course. Let us peep behind the scenes and look at the inside. Here is the inner view of a Chubb door fixed to a strong room belonging to the Security Company, of St. James's Street.

The first noticeable thing is that the bolts, instead of shooting horizontally as usual, emerge and retire in an oblique direction, and are made in a corresponding shape. This is the subject of one of the makers' two-score of patents, and a valuable feature. An ordinary horizontal bolt is a simple bolt and nothing more, having no actual *hold* of the safe-sides; a diagonal bolt has a firm grip on the sides, and attempts to force by wedges only increase this grip. The whole of the bolts from each corner are fixed upon a strong, heavy frame. In other safe doors bolts shoot from the bottom as well as from the sides; in this particular door, for special reasons, this is not the case. All these bolts are shot simultaneously from the centre, to

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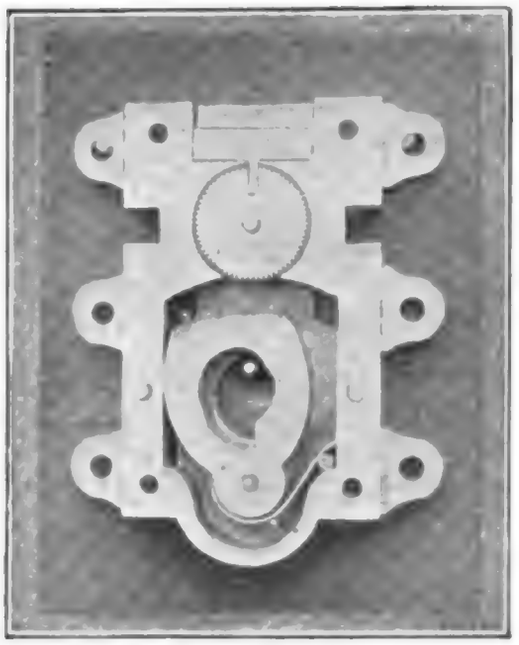
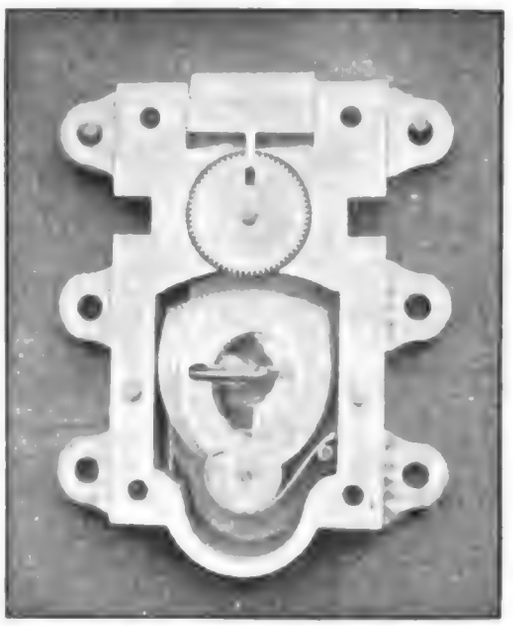


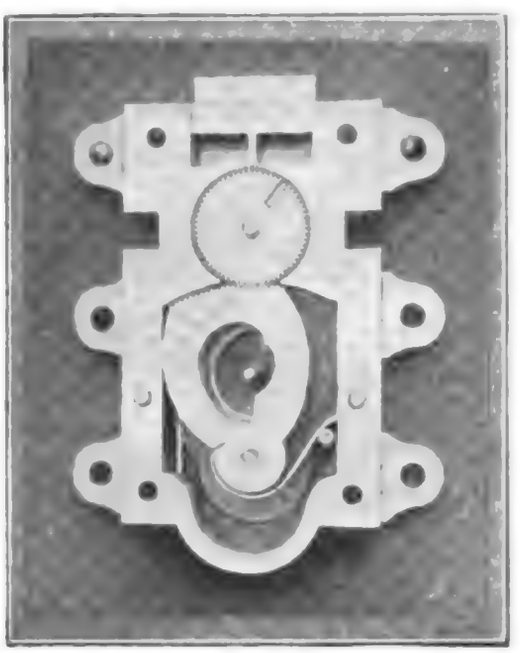
1.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. UNLOCKED.

levers out of order and jams the lock altogether, so that the rightful opener may discover, by being obliged to use his key in a special way, that the lock has been attempted. A lock ordinarily used for safes, which is "dogged against detent"—that meaning that the levers are cut saw-shape at the end, to be caught by a claw, and held immovably at any attempt at picking; and many others, including a lock with a very simple and pretty movement indeed. This lock may be fitted with a dozen, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or any other number of different keys, the number of combinations being practically unlimited. Each of these keys is different to all the others, and yet each will lock this same lock. But once locked, only one key will open it—*the key it was locked with.* So that if a man come to your office and steal your key, hoping to use it against your safe at night, you need take no trouble to recover it—you have only to use another key. Also you may use a different key for every day in the month, so that a wax impression of the key the thief observes you using will be of little use.

If several clerks have keys to a safe, you know who has been there last—the man whose key fits. Here is the lock—simplicity itself. Observe, it is unlocked. A number of thin brass cog-wheels are threaded on a spindle, each with a slot into which fits a projection from the bolt, holding all rigid. The levers are all fixed to the bolt, and their ends are all cogged to correspond with the equal number of wheels. The key is put in and turned, as in the second of the three illustrations. According to the shape of the key, the levers are pushed out to all sorts of different positions, all different for each key; at the same time they pass along with the bolt till the cogs on the levers—all irregular, according to the shape of the key—engage with the cogs of the wheels; also, at the same time, the bolt moving out, the projection slides from the slots in these wheels, which are left free to revolve on their spindle. The turn of the key is completed, and the levers all spring back level with each other, but as they engage with the cog-wheels each of these is turned to a more or less degree, *according to the degree which the key lifted the corresponding lever.* Thus all the slots in these wheels are thrown into different positions, so that the bolts cannot be forced back, since the projection will simply jam against the edges of the wheels. This is shown in the third of the illustrations. When the same key is used to unlock, of course, in lifting the levers once more,



2.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. KEY SHIFTING LEVERS.



3.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. LOCKED.

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each to exactly the same irregularity of position, the cog-wheels are forced round again till the slots all coincide and the bolt with its projection slides back, as shown in No. 3, to the unlocked position shown in No. 1. But equally, of course, a wrong key will not lift the levers to the same position, and so the slots in the cog-wheels will never coincide to admit the projection from the bolt, which, therefore, cannot come back. So that each key, so to speak, *moulds its own lock*.

But, as we have said, a burglar rarely attempts a safe-lock: he acknowledges that a good one usually beats him. And now, with all the wonderful improvements made in the best safes, there may be reason to hope that he will begin to get honest altogether. Wherefore, in taking leave of Mr. Harry Chubb, we congratulate him on his prospective reformation of the dishonest, and terminate an instructive chat.

We have shown some very pretty burglars tools earlier in this paper, and some very primitive keys. Here, as a tailpiece, are two keys which are anything but primitive, and perhaps prettier than the burglars' tools. They were made to commemorate the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and that of the Brussels Exhibition.

KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

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Girton and Newnham Colleges.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

[From a Photo. by] GIRTON COLLEGE. [Stearn, Cambridge.

HOW often do we not hear the expression, "Sweet girl graduates!" Would you be surprised to know that they do not exist at Cambridge? I do not mean to say that the adjective is misapplied: that would be both ungallant and untruthful. All I postulate is that the designation is inaccurate. The University of Cambridge does not confer degrees on ladies. This is why ladies have to work much harder while at college than men, for unless they go in for honours they have wasted their time. There is no degree examination for them. Consequently, the young ladies at Girton and Newnham are not called undergraduates, but students, and they do not wear cap and gown, for they can never hope to win the hood of the M.A. or B.A.—from Cambridge, at least. The University of London, for one, is more liberal in this respect. But I am informed that the certificated students are almost unanimous in feeling it to be a hardship that their work should not receive the same recognition as that of members of the University.

Of the two colleges devoted to the higher education of women at Cambridge, Girton is the more expensive: hence the students are more wealthy; some of them keep their horses, even. I have not heard of the Girton or the Newnham boat, though that, no doubt, will come in time, for—and it is with pleasure that I write it—the lady students are athletic. They work hard, and, fortunately, they likewise play hard. The consequence is that they are all remarkably healthy-looking young women, with clear, transparent complexions, forms erect, and a graceful carriage. It is quite a mistake to suppose that blue spectacles, cropped hair, and round shoulders predominate among them: on the contrary, they are conspicuous by their absence.

Another popular delusion is that Girton and Newnham girls are mannish blue-stockings, unfeminine in appearance, harsh and awkward in manner, rude and self-sufficient, contemptuous towards the opposite sex—in short, female prigs. Nothing can be more misleading. Those whom I have seen, and I have seen very many, have been invariably gentle and diffident, graceful and courteous, and thoroughly girlish and ladylike. The reason is obvious: The more people know,

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From a Photo. by] THE HALL—NEWNHAM. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

table, and a piano. For occasionally the Newnham girls unbend and indulge in concerts. "I suppose it would be profane to suggest smoking concerts?" I asked my guide. She replied, with tranquil dignity: "It would be profane." I then learned that Newnham students did not smoke.

At Newnham students are not allowed two rooms, as at Girton, but only one, and it is pretty to see how tastefully these are furnished, though here and there I saw rooms that had all the austerity of a barrister's chambers in the Temple.

But in order to present a picture of the life at Newnham, I think I will let a student who has been so kind as to favour me with the following description speak for herself:—

"It may be as well to remark at the outset that each of the three halls among which our hundred and fifty students are distributed has its own Vice-Principal, its own dining-hall and common rooms, and to some extent its own customs, but these latter do not diverge widely enough to prevent a description of one hall from serving as a type of all three. Choosing, then, for obvious reasons my own hall, I should like to introduce you to it under one of its pleasantest aspects, and to show you a scene that always rises before me when I try to recall my first impressions of Newnham.

"Imagine one of those bright October mornings, with a touch of frost in the air, which show autumn tints at their loveliest in 'the Backs' and college gardens. It is half-past eight, and breakfast is in full swing in our pretty dining-hall. Fires burn merrily in the big fire-places, at one of which a kettle is singing; through south and east windows the cheerful sunlight falls on the 'High' and other white-covered tables gay with chrysanthemums, on creamy panelled walls and on the polished floor, the pride of our head table-maid's heart. From each and all of the tables comes a lively buzz of conversation, though without prejudice to the proper business of the hour.

"It is early in the term, and we are all eager either to hear or tell some new thing about our adventures during the long vacation, while the more virtuously disposed are making friendly overtures to our new arrivals, an obligation which the less conscientious consider only binding at dinner. I confess, for my own part, to getting up much earlier in the day than my social instincts, and to rejoicing in the informality of breakfast and lunch, which does away with any necessity for 'general conversation.'

"Custom decrees, however, that one's seat at *dinner*—unless the Vice-Principal calls one to the 'High'—should be taken without premeditation, and that everyone should then do what in her lies to promote 'the general joy of the whole table.' Of course, none but the most hardened offenders are ever heard to talk 'shop' at meals. By the way, classics and natural science, poles asunder otherwise, both seem to develop this tendency in their votaries. The hours between breakfast and lunch are variously filled up, according to the arrangement of your work; some have much coaching, some go to lectures in Cambridge, others have all their lectures at Newnham. But all the morning there is a perpetual *va et vient* between the college and the town, and a stranger, finding himself in Silver Street about ten o'clock, might be tempted to exclaim:

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From a Painting by] MRS. HENRY SIDGWICK—PRINCIPAL OF NEWNHAM. *[J. J. Shannon.*

"And now comes the very witching time of night when not only churchyards, but the industrious student, may begin to yawn. From eight till ten o'clock she has laboured in her vocation, secured, perhaps, from intrusion by our substitute for the 'oak' of other colleges—a slip of metal bearing the legend 'Engaged,' which can be displayed at pleasure on her door.

"Now is the time when lights are put out in the corridors, which, though dimly lit from within the rooms by glass ventilators above the doors, are filled in certain corners with a darkness that may be felt very distinctly by the shin or forehead of the inexperienced voyager after cocoa. To carry a candle would be a confession of incompetence that is universally disdained; but it is quite *en régle* for a 'fresher' to strike an occasional match outside rooms that give forth sounds of revelry, in order to discover from the name on the door whether she has come to the right entertainment or must quest further.

"The word 'cocoa,' like the word 'poltics,' of immortal celebrity, 'surprises by himself,' and I must try to supply its context for the uninitiated to whom it merely suggests a cup which cheers quite as little as it inebriates. Perhaps the simplest plan will be to follow one of the above-mentioned 'freshers,' who is bidden to a cocoa, and see what becomes of her.

"The scene changes to a bright and pretty room, where you will first be struck by the inhabitants, who, to the number of ten or fifteen, are all laughing, talking, and drinking cocoa; and next by the climate, which has a tropic zone near the fire and an arctic one by the open window.

"Your hostess will be too busy making and dispensing the cocoa (assisted by a *fidus Achates*) to say much to you herself, but she will take care that you get embarked on the stream of vivacious talk about half a hundred subjects dear to the heart of girls in general and Newnhamites in particular. If you have not much to say yourself you will find it very good fun to listen and look on.

"Contrary to the received opinion of novelists, the sweet girl graduate has not one but many types, and college life, by giving free play to the athletic, the social, the musical, the managing, the hard-working, and half-a-dozen other instincts, tends as much to turn out women with a redeeming leaven of in-

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dividuality as 'good society' does to make every girl an exact replica of every other in dress, language, ideas, and character.

"But come, it is long past eleven, and time to be going, for that student who looked in just now and casually remarked that we were making a good deal of noise, did so in the official capacity of 'J.P.' We elect justices of the peace from among ourselves, and, on a well-known principle, it is the noisiest people who are oftenest chosen for the office of maintaining comparative quiet during work hours and late at night. Strange to say, I have been a J.P. myself; but that was for quite a different reason."

I will conclude this record of a most agreeable visit with that base ingratitude which is characteristic of wicked man by telling an irreverent story.

There is a legend that some time ago Mr. Gladstone planted a chestnut tree in the grounds at Newnham, but the naughty undergraduates from the neighbouring college of Selwyn managed by stratagem or bribery to spirit it away. They also sent cards to all the principal photographers of Cambridge instructing them to come and photograph it. The unsuspecting photographers arrived and found great lamentation, but no tree. Mr. Gladstone, however, was good enough to repeat the experiment, and the second tree is happily intact.

From a Photo. by] A GROUP OF NEWNHAM GIRLS. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

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From a] THE "SUNBEAM."—TAKEN IN CALCUTTA. [Photograph.

shelves and wardrobes, are of ebony, and many choice water-colours adorn the walls.

All the cabins on the *Sunbeam* are beautifully fitted and arranged, and but for the size one could imagine oneself in a splendidly furnished house.

"Are you fond of hunting?" was my next question.

"Yes, very; and so is Lord Brassey, and we keep horses at Leighton for that purpose. We spend the autumn at Normanhurst Court, the season in town, and I generally go to Scotland for about six weeks every year."

Lady Brassey has a horror of publicity, and it was only by occasional remarks that I was able to learn a little more of her life outside society circles. For instance, that during the pressure of the London season, with all its attendant gaieties and consequent fatigue, the dinner parties, balls, and fortnightly musical reunions at which she has to enact the hostess, she still finds time and inclination for benefiting and personally visiting the poor and suffering. She has founded a convalescent home for children at Bexhill, Sussex, and is a frequent and

From a] DECK-HOUSE.—"SUNBEAM." [Photograph.

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From a] SALOON, WITH TABLE LAID FOR LUNCH. "SUNBEAM." [Photograph.

inlaid with black, and covered with peacock-green leather. It is not necessary to describe the owner; that strong but benevolent face, and the genial, kindly manner, are well known not only in political, naval, and social circles, but everywhere where a cheering word can encourage, or wealth succour, if the cause be good.

Lord Brassey was born at Stafford, in 1836, where his father, the late Mr. Thomas Brassey, was living temporarily while superintending some important railway contracts. The first school that he went to was at Dieppe, during the construction of the Rouen and Dieppe Railway. He was afterwards sent to Temple Grove, East Sheen, then to Rugby, and finally to University College, Oxford. He is an Hon. D.C.L. and M.A. It is impossible to do more in a short article than to just mention his various public appointments from 1866 to the present time. He was successively Member of Parliament for Devonport and Hastings; a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Sussex; from 1880 to 1884 a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and the

From a] FOLDING-DOORS OF CARVED TEAK IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. [Photograph.

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matters; and there has been lately issued, in two large volumes, a collection of his papers and addresses on matters naval and maritime during the last twenty years. His opinions on these subjects are of great value, as they are based on sound knowledge and practical experience.

I cannot leave Park Lane without giving a brief description of "The Lady Brassey Museum." It is a dangerous place to visit unless you are prepared to break the tenth commandment. We will start with the ground floor, which is entered through beautifully carved folding doors made in Bombay, the pillars in front of them being of Lahore workmanship. The greater part of this lower room is what was known as the Durbar Hall of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The woods used are teak, pine, and shittim, and the greater part of the carving has been done by two natives from the Punjab. It is lit electrically, and from the centre hangs a beautiful brass lantern, suspended by eight brass chains. Another pair of folding doors of teak, of exquisite design, lead into the street. An alcove, cushioned with rich embroidery work, purchased in Cairo, and originally intended for Sultan Abdul Aziz, occupies one side of this room. The panelled walls are covered with fine specimens of Eastern arms, elephant goads, Bornean brass chain armour, and tusks. At the top of the staircase leading to the second room are cases of tropical birds, a collection of boats, models of boats, and a child's toy boat picked up by the *Sunbeam* many hundreds of miles from land.

Equally rich in carved work is the second room; the pillars and screens are works of art. Round the walls are glass cases, in which the electric light is shaded by pearl mussel shells from the Bay of Naples. Each case is filled with curios that would make a collector tear his hair with envy. Every article has its history, but space, and a stern editor, will only permit me to enumerate a few of the most remarkable among these treasures. One case contains reminiscences of voyages and personal souvenirs of the late Lady Brassey. Among other things—a lock of Queen Pomare's hair; a wooden drinking bowl, presented to Mr. Gladstone by the farmers in Norway while on a cruise in the *Sunbeam* in 1887. In another case specimens from mines, and a number of interesting objects recovered in 1886, from the

From a] A PART OF THE GALLERY ARCADE IN LADY BRASSEY'S MUSEUM. *[Photograph.*

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From a] NORMANHURST COURT. [Photograph.

Dutch ship *Jan Thomas*, wrecked in Table Bay at the close of the last century. Then there are all kinds of Indian jewellery and brass and silversmith's work. Pottery and porcelain from various countries, curios from New Guinea, South Sea Islands, and other uncivilized countries; natural treasures from the bottom of the sea, and a very interesting and valuable collection of antiquities excavated for the late Lady Brassey in Cyprus of "peoples extending from the Phœnician and Greek to the Roman time," consisting of lamps, bowls, and gold ornaments; the foot of a mummy picked up by Lady Brassey, funeral crowns of gold leaves, spiral glass hairpins, and paintings on glass. A great variety of savage ornaments, of Indian gold ornaments and feather work; the rarest specimen among the latter being an Aleutian Island chief's cloak, made of the feathers of the great northern loon, and trimmed with sea-parrots' bills.

I was greatly interested in the doorway of a Buddhist monastery, from Tibet, of dark, highly-polished wood, grotesquely carved. In the museum lobby and library are ninety volumes of photographs, copies of every edition of the late Lady Brassey's and Lord Brassey's works, and Mr. Pritchett's paintings and drawings and original sketches for the illustration of the late Lady Brassey's "In the Tropics, Trades, and Roaring Forties." The subdued light, the rich odour of fragrant sandal and cedar, the exquisite colouring, remind one more of an Indian palace than a London mansion. Putting aside the monetary value of this unique collection, which is so magnificently and appropriately housed, it is a lasting memorial of the popularity of Lord Brassey, as well as of the energy and fearlessness of the late Lady Brassey.

I must now carry my readers from Park Lane to Normanhurst Court, near to Battle, which was built for Lord Brassey by his father in 1886, from designs by Mr. Habershon, of the firm of Habershon and Brock. The style is what is called "François Premier," and the material Kentish rag-stone. It commands a magnificent view of the adjacent country, rendered historical by the Battle of Hastings. Normanhurst is some six miles from the sea as the crow flies, and the whole estate covers, roughly speaking, about 5,000 acres. As we ascend the flight of steps leading to the door, we are reminded that from these steps the late M. Waddington delivered his first public speech in England, on the occasion of the visit of a party of working men to Normanhurst, where he happened to be on a visit.

The central hall is very grand and picturesque; it is surrounded by fine oak galleries with iron balustrades. Here hangs a magnificent tapestry worked in floss silk from designs by the celebrated

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Siam, and containing his portrait. His Majesty visited Normanhurst in 1859. A beautiful gold cable bracelet, weighing thirty sovereigns, is a gift from the Maharajah of Johore. A native woman's dress of white linen came from Queen Kaiulani, of the Sandwich Islands.

Mounted on a chair are the head, feet, and plumage of an ostrich, whose flesh formed a part of the menu of a dinner at Normanhurst. There are a great number of pictures from the Alnutt collection, including several by David Cox, and a water-colour, "Solitude," said to be one of the largest in the world, by G. Barrett, and a valuable collection of the engraved works of Raphael Morghen.

Very beautiful and rare is the royal feather cloak. When the king of the Sandwich Islands visited Normanhurst in 1881, he greatly admired it, and said that he was then trying to collect sufficient feathers to make a new royal robe for Queen Kapiolani, and offering a dollar for every single feather. So the monetary value of this cloak can be imagined. The feathers of which it is composed are scarlet and yellow, arranged in diamond-shaped pattern. An exquisite piece of gold brocade was presented by Take-hito, nephew and heir-apparent of the Mikado of Japan. A mother-of-pearl ivy-leaf candlestick, mounted in silver, was one that was placed at the foot of Marie Antoinette's coffin, having been previously given by her to one of her ladies-in-waiting.

The late Lady Brassey acquired a large collection of gold ornaments from the graves of some aboriginal races of the north-western province of South America. They include not only personal and religious ornaments but also rare implements, and show how thoroughly the goldsmith's art was understood and practised by the Indians. Some of these graves contained ornaments worth from £4,000 to £13,000.

A written description can never do justice to the exquisite works of art with which every room, both at Park Lane and Normanhurst Court, is enriched. Days and weeks might be profitably spent in studying them.

A beautiful painting of Lady Brassey, by Mr. Ellis Roberts, will shortly be completed, and added to the Normanhurst collection of portraits.

Normanhurst Court is a lovely spot; and its lord and lady are as noted for their lavish hospitality as they are for their courteous kindness to all with whom they come in contact. I forgot to mention that Lord Brassey has three daughters married. And — strange coincidence — all to masters of hounds who reside within a ten miles' radius of Normanhurst.

From a] DRAWING-ROOM.—NORMANHURST COURT. *[Photograph.*

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By Mrs. E. Newman.

"A HUNDRED and ninety-nine pounds nineteen and ninepence for cigars — in only a couple of terms! Confound it all, what does the man take me for?"

"He takes you for the son and heir of Sir Anthony Dane, and he knows he will get his money," said Charles Clifford, glancing at the "little account" the other had thrown on to the table by which he sat, his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his legs stretched out.

"Not so easily as he imagines, perhaps. He will have to render a more circumstantial account than that, any way!" ejaculated Dane; adding, with some vexation: "To make its appearance just now, of all times!"

"Oh, come; it can't be so bad as all that," said Clifford, beginning to look a little surprised at the other frowning down at the paper. "I should be glad enough to change places with you, old man."

"Because you look at it from an outsider's point of view," returned Dane, taking up the "little account" again, throwing himself into the window seat overlooking the college quad, and proceeding to once more go over the separate items.

It was not that there would be any difficulty in obtaining the money. He knew that the bill would be settled by his father at once, and probably without a word of comment. It was, in fact, a question of honour with him, and his pride was touched. Bills had accumulated before; and this, not because he was in an extravagant set, or had luxurious tastes and habits; but that, from a disinclination for business details, he had got into a way of leaving them to arrange themselves. This had occasioned his father some anxiety, and he had pledged his word that it should not occur again.

Leonard Dane would succeed to a large property; and Sir Anthony's keen sense of the responsibilities attaching to the position rendered him desirous that his son should be more executive than he seemed inclined to be. He would, indeed, have been more ready to excuse laxity in almost any other direction than this. Inclined as he was to studious pursuits, Dane none the less heartily subscribed to his father's views as to the duties devolving upon the owner of large landed estates, and he was not a little annoyed at the thought that this debt would seem to prove that he had broken faith. That it

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should have accumulated through carelessness did not mend matters. It was precisely the carelessness that his father complained of.

He had been under the impression that during this last year of his residence at the University he had kept well within his liberal allowance, and had congratulated himself upon being able to meet his father with a clear conscience. His own ambition seemed about to be gratified. He was leaving the University with every prospect of taking a good place, if he did not come out one of the first on the list, and with the reputation of being likely to do his college some credit. But what he wanted was to be able to say that he had kept his word, and was out of debt, when next his father and he clasped hands.

He sat pondering over the bill, beginning now to see that cigars represented barely half of what was charged for. He recollected, too, his careless nod or half-assent to the suggestions that certain silver cigarette-cases, match-boxes, expensively mounted pipes, and other luxuries that went to swell the amount should be sent on approval, and seeing them afterwards lying about his rooms, although he had gone on using the shabby old aids and appliances to which he had got accustomed. Nor was he a great smoker. The cigars had been consumed by his friends—chiefly Clifford—an occasional pipe sufficing for his own needs.

"It's no use, I can't face the old father just now," he said, unconsciously speaking half aloud. "If I kept away a couple of weeks the half-year's cheque would come in, and I could pay this off without——I have more than half a mind to——"

"I wish you would run down to our place with me for two or three weeks, Dane," put in Clifford, unmistakable earnestness in his fair, handsome face, the habitual expression of which was somewhat mercurial, in contrast with that of the other's—Dane's penetrative grey eyes and firmly-cut features seeming to indicate a stronger mental fibre.

"Very kind of you, Clifford; but your people might not exactly see——"

"Oh! you would be ever so much more than welcome, if that is what you mean. You would find us as ready as the rest to kow-tow to the heir of Redlands."

Dane regarded him a little dubiously. Cynicism did not come naturally to Clifford. Were things going wrong with him, too—again? He was in the habit of spending a great deal of his time in an uncertain, desultory fashion in Dane's rooms. Widely as their tastes differed in some respects, each found something which attracted him in the other. Their acquaintance had begun at Eton, where Dane, the elder by two or three years, had been of some service to Clifford in the way of helping him out of scrapes. At the University, Clifford had had the same aptitude for getting into difficulties, and appealing to Dane for help. Naturally frank, high spirited, and open-handed, he was always crippled in means, the allowance he received from his father being too small to admit of his doing as others did; although he, too, was the son of a wealthy man.

Dane took all the more interest in the other from being under the impression that the father was a wrong-headed old martinet, who did not understand, and could not make allowance for, his son's peculiar temperament. Worse still, the father made no attempt to appeal to the evident good in the young man. Dane knew no more of the other's people than he had gathered from Clifford himself, and from certain letters from an anxious, tender-hearted sister, entreating her Charlie to be "brave and strong. Granted, he found it difficult to please father, what then? Who was the worse for doing difficult things?" And so forth.

Captain Clifford, a retired naval officer, was a widower with two daughters, reckoned as "only girls," and this one son, for whom his ambition was high. By a process of drill and training, peculiarly his own, he had early begun his endeavours to eradicate the tendencies he objected to in the boy, and to build up an entirely different nature. With all his defects, Clifford was something better than his father's training would have made him.

"Make up your mind to go with me, Dane," went on Clifford, who had risen to his feet, and stood with his eyes fastened eagerly upon the other. "You like the sea; our place is close to it, and my father has a capital little yacht, which would be at your service when you were inclined for a sail. I think you might manage to get through two or three weeks with us, and—if you could only know what a different going-home it would be for me, old fellow! To tell the truth, I am in a worse fix than ever, and your being with me would make things so much easier."

Dane was not disinclined. It would be a means of getting through a couple of weeks, and afford him a reasonable excuse to send to his father for not going home at once.

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the Blue Room had been prepared for Mr. Dane; adding, with a meaning glance, that Mr. Charles knew the master's ways, and dinner would be served in half an hour.

With a word to the servant about the train having been late, Clifford led the way upstairs. Passing along a corridor from which opened several doors, he ushered Dane into a good-sized and well-appointed room.

"I hope you will find all you want, Dane," he said, in a nervous, constrained way. "Excuse my asking you to be ready as soon as you can; my father does not like dinner being delayed. And—would you mind going down when you are ready?—the first room to the right when you reach the hall. You'll find me there, and," with a little laugh, "the first amenities will be over. Only, don't give us too long for them."

"Time enough, but not too much. I see, old fellow," realizing more fully what the meeting between father and son was likely to be.

He made such good speed in the process of getting into his evening clothes as to be ready to descend within the time. Passing along the corridor, he went slowly down the broad oak stairs, speculating as he went on what the Cliffords were going to be like.

He had reached the hall, and was crossing it towards the room on the right, when his attention was attracted to a maidservant standing just within a baized door, leading apparently to the domestic offices, and making signs to him.

He paused a moment, regarding her with some surprise; then, recognising that she was in fact beckoning to him, went towards her.

She glanced round, as though to make sure there was no one else near; then, with a mysterious air, drew a note from her pocket and presented it to him.

"For me?" he inquired. "Are you sure?"

"Yes"; adding in a low voice, "I was to give it to you when you were quite alone; and ask you to read it before you go into the drawing-room, if you please."

He nodded assent, thinking now that he understood, and the girl retired, letting the door swing noiselessly to.

"A warning from Master Charlie. Something I am to be specially careful to mention, or not to mention, I suppose," he thought, unfolding the note. He saw at once that the writing was not Clifford's—a few lines written in pencil.

"Go down to the Laurel Walk as soon as you leave the dining-room—alone. Not a word of this to *anyone*."

He stood for a few moments gazing down at the words with bewildered eyes. How could such a message be meant for him? It must be a mistake. And yet—no, surely not—the girl had seemed to have no doubt whatever. Should he——?

He heard footsteps descending the stairs; hurriedly thrust the note into his pocket, and turned to enter the room Clifford had indicated to him. There could be no question as to its being the room in which was his host. The raised voice within could be no other than Captain Clifford's, thought Dane. Nor had he any scruple on the score of interrupting the discussion. Evidently Clifford was already in difficulties; and he, at any rate, would welcome anything that created a diversion.

Captain Clifford, his son, and another, subsequently introduced to Dane as "our neighbour, Mr. Palmer," were the only occupants of the room.

With a look of relief at the sight of him, Clifford hurriedly began: "Father, my friend of friends. My father, Dane"; adding, with what the other felt was a desire to make the most of him, "as I told you, father, Dane is the big man of his college—all sorts of things are expected of him. Double first, eh, Dane?"

Captain Clifford, who had been in the midst of a tirade against his son, swallowed down his wrath, and advanced to meet his guest with outstretched hand, the colour in his face becoming a little less vivid, its expression more cordial, and his voice softening.

"Glad to welcome you here, Mr. Dane. My son is honoured by your friendship. Double first! We don't grow such crops here. Wild oats, chiefly!"

"We were at Eton together, and are old friends, Captain Clifford," returned Dane; adding a small witticism anent the division of honours, which served to put the other as nearly into a good humour as he was, just then, capable of being.

Giving utterance to a croak, which did duty for a laugh on the rare occasions he indulged in one, Captain Clifford turned to introduce Dane to the ladies, who had just entered the room. "Mr. Dane, Miss Palmer. My daughters, Viva and Alice, Mr. Dane."

Dinner being announced, he allotted Miss Palmer to Dane, saying, with a grim smile, "You must put up with Viva, I suppose, Palmer. And you," to his youngest daughter,

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"CAPTAIN CLIFFORD SWALLOWED DOWN HIS WRATH."

who looked almost too much of a child to have arrived at the dignity of dining with her elders, "with Charles."

She seemed barely fifteen, sweet and fresh and guileless looking; a little awed, too, at finding herself for the first time in the position of an "emancipated" young lady.

She had pleaded so hard to be present this first night of her brother's return.

Dane courteously did his best to keep up something like a conversation with Miss Palmer, but, ready enough as she was to do her share, he found it rather hard work.

She looked about five or six and twenty, and was fair, slight, and not unattractive. But her good looks were certainly of a very different type from those of the young girl sitting opposite to her, who had been summarily introduced as Viva, and whom he had at once credited with being the writer of the letters Clifford had shown him, begging her Charlie to be brave and strong. Brave and strong she herself looked, as well as something else—her quiet, self-possessed bearing and expressive face, with its clear, reflective eyes, indicating that she was capable of the thorough good sense, as well as tender love, so evident in every line of these letters.

She was listening constrainedly—a sad look in her eyes belying the smile upon her lips—to Mr. Palmer, a short, stout man, seemingly about forty years of age, with a large, flat face and prominent, no-coloured eyes.

Dane could understand now a hint Clifford had thrown out: that the Palmers had come into their property too late to supply the deficiencies of early training. Mr. Palmer was talking to the young girl by his side in a lowered tone, his eyes dwelling upon her dainty loveliness with an air of proprietorship which was, even then, an offence to Dane.

He found it, too, increasingly difficult to listen and reply to Miss Palmer's lively sallies, in the distraction of his thoughts caused by the sad, sweet face opposite, and his speculations as to what might be the import of the missive so mysteriously worded and conveyed to him.

"We were delighted to hear we were to meet you, Mr. Dane. We have heard so much of you from Charlie, that it seems quite like meeting an old friend!"

"We" and "Charlie!" She seemed bent upon showing him the intimate terms she and her brother were upon there, thought Dane.

He murmured something about being honoured, and, to ward off the repetition of any eulogistic speeches "Charlie" might have made, he went on: "Clifford is some years older than his sisters, is he not?"

"Yes; five or six. Dearest Viva is not quite eighteen, and Alice fifteen"; going on to dilate upon her attachment to "dearest Viva" and "dearest Viva's" attachment to her in effusive, school-girl fashion, less charming at six-and-twenty than at sixteen. But this was a topic which interested him, and he listened now with a better grace.

"Dearest Viva is staying with us just now, and we have driven over to dinner. Our place, 'The Park'"—with a very large P—"is about four miles from here; and, as I

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crossed his mind that there might possibly be an attempt to make him the victim of one now. This aroused his combative powers, and rendered him on the alert.

He entered the summer-house and peered about in the darkness, everything there being in deep shadow.

"Is anyone here?" he asked.

Silence.

He turned to ascend the path, persuaded now that the message had been intended for someone else, and that the mistake had been discovered and set right. He had taken but a step when he suddenly paused, and drew back into the shadow again.

The slight figure of a woman, muffled up in some shawl or wrap drawn over her head, hurriedly crossed the lawn, and came running with fleet steps down the path towards him out of the white moonlight into the shadow where he stood.

On she came without a pause, and in another moment the slight, panting figure stood before him, and a small, trembling hand was laid on his arm.

"No one must know! For my sake, you must never let it be known!"

With a quick, nervous movement, what seemed a letter was pressed into his hand, as she added in hurried, broken accents, as if to prevent his speaking — although, in his utter amazement, he did not attempt to do so —"Hush! not a word. What would be thought of my doing this?"

He was about to say something now to the effect that her secret, whatever it was, would be safe with him, when, with the repetition of the words: "No one must know. Remember—ah, remember!" she turned away, and sped swiftly up the path again.

Following her with his eyes, he saw her go round by the stable yard, as though towards the servants' entrance. He stood for a few moments utterly bewildered, unable to think of anything but the little, trembling hand that had lain upon his arm. But he was presently speculating again as to who his mysterious communicant could be. The appeal to his honour would, of course, be found not to have been made in vain; but who was she?

Could it have been Miss Clifford, who had mistaken him for her brother? This could hardly be. Where would have been the necessity for making a mysterious appointment by letter between brother and sister, in the same house together?

Suddenly he became conscious of the letter crushed in his hand. To be wasting the time in idle conjecture there when he had the clue to the mystery in his possession! He darted up the path, and into the house again by the garden door. Crossing the hall, and passing the drawing-room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, unobserved, he hastily made his way upstairs to the room that had been assigned to him.

Shutting the door, he went towards the window, drew up the blind, and by the bright moonlight streaming in, proceeded to open the envelope.

Bank-notes! They dropped from his fingers, fluttering to the carpet at his feet.

"Money!" he ejaculated, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, all his new-formed, pleasant anticipations fading at the sight. But, as the first excitement a little abated, he began to ask himself for what purpose this money could have been intrusted to him.

"MONEY!"

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The suspicion that there had been some mistake once more forced itself upon him, reluctant as he was to accept this as an explanation. He would have preferred to think that the words which had stirred his heart by their appeal to his chivalry—and there had been an under-current of hope in his mind that Miss Clifford had meant to ask his advice—had been intended for him. Could her purpose have been to intrust this money to him to be used in the service of her brother?

He gathered up the notes again, and turned them carefully over in the hope of coming upon some scrap of paper—some written word—which might afford a clue to the writer's intention.

Not a line—not a word!

Had Miss Clifford intended to place the money in his hands in trust for her brother there would have been some intimation of it, either from her or with the notes. "No, it could not be she."

As he turned them over—bank-notes had surely never been so little appreciated before—he noticed that there were ten for twenty pounds each, two hundred pounds.

The remembrance of that vexatious bill of his crossed his mind. This sum just covered the amount. Could it be——? Was it that someone was desirous of putting it into his power to pay that two hundred pounds and went that way to work about it? No, absurd, impossible! Who could have got to know that he owed the money, or, knowing it, would have had the will as well as the power to give him such a sum? Certainly no one there.

More disappointed than he was inclined to acknowledge that he was, and not caring to ask himself why, he impatiently rolled the notes together and thrust them into his portmanteau out of sight. He began to suspect that he was getting mixed up in some unpleasant mystery, and that his implied promise of secrecy might turn out to be a fetter and annoyance to him. It had been all very well as adding a little zest in the way of romance to a confidence—but now! There was no romance about bank-notes. The more he thought of it, the more disillusioned and annoyed did he feel. Yet his hands were tied. He had been put upon his honour, and could make no attempt to solve the problem until the other side had made a move.

There was a tap at the door, and Clifford came lounging in, a moody expression on his naturally frank face.

"I have been looking for you, Dane. Began to think you must have got so ecstatic over the view as to forget where you were, and had tumbled over the cliff."

"I am not given to be so ecstatic as all that," returned Dane, who had, in fact, only glanced at the expanse of heaving waters. He took up first one thing and then another lying on the dressing-table, in aimless, desultory fashion, only half conscious of what he was doing.

It had suddenly occurred to him that there was one question he might put without, at the same time, breaking faith with the incognita of the Laurel Walk, and he was casting about in his mind as to the best way of putting it.

"Did you chance to mention a word to anyone about my owing that money to Blair, Clifford?" he presently asked, telling himself that no confidence would be broken, and no harm done by this inquiry.

Clifford broke into a short laugh, and a little confusedly replied, "Why do you ask?"

"For the same reason people generally ask questions: because I want to know."

"Well, yes, I did to one person—only one. Don't be offended, Dane; you can afford to have it known that you owe a trifle like that. I knew that my mentioning it could not hurt you, and I thought that it might be of some assistance to me."

"Assistance to you! How could that be?"

"How?" repeated Clifford, reddening and hesitating again. "Well—to tell the truth, I thought that if you were made to appear a trifle brown, I might not seem quite so black. You don't suppose I had any worse motive, old fellow?"

"How did you put it—that I was in straits about this money?"

"Something like that. I mentioned that you were bothered just now about a bill for a couple of hundred."

"A couple of hundred! I see. To whom did you mention it? Pardon me, Clifford, I have a special reason for wanting to know."

"To whom? Oh, well—look here, Dane: I mentioned it in a letter I wrote yesterday to Sophy Palmer, which I suppose she got this morning."

"Miss Palmer!"

"You need not mind her knowing it, old man. She is such a good-natured creature. She has done all manner of things for me, and there are heaps of money. She would think nothing of giving you a couple of hundreds, if you would only take them."

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would be no use. I have made up my mind to go."

"Go! Where?"

"To the deuce!" with a bitter laugh. "Where I have been told to go."

"Tell me what has happened, old fellow. Come, Clifford, don't be absurd. You and I have contrived to get out of scrapes before now. You know you can trust me," taking the precaution to link his arm in the other's as he spoke.

"It is too late. You can't help me this time—no one could. Look here, Dane," he excitedly went on; "I promised to give a hundred and seventy to Grey this evening. He will be waiting in the town for it. I made a clean breast of it to my father last night—told him everything; and—and—I went down on my knees to him, entreating him to let me have this money, and give me one more chance. He knows I don't owe more than three hundred altogether; and I promised—where's the use of repeating all I promised? He refused to give me a penny—treated me like a dog. After breakfast this morning I plucked up courage again and made one more appeal to him. He flung away, bidding me 'go to the deuce.' He left me there alone in the library, with the drawer in which he keeps his cheque-book and money open. I don't believe he meant to put temptation in my way. You see, he was in an awful rage, and perhaps forgot. But—Dane, there was a roll of notes and a cheque for two hundred and fifty lying there; and—no, don't look at me like that—you need not be afraid. If I am to 'go to the deuce,' I will choose my own road; and it won't be that! I hurled his wretched notes across the room, left a line on the table, saying that I would obey him and 'go to the deuce,' and put a few things into my bag."

"Clifford, you must let me——"

"It is no use trying to help me, Dane. You do not know my father. But—yes, there is one thing. I have been keeping about here in the hope of seeing Alice. Would you say a word to my sister Viva for me, Dane? She knows what a friend you have been to me; and—to tell the truth—I wrote to her the day before we came away, begging her to try to get two hundred pounds for me somehow, to save me from disgrace. I thought she would, perhaps, ask Sophy Palmer to lend it; but I suppose she did not like to do that."

"To borrow it of Miss Palmer!" ejaculated Dane, the truth dawning upon him. "Your sister!"

"I am sorry now that I asked it, Dane. And I want you to tell Viva from me that I am glad she did not get it. It might have compromised her with Palmer, if he got to know. He is just the fellow to make it a reason for pressing on the engagement, and she looks unhappy enough as it is. I am not such a cur as to wish her to sacrifice herself for me!"

"She has done it!" was Dane's mental ejaculation. He saw it all now. It was Viva Clifford who had come to him in the Laurel Walk. She had put that money into his hands, imagining that it was to her brother she had given it. He and Clifford were about the same height and build, and he had, at sight of her, stepped back into the deep shadow of the summer-house. Moreover, he had, in his surprise, taken the envelope she pressed upon him quite silently, and she was, therefore, unaware of the mistake that had been made.

As he afterwards found, her note had, in the hurry of the moment—dinner being just about to be served—passed from one servant to another, a new-comer, who did not know Clifford and took it for granted that Dane was he. Miss Clifford had seen no other way of obtaining the money for her brother than to apply to Palmer; and the mean-spirited fellow had made it the occasion for pressing on the engagement. He found, too, that the reason she had made the mysterious appointment to meet her brother away from the house was because she was going to return with the Palmers, and feared she would not have an opportunity of giving the notes to him without being observed. She had hurried away so quickly afterwards to avoid being questioned as to how she had obtained the money, and in the fear that she should let it be seen what it had cost her to obtain it.

"No one must know—for my sake, you must never let it be known!" The words had been uttered in no spirit of sentimental romance, but in the bitterest shame and anguish. He made a mental vow that she should be saved, if it were in the power of man to save her; and he saw that there was not a moment to lose.

He hurriedly informed Clifford of the mistake that had been made, without going more than he could help into details. "I believe that the money was advanced by Palmer, and that he is pressing on the engagement in consequence. It must be given back to him at once, Clifford—the same notes."

"Yes, certainly," promptly returned Clif-

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Captain Clifford turned towards him; and, although a little surprised at himself, Dane could not help feeling some pity for the man. He was looking at least ten years older than he appeared in the morning, white, haggard, and trembling, as, with a terrible humiliation, he broke out again: "Disgraced for ever! I am the dishonoured father of a thief, sir—a common thief!"

For the moment a terrible fear took possession of Dane. Was it possible that Clifford had, after all——? He put the thought away. No; a thousand times, no!

Suddenly there flashed upon him the remembrance of Clifford's words about having hurled the notes across the room. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. "Quite impossible, Captain Clifford!" striving to keep his wits about him, and to lead up to what he wanted to suggest to the other to do, without allowing his own motive to be seen. Charlie must be vindicated as openly as he was accused.

"It is true. I left him in the library myself, and on my return I found that he was gone, and a roll of notes and a large cheque had been taken from the drawer where he knows I keep my money. My son—my only son, sir!"

"He is not guilty, Captain Clifford—quite impossible! You are accusing him unjustly," put in Dane, with quiet decision. "You must have overlooked the notes, which might easily happen in the excitement of the moment. Look again, before you brand your son as a thief."

"Look again, papa—oh, pray, do look once more!" pleaded Alice. "Oh, Charlie—my Charlie!"

"You have made a great mistake, Captain Clifford."

"Would to God that I had!" muttered the father, turning to re-enter the house, a faint hope, perhaps, beginning to spring up in his mind.

With hurried, uneven steps, he returned to the house, crossed the hall, and entered the library. Dane had beckoned the maidservant to accompany them, pointing towards her young mistress, as though he thought she might require help. In fact, it had occurred to him that it would be better to have an independent witness present, in order that there should be no doubt of Clifford at any future time.

As they entered the room, Dane glanced hurriedly round, and then drew a breath of relief. There lay a roll of paper crushed together on the carpet. The notes! Yes, Clifford had said he had thrown them to the farther end of the room.

"This is the drawer. Do you think it likely that I should overlook a roll of notes?" exclaimed the old man, hurriedly tossing about the papers, memorandum books, etc., etc., with trembling hands, and, as the young man noticed, eyeing them with feverish anxiety.

"Things seem a good deal scattered about," said Dane, picking up one or two papers from the carpet. Then, with the hope of drawing attention to the notes, he glanced about the room, letting his eyes rest for a moment upon them without appearing conscious of so doing. What he was hoping for immediately came about. The eyes of the maidservant, who was less pre-occupied than the others, followed his, and lighted upon the roll of paper.

"What is that little bundle of papers on the carpet, sir? It looks like——"

She hurriedly crossed the room, picked up the papers, and brought them to her master.

The missing notes!

Captain Clifford's jaw dropped, and his head fell forward upon his breast. They placed him in a chair, loosened his neckcloth, and applied what restoratives were at hand, almost afraid for the first few minutes of the effect which his sudden revulsion of feeling might have upon him.

But joy does not often kill. He was presently so far recovered as to be eager to explain to those about him that he and not his son had been to blame. Everything was now forgotten but the one fact that his son had shown himself incapable of the act of dishonour laid to his charge. His boy was a gentleman, and the family name was untarnished!

"I was hard upon him. He was pressed, sir. I drove him from his home; and for what? Because I would not give him the trifle, the nothing, he begged for. I told him he might go to perdition for ought I cared. He was left alone in the room. He saw the money there, and preferred to go forth a beggar rather than take a single shilling! I am the only one who has ever dared to doubt the honour of a Clifford! I am rightly punished!"

"And will be all the better for your punishment, I think," was Dane's mental comment, beginning to recognise that nothing could have happened more fortunately for Captain Clifford, as well as for those about him.

The old man was anxiously inquiring for his son. "He will come back, will he not?

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How Brass Bands are Made.

By Edward Salmon.

THE average citizen, asked to define his pet aversion, might conceivably indicate a brass band manipulated by German fingers. How many subjects of the German Emperor who have serenaded one inharmoniously under one's window at home or at the seaside have been consigned to the worst penalties of perdition it would be difficult to say, but the number with most of us is probably considerable. Yet there are brass bands and brass bands, and between an indifferent and a first-rate body of performers, with first-class instruments, there is as wide a difference as between the *vin ordinaire* of a third-rate French *café* and a bottle of '47 port. Those, indeed, whose teeth have been set on edge by a really bad band, or who have even heard a fairly good one, and have never heard a body of performers drilled and conducted by a Dan Godfrey, can have no idea of the gulf fixed between the two. Bad music is the very quintessence of horror, if, that is, bad music, like bad grammar, is not an impossibility. Either music is good or it is not music. The virtues of the brass band have not always been recognised, and thanks, no doubt largely, to the Teutonic terror, they are not known now as widely as they should be. The fact is that the Goddess of Harmony assumes no more seductive shape than that in which she is bodied forth by the best of brass bands, and in the last twenty years their popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. That this circumstance is due to the perfection which has been attained in the manufacture of the instruments, no one who has gone into the matter can for a moment question.

There is as much difference between the brass instrument of to-day and that of a quarter of a century since, as between the bicycle of the seventies and the "safety" of the nineties. It is, therefore, of considerable interest to inquire how a brass band is made, or to be more precise, how an instrument in a brass band is made, for one instrument, however much it varies in detail, is constructed on the same principle as another. If we say that Messrs. Besson stand at the head of all such instrument makers, we utter not merely our own opinion but that of the brass-band world. Messrs. Besson make for every government under the sun whose army avails itself of the thrilling and inspiriting effects to be obtained from these instruments when well played, and with Besson bands, many thousands of pounds have been won by amateurs in public contests, concerning which we shall have a few remarks to make. From China to Peru, it may be said that Messrs.

MAKING THE BELLS.

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BENDING THE TUBES FOR A BOMBARDON.

effect the bending of the tubes without a crack or a bladder, or any defect to indicate that at some time or other these tubes were perfectly straight. In dealing with them, we soon realize the significance of the prototype. One is placed on a prototype, which is so hard as to be unimpressionable, the end of the prototype is put through a stout ring of lead and is affixed to a pair of nippers on a draw-bench. The prototype, covered with the brass tube, is then drawn through the lead, and as the other end of the prototype is a great deal larger than that first placed through the hole in the lead, which it exactly fills, it is easy to imagine the force which must be brought to bear to draw the whole thing through. But the machinery is all powerful; the lead yields,

MAKING THE VALVES.

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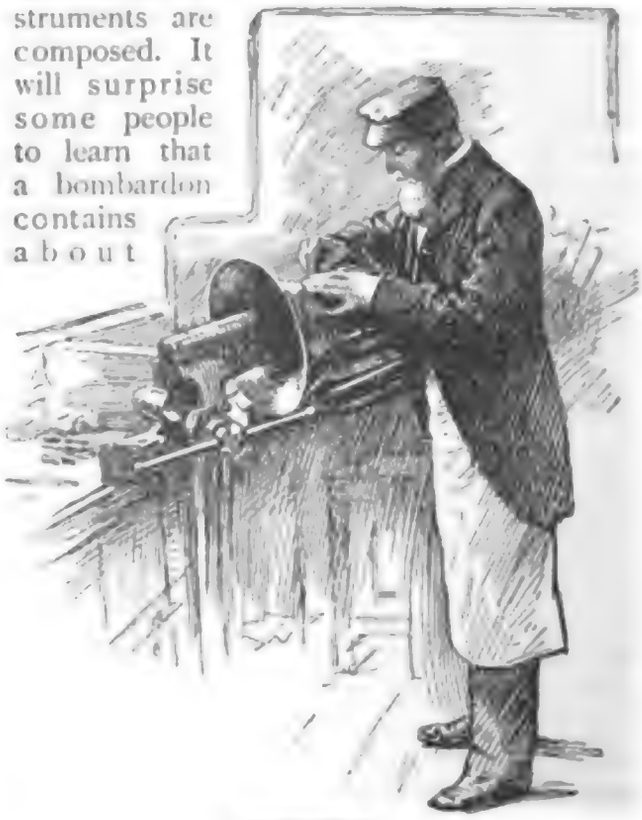
and other, for the purposes of this article. Whilst he is securing realistic impressions, and before making our way to other departments, we will talk for a while with the manager of Messrs. Besson, who is good enough to be our guide, philosopher, and friend on this occasion. He enlarges readily on the popularity of the brass band to which we have already referred, and one of the best proofs he can give us of this is that there flourishes a newspaper—the *Brass Band News*—devoted to band interests, recording all band news, and giving publicity to the views of all band performers who have anything to say worth saying.

TRYING CORNETS.

It is a circumstance of which comparatively few people are aware, that the north of England and the south are as divided from each other in their regard for brass bands as the north of Ireland is divided from the south politically. Good brass bands are to be found in the south, of course, but it is not far from the truth that many bands, looked upon as somewhat indifferent in the north, would be considered as tolerably, if not very, good in the south. In the industrial counties lying between the Thames and the Tweed, the brass band is almost universal. Nearly every village of any size possesses one, and some of these bands—to wit, the "Besses o' th' Barn," the "Black Dike Mills," and the "Wyke Temperance"—are able to hold their own with the best in the world. The sons of toil, fresh from a hard day's labour, give up their evenings to practice, and their families and friends are as eager as they themselves can be that they should attain proficiency in the art and mystery of "the lip." In the north of England a band contest arouses the utmost enthusiasm, while it is noteworthy that "bonnie Scotland" is beginning to display a disposition to share. An instructor is usually engaged to enable the men to practise with a maximum of profit, and two or three guineas are paid by a band—of working-men, be it remembered—for a single lesson. No matter how severe a musical martinet the instructor they engage may be, everyone is prepared to render him implicit obedience, and it is recorded that an instructor once locked the doors and kept a band at practice for eight consecutive hours in order to get a certain difficult piece correct. One or two of the men grew rather fierce under the ordeal, but the instructor had the sense of the gathering with him, and knew what he was about. Nor must it be supposed that these men play second or third-rate music. They master the most abstruse pieces—such, for instance, as Berlioz's *Faust*—and when public contests take place, some of the leading bands play so well that the listener might close his eyes, and almost imagine he were present at a grand organ recital.

Let us now proceed in our inspection of the process of band instrument making. We next visit the valve makers' shop on the ground-floor. Here are made and perfected the various valves and multitudinous bits of which most brass instruments are composed. It will surprise some people to learn that a bombardon contains about



ENGRAVING.

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200 pieces. In this room forty or more men are usually to be found busy at their benches, with gas-jet, blow-pipe, and instruments and implements necessary to the turning of valves of all sorts. Another floor is devoted to the men who are called makers, to whom the parts are sent after manufacture for the purpose of being put together, and a good deal of energy is noticeable as the men take piece after piece until the instrument in the rough seems perfect.

But it is probably a matter of appearance only. Certain of the parts temporarily brought together are not allowed to pass their days in union. It is one thing to fit an instrument of perfect pieces together, it is another to get the most perfect music out of it, and it is found by experience that two pieces identical in all respects, and more like each other than the proverbial two peas in a pod, will yet when linked with other parts that, from the mechanical point of view, make an equally good instrument, give forth sounds which to the trained ear leave something to be desired.

The mechanic may, therefore, propose the abiding union of two pieces; the tuner will dispose: and it generally happens that those which the former has brought together the latter will, in his wisdom, put asunder on the plea of incompatibility. The tuning shop of a brass band manufacturer is a sort of divorce court, with a delightful difference from that in which poor humanity cuts so bad a figure at times. When the tuner grants a *decree nisi* he never fails to display the utmost assiduity in finding partners for the divorced with whom both may go happily through the rest of their days, be they long or short.

From the tuners the instruments pass to the polishers, where, with the aid of a strip of emery-cloth, used fiddlewise, and plenty of grease, elbow and other, they attain a brilliancy which makes them as pleasing to the eye as their notes are to the ear. In special cases they go still further, and pass into the hands of men who engrave a design on them. The deftness and rapidity, the accuracy and effect with which a flower or an inscription will be engraved on the surface of the bell are wonderful, for, prone to mistakes even when indicting an ordinary letter as most of us are, we cannot but remember that on such an instrument a false line would be fatal. On a cornet or a bombardon, worth anything from £20 to £200, the designer has of necessity to be very confident of his skill before operating, or disaster may be the result.

POLISHING

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"*Extremely Agreeable.*"

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. VON WALD-ZEDTWITZ.

WHEN I left the University I had, as in duty bound, to go through my course of military service, and in due time found myself enrolled as a soldier in an infantry regiment then stationed at the town of Torgau, in Thuringia.

The officers were extremely kind to me, and invited me to become a member of the club they had formed among themselves, so that I was soon quite at home. In the morning there was the everlasting "Right, Left! Right, Left!"—at dinner the soothing perfume of the "Maibohle," and in the evening dreamy repose and excellent cigars in the shady Casino gardens.

The civil and military society mingled freely, contrary to the usual custom, and the legal world and such landed proprietors as lived in the neighbourhood made themselves particularly agreeable.

The chief magistrate, old Herr Hammer, was president of the club; he played a good game of bowls, emptying a good many "Schoppen" in the course of it, and kept the whole company entertained with his cheerful fund of humour. Of course I was presented to him, and he recognised in me the son of his old comrade in University and Volunteer days. He was delighted to see me, and at the close of the evening he took me across the gardens to the Casino veranda, where his wife and daughter were drinking true Thuringian mocha with a number of other ladies. I was presented to the fair circle. Frau Hammer was still a pretty woman; she knew my good mother, greeted me with warmth, and begged me with charming friendliness to come and pay her a visit as soon as my military duties would allow.

"I WAS PRESENTED."

"No stiff evening call, dear Herr Eisenstein, I beg! When you have no better way of spending your evening, then come in and see us, and have a cup of tea with us."

"Well, well," muttered her lord and master, "you will get something better than tea, I can tell you, my dear fellow! Don't be afraid. Wife, you frighten all the fellows away with your tea."

We laughed at his comical expression as he uttered this warning. I thanked Frau Hammer for her friendly invitation, and decided at once to take advantage of it. Had I not looked into the blue eyes of the magistrate's seventeen-year-old daughter, the fair Agnes? Did I not read in those liquid depths that a visit from me would not be entirely disagreeable to her? Of course, I would seize the first happy chance that left me free to spend an evening in her society.

The happy chance did not occur for some days, but at length I had a free evening, and decided to make prompt use of it. I called my soldier servant, who, as the stern captain of our company was fond of reminding me, was in reality my fellow-soldier, and sent him in the afternoon to the Frau Direktorinn with a carefully worded message, saying, if it would not inconvenience her, I would do myself the honour of calling on her that evening.

After much explanation, Gottlieb Feuerstacke at length understood where he was to go and what he had to do. In about an hour he returned, giggling in an idiotic manner, and informed me with a scarcely

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suppressed smile that a visit from me at a quarter to nine would be "extremely agreeable."

It struck me that this was rather a late hour to fix for a sociable evening call, in fact, rather a ceremonious hour; but, no doubt, the Herr Direktor liked to stand on ceremony even in so small a matter as the present. I thought no more of it; but when the hour came for departure, I waxed my moustache in the correct style, cast a few drops of "new-mown hay" on my pocket-handkerchief, placed it in the pocket above my beating heart, and wrapped myself in my great military overcoat.

Thus armed I started off to see my new friends, not quite willing to confess even to myself how much I longed to behold the fair Agnes once more.

"Idiot that you are," I said, sternly, to myself; "what do you expect from those little hands? What, save a cup of Chinese tea?"

Torgau is a small place, and soon enough was I at the house of the chief magistrate.

At its half-open door was a woman's form, apparently a servant-maid. She conducted me into the dimly-lighted vestibule, said softly, with a shy simper, "Good evening," tripped upstairs and signed to me to follow.

The Herr Direktor lived in a flat, it seemed, approached by a common staircase, and up this I promptly followed my guide, my heels ringing clear and loud on the uncarpeted flags.

"Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake!" whispered the servant-maid, mysteriously.

I confess to a shock of surprise. I stopped.

"Is this not the right hour?"

"Yes, yes, but hush!" She placed a warning finger on her mouth.

"Good gracious! Is someone ill in the house?" I whispered, in a low voice. "In that case I will come another evening."

"No, no, only be very quiet, Herr Corporal."

And thereupon she seized my hand and drew me up the stairs with many warning signs.

I was utterly bewildered, and could make neither head nor tail of the business. We were on the upper floor. With a dexterity that looked suspiciously like constant habit, she caught the door-bell in her hand, so that its tinkle should not be heard. She certainly showed a wonderful knack in her proceeding. She opened the door and, before I knew where I was, I found myself in the kitchen. Then a bell rang, evidently in the sitting-room, whereupon she promptly pushed me still further into the kitchen, and left me breathless with amazement to stare about me.

A neatly-laid table stood in the middle of the room, which was but dimly lighted by two candles stuck in empty champagne bottles. I was still gaping and gasping when she returned.

"It was nothing! They have not finished yet. They sit so long at table. The master wanted more butter."

Then she reddened up, giggled shyly, and, with downcast eyes, continued: "I am very glad, Herr Corporal, to see you. It is a great honour," and there she paused, smoothing down the folds of her apron. She evidently expected me to say something.

A sudden light broke on my bewildered senses. I understood it all! The suppressed merriment in Feuerstacke's face, the warmth of my reception by the maid. That idiot of a man; that dense-pated Gottlieb Feuerstacke had imagined my message was for the maid-servant, and not for the quality. Was I not serving as a private soldier like himself? And was not a cook the object of his highest adoration?

I could have laughed aloud! The old mad spirit of University days rushed upon me—never even in those joyous wild times had I met with such a rare adventure as this: never, on my word of honour!

"How very kind of you, dear. By the way, what *is* your name?"

"BE VERY QUIET, HERR CORPORAL."

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"Hannah," she whispered, with downcast eyes.

"What an adorable name! Hannah." I quite forgot all about the perils of my position and raised my voice to its natural pitch. She cast on me such an eloquent glance, imploring me without words not to let "them," as she called the family, get wind of my vicinity.

Now she glided gently hither and thither, collecting and placing on the table all manner of dainty fragments from the dinners of a week past, placing them in tempting confusion at my disposal.

Again the bell rang. Hannah was wanted. She obeyed the call at once, and presently returning, placed before me, with conscious pride, a smoking omelet *aux fines herbes*, seasoned with bacon sauce.

Good Hannah! What would she not do for a corporal?

It was all so sublimely ridiculous! Hannah, who was really a fine young woman, looked so pleadingly at me. I was getting hungry, the omelet filled my nostrils with so appetizing a perfume—I had already said A, so must say B. In short, I made quick work with that savoury omelet, and drank with much gusto the Seidel of beer she drew for me from the cask in the cupboard. She sat down on the bench she evidently reserved for the washing-up of dishes, etc.—her red, work-roughened hands rested quietly in her lap, artistically contrasting with the dazzling whiteness of her apron; her honest, ruddy face turned affectionately towards me, her watery blue eyes hung entranced on her corporal, watching every mouthful he took. She nodded gently, and evidently expected from my appetite many a blissful supper-time to come.

"A SMOKING OMELET."

But Fate was at hand. The sitting-room door opened—steps were heard in the passage. In another instant the kitchen would be invaded, but, thanks to Hannah's promptitude, the danger was averted. With immense presence of mind, she laid her great, coarse hand on my lips, blew out the candles at one breath, opened the door, closed it behind her, met her mistress in the passage, and conversed quite composedly with her about to-morrow's dinner.

I sat motionless in the dark and heard the whole "menu" gone through. The cold sausages of which I had just been partaking were to be sent up for the Herr Direktor's breakfast.

"Good-night, my love. I am going out."

It was the voice of the worthy man himself. His wife replied:—

"Don't be late to-night. Where are you going?"

"To the Casino. They have roasted crab and fresh maibohle there to-night."

A pressure of the hand, a kiss, and the Herr Direktor went downstairs. The good housewife had ended her consultation with the cook, and returned to the sitting-room. Only Bello, the faithful companion of his master—Bello, the black poodle—sniffed uneasily at the kitchen door.

"Come, Bello, come here, sir," called his master from half-way downstairs. Bello did not come, he sniffed still harder.

"Get away! will you?" said Hannah, clapping her hands at him, and pushing him away. The faithful animal resignedly trotted downstairs. I breathed again, and began to think love required rather too much of a sacrifice. Although it was highly impolite to leave in the middle of a meal, yet I felt my false position so acutely that I proposed doing so without delay. Alas! it was not so easy.

Hannah lamented that I had not done better justice to her banquet, and as a final temptation produced from some hiding-place a bottle containing some dregs of red wine, and would not, in short, hear of my going away.

"Only one little quarter of an hour more," she pleaded. "I must do my washing-up. The water is hot now." Here she paused

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and looked roguishly at me. "If you would help me to dry the things, then it would soon be done. I am free after that, and we could take a walk somewhere. Ah, please! please! You need not be afraid: my young man may always come to the door downstairs; the mistress allows that. I always make that one of the conditions when I take a situation."

This privilege did not fill me with much joy, especially when I thought of the drying process.

"Won't you take a bit more bread and cheese? It is real 'Limburgher,' I can tell you. The master never eats any other."

It was very touching. The Herr Direktor was clearly no mean connoisseur in cheeses. But I could not eat another morsel. My hunger was more than satisfied.

"A good appetite to you, Hannah. You have treated me only too well." I forgot I had been the only partaker of the feast. "Now I must be off."

She pouted, casting imploring glances at me, and somehow, before I knew what she was about, she had enveloped me in a brand new apron to protect my uniform.

The house-door opened again, creaking loud and warningly; heavy steps—a man's steps—came up the staircase; the little bell at the entrance of the Herr Direktor's apartments tinkled. A horrible dread seized me — it was the Herr Direktor himself, and, merciful Heavens, of course, Bello, the irrepressible and suspicious Bello! He would make straight for the kitchen, I felt sure.

"IN A BRAND NEW APRON."

Once more Hannah's hand, damp and heavy, was laid on my mouth, out went the candles, and she flew to the entrance.

"So soon back, sir! Have you forgotten anything? Oh, the house key! I will bring it to you, sir. Go along, Bello, get out—get out, I say!"

The voice of the mistress of the house here joined in.

"Oh, Karl, is it you? I could not think who was paying us such a late visit."

"Is not Herr Eisenstein here?"

I turned cold as ice.

"Herr Eisenstein!" said a soft, clear voice, and now I turned burning red with shame. "Herr Eisenstein? No, he is not here, papa. How funny! Why should Herr Eisenstein be here?"

It was the fair Agnes who spoke—Agnes of the soft, blue eyes. I felt their limpid gaze resting on me even through the thick darkness.

"Hannah, has the Herr Eisenstein *not* been here to-night? Are you quite sure?"

"No, sir, I have not seen the gentleman this evening. No one has been here."

"I can't understand it!" said the Direktor. "I went over to Herr Eisenstein's rooms to ask him to come with me to the café, and his fellow was standing at the door, and he told me his master was gone out. I asked him where. 'Down to the big street to a magistrate's house.' He did not remember the name. He must have been coming here, for there is no other magistrate living in this street. He certainly must have started to come here and have missed the way. Well, good-night, dears, we shall soon see," and he evidently was preparing to leave the house again.

Thank Heaven! I was saved. I would escape the instant the coast was clear.

"Bello, come here. Come here, sir."

But Bello had entirely different intentions. The wretch began to scratch and snarl at the kitchen door. He ran back to his master. I heard distinctly the sound of his nails on the stone floor. He returned. I could not sit still another moment, my left leg had gone to sleep. I moved very, very slightly, but it was enough for Bello. Barking furiously, he leapt wildly up the door as high as the latch.

"What in the world is in the kitchen?"

Before Hannah could interpose her stout form between him and the door, the strong

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has gone on in the district for some fifty years, growing gradually into the prosperous industry it now is. And it is little likely that it could be carried on in the same way in many other places. High up on the Sussex hills, Heathfield enjoys a strong healthy atmosphere that seems to suit the chicken race admirably, so that they hatch out with impunity and run strongly at all seasons. Nearer to town it would be impossible to let the birds run free as they do here—certain light-fingered gentry of pedestrian habits would be too numerous—and in most other parts of southern England foxes are too plentiful. Then, again, the markets are handy; it is not a far cry to London, and the big Sussex watering-places are all within easy reach. And, as with all developing industries, as the business has grown among the people, so the people have grown into the business, acquiring the skill and rapidity that can only come of long usage, and which helps so greatly to make the trade profitable. The people are brought up to the management and handling of chickens from childhood, for every cottager rears a few birds, and the majority of the labouring population are in some way connected with the trade as killers, stubbers, or the like. The birds, once taken in hand by the fatter, are shut up in coops, six birds to the pen, and are crammed twice daily for about three weeks.

FATTING PENS.

The fatting coops are ranged in alleys or, perhaps, in small businesses, round gardens — some under cover, some not—on posts three feet from the ground. The small man has his ten dozen or so of fowls undergoing process, some of the largest several thousand dozen. Only the larger ones deal in ducks, geese, and turkeys, the others confining themselves entirely to chickens.

At feeding time the fatter wheels his cramming machine among the pens, takes out each bird in turn, fits the feeding tube some eight inches down its throat and, with his foot, pumps the crop full, disengages the tube, and puts the bird back in the pen. The

THE CRAMMING MACHINE.

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KILLING AND PACKING.

rapidity with which this is done by a good workman is astonishing, the knack of handling the birds wonderful.

In spring, chickens are taken in hand at about thirteen weeks old, later in the year a bit older, and are crammed for about three weeks with a mixture of ground oats, fat, and milk. As running birds, picking by the wayside with but small allowance of ground oats, they are muscular and athletic; in the course of two or three weeks' fatting they put on flesh at a great rate, and it is this rapidly manufactured flesh that gives its delicacy to the "Surrey" fowl. One of the peculiarities of the trade is that though the birds come principally from Kent and Ireland, and are of Sussex manufacture, they are known as "Surrey chicken." When they are fatted enough for the market they are intended for—what is called "half fat" for some of the watering-places, or "full fat" for London; then comes the process of killing, plucking, etc. This was formerly done by "chicken butchers," men who went from farm to farm for that only—but now it is generally done by the farmer himself or his men.

A shed is set apart for the purpose, and so many men and girls, according to the amount to be killed, assemble. A crate of live fowls is brought in. The men take each a bird and kill it. Picking then commences. With the bird on the knees the feathers are allowed to fall in a large basket, to be afterwards packed and sent to some of the large furnishing firms of London—all except the flights and stiff plumes, which are thrown apart. In ten minutes the bird is handed to a girl who, with a blunt knife, takes out the immature "stubs" of feathers that are missed in the picking. The "stubbing" takes another ten minutes or so and the bird

STUBBING.

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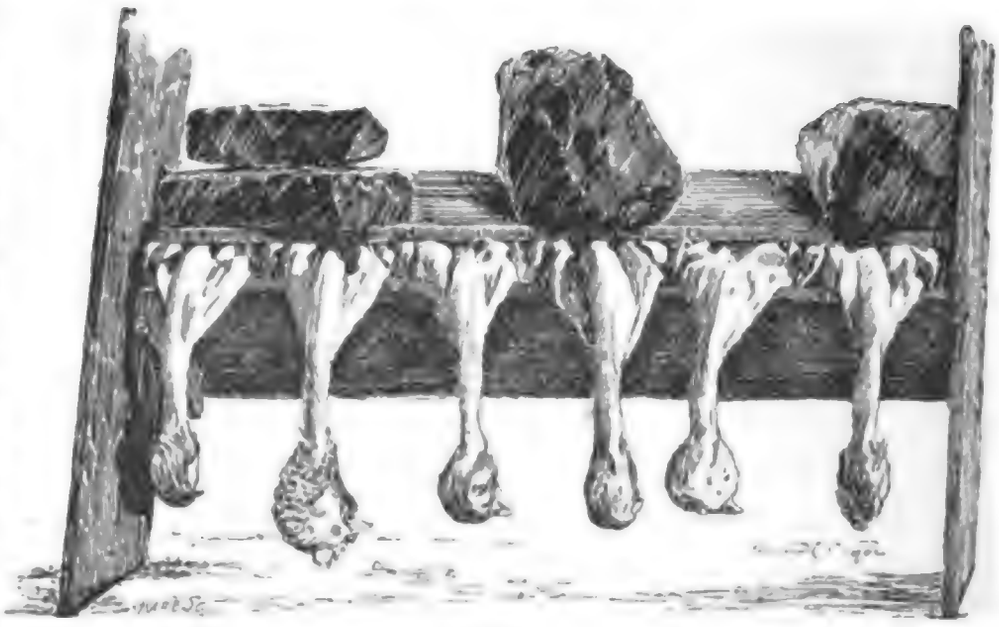
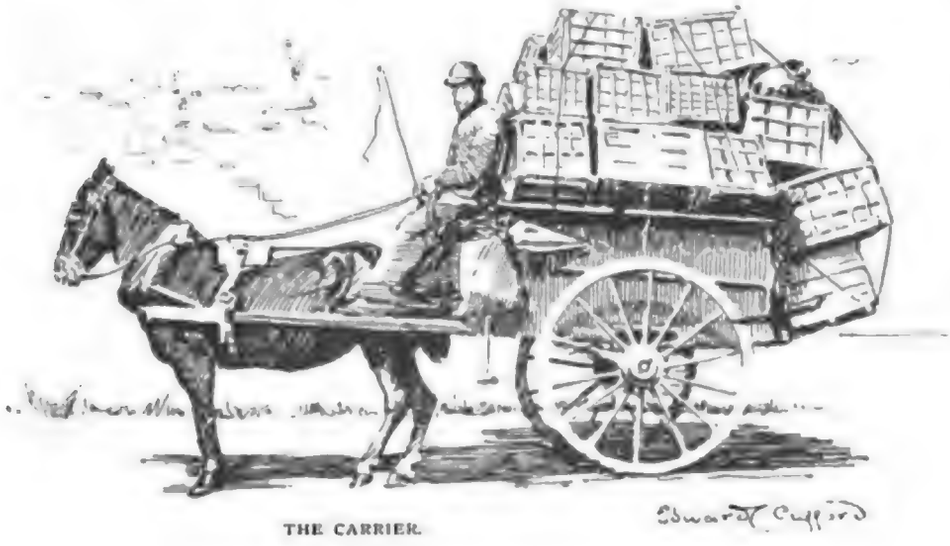
is handed to the "dresser," who, with sundry pushes against a post and little skilful pats, gets it into marketable shape, dusts it with flour, and puts it in the "press"—a V-shaped trough with a board on the top laden with stones. There now remains but the packing—one or more dozen to a crate—and they are ready for the carrier.



PRESSING.

The carrier is one of the powers of the neighbourhood. All day and every day his carts are passing along the roads, now with full crates to the station, back again with returned empties; now piled up with Irish imports, then with consignments of ground oats, new coops, cramming machines, and the various necessaries of the trade. He collects and sends to London the dead poultry at so much a bird, paying carriage at so much a ton, and making a profit on the transaction. As much as eighty tons of dead poultry have been sent to market in a week from Heathfield, which, reckoning between four and five pounds to a bird, means some 500 to the ton, or 40,000 birds.



THE CARRIER.

Such a trade naturally calls other trades to its aid. Millers become purveyors of ground oats, carpenters turn coop and pen makers, butchers deal in fat by the bushel, and large quantities of milk are supplied by the surrounding farmers.

Heathfield is beautifully situated: wide views of hill and dale, of wood and down, and the sea away there in the distance. The neighbourhood has interest for many. It is the site of one of the principal iron workings in the south of England. The first cannon was bored there; and place-names and quaint old fire-backs still testify to the old industry. The memory of Richard Woodman, ironfounder and martyr, of Mary's time, is still kept alive in Warbleton. Historic remains are numerous: a stone marking the place where Jack Cade was killed by Iden is in the village. Pevensey and Hurstmonceaux are within easy driving distance. Botanists may find rare flowers here, notably the little blue gentian *(Gentiana verna)*. Many frequent the place as an invigorating health resort in summer. But all interests are subservient to the chicken trade. The whole place is pervaded by poultry, and there are but few of the inhabitants who are not connected in some way with its staple industry.

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FROM THE SPANISH.

IN a town of the ancient kingdom of Castile there lived, in former ages, a youth called Bartolo, who tried to eke out a living by making cages for birds, and taking them round to sell at the neighbouring villages. But his trade was a poor one, and he judged himself in luck if he sold one cage in the day, and, as may be supposed, he knew what sorrow and privation were.

One day as he was proceeding to a village he heard sounds of revelry, the buzz of many people, and the strains of a band of music. This merry-making was a procession of children dressed in white, carrying in their midst a beautiful child crowned with roses, in a chariot covered with white satin, and ornamented with acacia and myrtle. This procession was in honour of *Maya*, the personification of Spring, and took place to announce the entry of Spring. In front of the little chariot some children danced and held in their hands tin platters for contributions, and, as may be imagined, all, or nearly all, the spectators dropped their coins into them.

Bartolo moved away in a desponding mood, saying to himself as he walked on: "Is this the justice of the world? There they are, flinging their money into these platters just because these children come in procession to announce to them that it is the month of May, as though they could not know it by looking in an almanac. They barter and grind me down to the lowest price for my cages, even when I chance to sell one!"

Full of these bitter thoughts he walked on sadly, for the voices of two importunate

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enemies were making themselves heard within him—these were *hunger* and *thirst*: the one clamoured for food and the other for drink. Bartolo had nothing in his wallet but his clasp-knife, and had had nought for his breakfast but *hopes*, and these made him sharp and active.

He had reached a plantation when he perceived a well-dressed individual coming towards him. Pressed by hunger, Bartolo, taking his cap off respectfully, approached and said: "Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly give me a trifle? I promise I will return it as soon as I earn some money."

"Don't you think that it is a shameful thing for a man like you, young and with a good, healthy appearance, to be demanding charity of people? Does it not strike you that you have a duty to earn your living by working at your trade?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, but my trade does not fulfil its own duty. Most people like to see the birds flying about free rather than in cages, and, therefore, day by day I find myself poorer than before."

At first the stranger doubted what he heard, but the bird-cage maker gave him so detailed an account of his work and the small profits he derived, that he became interested and sympathized with his ill fortune. Bartolo was a man who always knew how to excite great interest in himself.

"Come, come," the stranger said, smiling, "I will do something for you. As I cannot find customers for your cages, I will afford you a powerful means by which you shall never more be in want."

He then blew a whistle, and Bartolo saw flying before him a bird blue as the sky, which came and perched on one of his cages.

"See here," added the stranger, "what will compensate for all your past misery. From this day forward you have only to formulate a wish and say slowly and distinctly: *Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!* and your wish will be granted to you."

"By my faith!" cried the bird-cage maker, "but I will try it at once. For the last twenty years I have wished to kill hunger: 'Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!'"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than he saw suddenly spread before him on the grass a breakfast fit for a prince, laid on a service of exquisite silver and glass and the whitest of cloths. Bartolo, astonished, flung himself on his knees before his benefactor to thank him, but he raised him up, saying:—

"I am the good genius of the honest working men of Castile. Sit down and eat without fear. Take advantage of your lucky star," and then suddenly disappeared.

Bartolo reverently bent down and kissed the spot upon which he had stood, unable to find adequate expression of his gratitude. He then sat down and ate his breakfast. After his meal, Bartolo judged that a man who had feasted in such an elegant manner ought to have other better clothing than his well-worn working suit; and, lifting his staff, he cried to the bird: "Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!" In an instant his old suit became transformed into one of richest velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, and his rough staff into a splendid horse fully caparisoned, and having round its neck a collar of silver bells.

"HE SAT DOWN AND ATE HIS BREAKFAST."

More astonished than ever, Bartolo suspended to the saddle the cage with the blue bird, leaped on the horse, and went his way, as proud of his dress as a donkey of its ears.

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Setting spurs to his horse, he soon reached the gates of a splendid castle. Some feast was taking place within. The guests were all seated under a shady bower, deploring that they had been disappointed of the minstrels who were to have played.

Bartolo, on learning this, advanced to the bower, and, after elegantly saluting the lord and lady of the castle, in a most refined voice said :--

"If it be right for a simple knight to offer his services to such a distinguished company of rank and beauty, I think I could promise to provide what you are requiring."

"Oh, do! at once, please!" cried all the ladies, who were longing to dance.

"Bluest of blue birds, do your duty!" said Bartolo.

Suddenly, in the distance, was heard the noise of many feet, and a troop of musicians with their instruments appeared, to the great delight of the company.

The lord of the castle thanked the stranger and desired him to open the ball with his eldest daughter, a maiden fair and lovely like a snow bird.

"OPENING THE BALL."

When the ball was at its height, the bird-cage maker ordered an elegant banquet to be served, during which the bluest of blue birds was commanded to sing some songs, which were very much admired. Games of chance followed, and Bartolo, taking advantage of his good fortune, distributed among the ladies pearls, bracelets, and rings of precious stones. All those present were surprised beyond measure, because the lord of the castle was known to be extremely niggardly and mean.

The lord of the castle, who knew how all this had been done through the agency of the bird, and being himself of an inordinately avaricious nature, thought he might do a fine stroke of business were he to purchase the bird. Hence, calling his unknown guest away to his study, he proposed to him to purchase the bird for what price he should quote.

"You would never give me my price," replied Bartolo.

"For it I would give my castle with its nine forests," said the lord of the castle.

"It is not enough!"

"Very well, I will add my olive plantations and vineyards."

"That is still insufficient!" cried Bartolo.

"I will add the orchards, gardens, and houses."

"I want something else!"

"What, still more? Why, man, you must want paradise itself!"

"Not so; I want what you can give me this very moment. I want your daughter with whom I danced just now! Let her be my bride."

"What! my daughter," cried the old miser, in an ecstasy of joy; "by my faith, we shall soon conclude the bargain. Why did you not say so before?"

He went to seek the girl, and told her of the engagement he had entered into. But his daughter, in utter amazement, cried out:

"But what if he is a wicked elf and all he does be witchcraft?"

"You have an amulet of coral hanging

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from your neck; it is an antidote against all witchery."

"And what if he be Satan himself?"

"I will give you a piece of blessed candle, and he will have no power over you," replied the unrelenting father.

Taking her hand, he led her to the stranger, who was already on his horse, and assisted her to mount behind her future husband. Taking the cage with the bluest of birds, he watched the retreating forms of the pair as the horse carried them away swifter than the wind, and when out of sight, he proceeded to join his guests. The company were all gathered in knots discussing the extraordinary powers of the bird and all the events which had taken place.

"Peace! peace!" cried the lord of the castle, as he entered; "I will perform more marvellous things than ever he did. I have given him my daughter to wed in exchange for the bird, and this blue bird will render me more wealthy than the King of Aragon. Approach, and see the wonders I will work with it."

He took the cage, and lifting it up to look at the bird, was astonished to find that it was not blue at all, but a large grey bird, which turned to stare at him in an insolent manner, gave a fierce peck at the door of the cage with its beak, flung it open, and flew out of the window uttering a terrible screech.

The lord of the castle stood with open mouth, not knowing what to do or say. His guests broke out in peals of laughter at his discomfiture and the well-deserved punishment for his unseemly avarice of exchanging his beautiful daughter for a worthless bird.

Meanwhile, Bartolo was galloping on with his bride to the nearest town to be married, and when he arrived at the first hostelry, he wished to dismount and engage the most splendid suite of apartments for his intended bride, but he found himself utterly penniless. He had not calculated that in parting with the bird he had parted with his luck, and therefore as soon as he dismounted the horse disappeared, and his elegant dress became changed for the shabby one he had worn before he met the kind individual who had wished to befriend him. When the beautiful daughter of the lord of the castle beheld the transformation which had taken place she ran back to her father as fast as she could, fright lending wings to her feet.

Bartolo had to return to his old life of making cages and to his miserable existence.

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"COME OUT, YOU RASCAL!"

(*See page* 571.)

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The Medal of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

THE Duke of Tarentum, or McDonald, as his old comrades prefer to call him, was, as I could perceive, in the vilest of tempers. His grim Scotch face was like one of those grotesque door-knockers which one sees in the Faubourg St. Germain. We heard afterwards that the Emperor had said in jest that he would have sent him against Wellington in the South, but that he was afraid to trust him within the sound of the pipes. Major Charpentier and I could plainly see that he was smouldering with anger.

"Brigadier Gerard of the Hussars," said he, with the air of the corporal with the recruit.

I saluted.

"Major Charpentier of the Horse Grenadiers."

My companion answered to his name.

"The Emperor has a mission for you."

Without more ado he flung open the door and announced us.

I have seen Napoleon ten times on horseback to once on foot, and I think that he does wisely to show himself to the troops in this fashion, for he cuts a very good figure in the saddle. As we saw him now he was the shortest man out of six by a good hand's breadth, and yet I am no very big man myself, though I ride quite heavy enough for a hussar. It is evident, too, that his body is too long for his legs. With his big, round head, his curved shoulders, and his clean-shaven face, he is more like a Professor at the Sorbonne than the first soldier in France. Every man to his taste, but it seems to me that, if I could clap a pair of fine light cavalry whiskers, like my own, on to him, it would do him no harm. He has a firm mouth, however, and his eyes are remarkable. I have seen them once turned on me in anger, and I had rather ride at a square on a spent horse than face them again. I am not a man who is easily daunted, either.

He was standing at the side of the room, away from the window, looking up at a great map of the country which was hung upon the wall. Berthier stood beside him, trying to look wise, and just as we entered, Napoleon snatched his sword impatiently from him and pointed with it on the map. He was talking fast and low, but I heard him say, "The valley of the Meuse," and twice he repeated "Berlin." As we entered, his aide-de-camp advanced to us, but the Emperor stopped him and beckoned us to his side.

"You have not yet received the cross of honour, Brigadier Gerard?" he asked.

I replied that I had not, and was about to add that it was not for want of having deserved it, when he cut me short in his decided fashion.

"And you, Major?" he asked.

"No, sire."

"Then you shall both have your opportunity now."

He led us to the great map upon the wall and placed the tip of Berthier's sword on Rheims.

"I will be frank with you, gentlemen, as with two comrades. You have both been with me since Marengo, I believe?" He had a strangely pleasant smile, which used to light up his pale face with a kind of cold sunshine. "Here at Rheims are our present headquarters on this the 14th of March. Very good. Here is Paris, distant by road a good twenty-five leagues. Blucher lies to the north, Schwarzenberg to the south." He prodded at the map with the sword as he spoke.

"Now," said he, "the further into the country these people march, the more completely I shall crush them. They are about to advance upon Paris. Very good. Let them do so. My brother, the King of Spain, will be there with a hundred thousand men. It is to him that I send you. You will hand him this letter, a copy of which I confide to each of you. It is to tell him that I am coming at once, in two days' time, with every man and horse and gun to his relief. I must give them forty-eight hours to recover. Then straight to Paris! You understand me, gentlemen?"

Ah, if I could tell you the glow of pride which it gave me to be taken into the great man's confidence in this way. As he handed our letters to us I clicked my spurs and

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"HE HANDED OUR LETTERS TO US."

threw out my chest, smiling and nodding to let him know that I saw what he would be after. He smiled also, and rested his hand for a moment upon the cape of my dolman. I would have given half my arrears of pay if my mother could have seen me at that instant.

"I will show you your route," said he, turning back to the map. "Your orders are to ride together as far as Bazoches. You will then separate, the one making for Paris by Oulchy and Neuilly, and the other to the north by Braine, Soissons, and Senlis. Have you anything to say, Brigadier Gerard?"

I am a rough soldier, but I have words and ideas. I had begun to speak about glory and the peril of France when he cut me short.

"And you, Major Charpentier?"

"If we find our route unsafe, are we at liberty to choose another?" said he.

"Soldiers do not choose, they obey." He inclined his head to show that we were dismissed, and turned round to Berthier. I do not know what he said, but I heard them both laughing.

Well, as you may think, we lost little time in getting upon our way. In half an hour we were riding down the High Street of Rheims, and it struck twelve o'clock as we passed the cathedral. I had my little grey mare, Violette, the one which Sebastiani had wished to buy after Dresden. It is the fastest horse in the six brigades of light cavalry, and was only beaten by the Duke of Rovigo's racer from England. As to Charpentier, he had the kind of horse which a horse grenadier or a cuirassier would be likely to ride: a back like a bedstead, you understand, and legs like the posts. He is a hulking fellow himself, so that they looked a singular pair. And yet in his insane conceit he ogled the girls as they waved their handkerchiefs to me from the windows, and he twirled his ugly red moustache up into his eyes, just as if it were to him that their attention was addressed.

When we came out of the town we passed through the French camp, and then across the battle-field of yesterday, which was still covered both by our own poor fellows and by the Russians. But of the two the camp was the sadder sight. Our army was thawing away. The Guards were all right, though the young guard was full of conscripts. The artillery and the heavy cavalry were also good if there were more of them, but the infantry privates with their under-officers looked like schoolboys with their masters. And we had no reserves. When one considered that there were 80,000 Prussians to the north and 150,000 Russians and Austrians to the south, it might make even the bravest man grave.

For my own part, I confess that I shed a tear until the thought came that the Emperor was still with us, and that on that very morning he had placed his hand upon my dolman and had promised me a medal of honour. This set me singing, and I spurred Violette on, until Charpentier had to beg me to have mercy on his great, snorting, panting camel. The road was beaten into paste and rutted 2ft. deep by the artillery, so that he was right in saying that it was not the place for a gallop.

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I have never been very friendly with this Charpentier; and now for twenty miles of the way I could not draw a word from him. He rode with his brows puckered and his chin upon his breast, like a man who is heavy with thought. More than once I asked him what was on his mind, thinking that, perhaps, with my quicker intelligence I might set the matter straight. His answer always was that it was his mission of which he was thinking, which surprised me, because, although I had never thought much of his intelligence, still it seemed to me to be impossible that anyone could be puzzled by so simple and soldierly a task.

Well, we came at last to Bazoches, where he was to take the southern road and I the northern. He half turned in his saddle before he left me, and he looked at me with a singular expression of inquiry in his face.

"What do you make of it, Brigadier?" he asked.

"Of what?"

"Of our mission."

"Surely it is plain enough."

"You think so? Why should the Emperor tell us his plans?"

"Because he recognised our intelligence."

My companion laughed in a manner which I found annoying.

"May I ask what you intend to do if you find these villages full of Prussians?" he asked.

"I shall obey my orders."

"But you will be killed."

"Very possibly."

He laughed again, and so offensively that I clapped my hand to my sword. But before I could tell him what I thought of his stupidity and rudeness he had wheeled his horse, and was lumbering away down the other road. I saw his big fur cap vanish over the brow of the hill, and then I rode upon my way, wondering at his conduct. From time to time I put my hand to the breast of my tunic and felt the paper crackle beneath my fingers. Ah, my precious paper, which should be turned into the little silver medal for which I had yearned so long. All the way from Braine to Sermoise I was thinking of what my mother would say when she saw it.

I stopped to give Violette a meal at a wayside auberge on the side of a hill not far from Soissons—a place surrounded by old oaks, and with so many crows that one could scarce hear one's own voice. It was from the innkeeper that I learned that Marmont had fallen back two days before, and that the Prussians were over the Aisne. An hour later, in the fading light, I saw two of their vedettes upon the hill to the right, and then, as darkness gathered, the heavens to the north were all glimmering from the lights of a bivouac.

When I heard that Blucher had been there for two days, I was much surprised that the Emperor should not have known that the country through which he had ordered me to carry my precious letter was already occupied by the enemy. Still, I thought of the tone of his voice when he said to Charpentier that a soldier must not choose, but must obey. I should follow the route he had laid down for me as long as Violette could move a hoof or I a finger upon her bridle. All the

"I SAW HIS BIG FUR CAP VANISH."

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way from Sermoise to Soissons, where the road dips up and down, curving among firwoods, I kept my pistol ready and my sword-belt braced, pushing on swiftly where the path was straight, and then coming slowly round the corners in the way we learned in Spain.

When I came to the farmhouse which lies to the right of the road just after you cross the wooden bridge over the Crise, near where the great statue of the Virgin stands, a woman cried to me from the field saying that the Prussians were in Soissons. A small party of their lancers, she said, had come in that very afternoon. and a whole division was expected before midnight. I did not wait to hear the end of her tale, but clapped spurs into Violette, and in five minutes was galloping her into the town.

Three Uhlans were at the mouth of the main street, their horses tethered, and they gossiping together, each with a pipe as long as my sabre. I saw them well in the light of an open door, but of me they could have seen only the flash of Violette's grey side and the black flutter of my cloak. A moment later I flew through a stream of them rushing from an open gateway. Violette's shoulder sent one of them reeling, and I stabbed at another but missed him. Pang, pang, went two carbines, but I had flown round the curve of the street and never so much as heard the hiss of the balls. Ah, we were great, both Violette and I. She lay down to it like a coursed hare, the fire flying from her hoofs. I stood in my stirrups and brandished my sword. Someone sprang for my bridle. I sliced him through the arm, and I heard him howling behind me. Two horsemen closed upon me. I cut one down and outpaced the other. A minute later I was clear of the town and flying down a broad white road with the black poplars on either side. For a time I heard the rattle of hoofs behind me, but they died and died until I could not tell them from the throbbing of my own heart. Soon I pulled up and listened, but all was silent. They had given up the chase.

Well, the first thing that I did was to dismount and to lead my mare into a small wood through which a stream ran. There I watered her and rubbed her down, giving her two pieces of sugar soaked in cognac from my flask. She was spent from the sharp chase, but it was wonderful to see how she came round with a half-hour's rest. When my thighs closed upon her again, I could tell by the spring and the swing of her that it would not be her fault if I did not win my way safe to Paris.

I must have been well within the enemy's lines now, for I heard a number of them shouting one of their rough drinking songs out of a house by the roadside, and I went round by the fields to avoid it. At another time two men came out into the moonlight (for by this time it was a cloudless night) and shouted something in German; but I galloped on without heeding them, and they were afraid to fire, for their own hussars are dressed exactly as I was. It is best to take no notice at these times, and then they put you down as a deaf man.

It was a lovely moon, and every tree threw a black bar across the road. I could see the country side just as if it were daytime, and very peaceful it looked, save that there was a great fire raging somewhere in the north. In the silence of the night-time, and with the knowledge that danger was in front and behind me, the sight of that great distant fire was very striking and awesome. But I am not easily clouded, for I have seen too many singular things, so I hummed a tune between my teeth and thought of little Lisette, whom I might see in Paris. My mind was full of her when, trotting round a corner, I came straight upon half-a-dozen German dragoons, who were sitting round a brushwood fire by the roadside.

I am an excellent soldier. I do not say this because I am prejudiced in my own favour, but because I really am so. I can weigh every chance in a moment, and decide with as much certainty as though I had brooded for a week. Now I saw like a flash that, come what might, I should be chased, and on a horse which had already done a long twelve leagues. But it was better to be chased onwards than to be chased back. On this moonlit night, with fresh horses behind me, I must take my risk in either case; but if I were to shake them off, I preferred that it should be near Senlis than near Soissons. All this flashed on me as if by instinct, you understand. My eyes had hardly rested on the bearded faces under the brass helmets before my rowels were up to the bosses in Violette's side, and she off with a rattle like a pas-de-charge. Oh, the shouting and rushing and stamping from behind us! Three of them fired and three swung themselves on to their horses. A bullet rapped on the crupper of my saddle with a noise like a stick on a door. Violette sprang madly forward, and I thought she had been wounded, but it was only a graze above the near fore-fetlock. Ah, the dear little mare, how I loved her

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mare tossing her head and I my busby, to show what we thought of two dragoons who tried to catch a hussar. But at this moment, even while I laughed at the thought, my heart stood still within me, for there at the end of the long white road was a black patch of cavalry waiting to receive me. To a young soldier it might have seemed the shadow of the trees, but to me it was a troop of hussars, and, turn where I could, death seemed to be waiting for me.

Well, I had the dragoons behind me and the hussars in front. Never since Moscow have I seemed to be in such peril. But for the honour of the brigade I had rather be cut down by a light cavalryman than by a heavy. I never drew bridle, therefore, or hesitated for an instant, but I let Violette have her head. I remember that I tried to pray as I rode, but I am a little out of practice at such things, and the only words I could remember were the prayer for fine weather which we used at the school on the evening before holidays. Even this seemed better than nothing, and I was pattering it out, when suddenly I heard French voices in front of me. Ah, mon Dieu, but the joy went through my heart like a musket-ball. They were ours—our own dear little rascals from the corps of Marmont. Round whisked my two dragoons and galloped for their lives, with the moon gleaming on their brass helmets, while I trotted up to my friends with no undue haste, for I would have them understand that though a hussar may fly, it is not in his nature to fly very fast. Yet I fear that Violette's heaving flanks and foam-spattered muzzle gave the lie to my careless bearing.

Who should be at the head of the troop but old Bouvet, whom I saved at Leipzig! When he saw me his little pink eyes filled with tears, and, indeed, I could not but shed a few myself at the sight of his joy. I told him of my mission, but he laughed when I said that I must pass through Senlis.

"The enemy is there," said he. "You cannot go."

"I prefer to go where the enemy is," I answered. "I would ride through Berlin if I had the Emperor's orders."

"But why not go straight to Paris with your despatch? Why should you choose to pass through the one place where you are almost sure to be taken or killed?"

"A soldier does not choose—he obeys," said I, just as I had heard Napoleon say it.

Old Bouvet laughed in his wheezy way, until I had to give my moustachios a twirl and look him up and down in a manner which brought him to reason.

"Well," said he, "you had best come along with us, for we are all bound for Senlis. Our orders are to reconnoitre the place. A squadron of Poniatowski's Polish lancers are in front of us. If you must ride through it, it is possible that we may be able to go with you."

So away we went, jingling and clanking through the quiet night until we came up with the Poles—fine old soldiers all of them, though a trifle heavy for their horses. It was a treat to see them, for they could not have carried themselves better if they had belonged to my own brigade. We rode together, until in the early morning we saw the lights of Senlis. A peasant was coming along with a cart, and from him we learned how things were going there.

His information was certain, for his brother was the Mayor's coachman, and he had spoken with him late the night before. There was a single squadron of Cossacks—or a polk, as they call it in their frightful language—quartered upon the Mayor's house which stands at the corner of the market-place, and is the largest building in the town. A whole division of Prussian infantry was encamped in the woods to the north, but only the Cossacks were in Senlis. Ah, what a chance to avenge ourselves upon these barbarians, whose cruelty to our poor country-folk was the talk at every camp fire.

We were into the town like a torrent, hacked down the vedettes, rode over the guard, and were smashing in the doors of the Mayor's house before they understood that there was a Frenchman within twenty miles of them. We saw horrid heads at the windows, heads bearded to the temples, with tangled hair and sheepskin caps, and silly, gaping mouths. "Hourra! Hourra!" they shrieked, and fired with their carbines, but our fellows were into the house and at their throats before they had wiped the sleep out of their eyes. It was dreadful to see how the Poles flung themselves upon them, like starving wolves upon a herd of fat bucks—for, as you know, the Poles have a blood feud against the Cossacks. The most were killed in the upper rooms, whither they had fled for shelter, and the blood was pouring down into the hall like rain from a roof. They are terrible soldiers, these Poles, though I think they are a trifle heavy for their horses. Man for man, they are as big as Kellermann's cuirassiers. Their equipment is, of course, much lighter, since they are without the cuirass, back-plate, and helmet.

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Well, it was at this point that I made an error—a very serious error it must be admitted. Up to this moment I had carried out my mission in a manner which only my modesty prevents me from describing as remarkable. But now I did that which an official would condemn and a soldier excuse.

There is no doubt that the mare was spent, but still it is true that I might have galloped on through Senlis and reached the country, where I should have had no enemy between me and Paris. But what hussar can ride past a fight and never draw rein? It is to ask too much of him. Besides, I thought that if Violette had an hour of rest I might have three hours the better at the other end. Then on the top of it came those heads at the windows, with their sheepskin hats and their barbarous cries. I sprang from my saddle, threw Violette's bridle over a rail-post, and ran into the house with the rest. It is true that I was too late to be of service, and that I was nearly wounded by a lance-thrust from one of these dying savages. Still, it is a pity to miss even the smallest affair, for one never knows what opportunity for advancement may present itself. I have seen more soldierly work in outpost skirmishes and little gallop-and-hack affairs of the kind than in any of the Emperor's big battles.

When the house was cleared I took a bucket of water out for Violette, and our peasant guide showed me where the good Mayor kept his fodder. My faith, but the little sweetheart was ready for it. Then I sponged down her legs, and leaving her still tethered I went back into the house to find a mouthful for myself, so that I should not need to halt again until I was in Paris.

And now I come to the part of my story which may seem singular to you, although I could tell you at least ten things every bit as queer which have happened to me in my lifetime. You can understand that, to a man who spends his life in scouting and vedette duties on the bloody ground which lies between two great armies, there are many chances of strange experiences. I'll tell you, however, exactly what occurred.

Old Bouvet was waiting in the passage when I entered, and he asked me whether we might not crack a bottle of wine together. "My faith, we must not be long," said he. "There are ten thousand of Theilmann's Prussians in the woods up yonder."

"Where is the wine?" I asked.

"Ah, you may trust two hussars to find where the wine is," said he, and taking a candle in his hand, he led the way down the stone stairs into the kitchen.

When we got there we found another door, which opened on to a winding stair with the cellar at the bottom. The Cossacks had been there before us, as was easily seen by the broken bottles littered all over it. However, the Mayor was a *bon-vivant*, and I do not wish to have a better set of bins to pick from. Chambertin, Graves, Alicant, white wine and red, sparkling and still, they lay in pyramids peeping coyly out of the sawdust. Old Bouvet stood with his candle, looking here and peeping there, purring in his throat like a cat before a milk-pail. He had picked upon a Burgundy at last, and had his hand outstretched to the bottle, when there came a roar of musketry from above us, a rush of feet, and such a yelping and screaming as I have never listened to. The Prussians were upon us.

Bouvet is a brave man: I will say that for

"THERE CAME A ROAR OF MUSKETRY FROM ABOVE US."

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him. He flashed out his sword and away he clattered up the stone steps, his spurs clinking as he ran. I followed him, but just as we came out into the kitchen passage a tremendous shout told us that the house had been recaptured.

"It is all over," I cried, grasping at Bouvet's sleeve.

"There is one more to die," he shouted, and away he went like a madman up the second stair. In effect, I should have gone to my death also had I been in his place, for he had done very wrong in not throwing out his scouts to warn him if the Germans advanced upon him. For an instant I was about to rush up with him, and then I bethought myself that, after all, I had my own mission to think of, and that if I were taken the important letter of the Emperor would be sacrificed. I let Bouvet die alone, therefore, and I went down into the cellar again, closing the door behind me.

Well, it was not a very rosy prospect down there either. Bouvet had dropped the candle when the alarm came, and I, pawing about in the darkness, could find nothing but broken bottles. At last I came upon the candle, which had rolled under the curve of a cask, but, try as I would with my tinder-box, I could not light it. The reason was that the wick had been wet in a puddle of wine, so suspecting that this might be the case, I cut the end off with my sword. Then I found that it lighted easily enough. But what to do I could not imagine. The scoundrels upstairs were shouting themselves hoarse, several hundred of them from the sound, and it was clear that some of them would soon want to moisten their throats. There would be an end to a dashing soldier, and of the mission and of the medal. I thought of my mother and I thought of the Emperor. It made me weep to think that the one would lose so excellent a son and the other the best light cavalry officer he ever had since Lasalle's time. But presently I dashed the tears from my eyes. "Courage!" I cried, striking myself upon the chest. "Courage, my brave boy! Is it possible that one who has come safely from Moscow without so much as a frost-bite will die in a French wine-cellar?" At the thought I was up on my feet and clutching at the letter in my tunic, for the crackle of it gave me courage.

My first plan was to set fire to the house, in the hope of escaping in the confusion. My second, to get into an empty wine-cask. I was looking round to see if I could find one, when suddenly, in the corner, I espied a little low door, painted of the same grey colour as the wall, so that it was only a man with quick sight who would have noticed it. I pushed against it, and at first I imagined that it was locked. Presently, however, it gave a little, and then I understood that it was held by the pressure of something on the other side. I put my feet against a hogshead of wine, and I gave such a push that the door flew open and I came down with a crash upon my back, the candle flying out of my hands, so that I found myself in darkness once more. I picked myself up and stared through the black archway into the gloom beyond.

There was a slight ray of light coming from some slit or grating. The dawn had broken outside, and I could dimly see the long curving sides of several huge casks, which made me think that perhaps this was where the Mayor kept his reserves of wine while they were maturing. At any rate, it seemed to be a safer hiding-place than the outer cellar, so gathering up my candle, I was just closing the door behind me, when I suddenly saw something which filled me with amazement, and even, I confess, with the smallest little touch of fear.

I have said that at the further end of the cellar there was a dim grey fan of light striking downwards from somewhere near the roof. Well, as I peered through the darkness, I suddenly saw a great, tall man skip into this belt of daylight, and then out again into the darkness at the further end. My word, I gave such a start that my busby nearly broke its chin-strap! It was only a glance, but, none the less, I had time to see that the fellow had a hairy Cossack cap on his head, and that he was a great, long-legged, broad-shouldered brigand, with a sabre at his waist. My faith, even Etienne Gerard was a little staggered at being left alone with such a creature in the dark.

But only for a moment. "Courage!" I thought. "Am I not a hussar, a brigadier, too, at the age of thirty-one, and the chosen messenger of the Emperor?" After all, this skulker had more cause to be afraid of me than I of him. And then suddenly I understood that he was afraid—horribly afraid. I could read it from his quick step and his bent shoulders as he ran among the barrels, like a rat making for its hole. And, of course, it must have been he who had held the door against me, and not some packing-case or wine-cask as I had imagined. He was the pursued then, and I the pursuer. Aha, I felt

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mine. What was I to do? I was at my wits' end, when suddenly there came to me an idea so brilliant that I could not but be amazed at my own invention.

"Count Boutkine," said I, "I find myself in a most difficult position."

"And why?" he asked.

"Because I have promised you your life."

His jaw dropped a little.

"You would not withdraw your promise?" he cried.

"If the worst comes to the worst I can die in your defence," said I; "but the difficulties are great."

"What is it, then?" he asked.

"I will be frank with you," said I. "You must know that our fellows, and especially the Poles, are so incensed against the Cossacks that the mere sight of the uniform drives them mad. They precipitate themselves instantly upon the wearer and tear him limb from limb. Even their officers cannot restrain them."

The Russian grew pale at my words and the way in which I said them.

"But this is terrible," said he.

"Horrible!" said I. "If we were to go up together at this moment I cannot promise how far I could protect you."

"I am in your hands," he cried. "What would you suggest that we should do? Would it not be best that I should remain here?"

"That worst of all."

"And why?"

"Because our fellows will ransack the house presently, and then you would be cut to pieces. No, no, I must go up and break it to them. But even then, when once they see that accursed uniform, I do not know what may happen."

"Should I then take the uniform off?"

"Excellent!" I cried. "Hold, we have it! You will take your uniform off and put on mine. That will make you sacred to every French soldier."

"It is not the French I fear so much as the Poles."

"But my uniform will be a safeguard against either."

"How can I thank you?" he cried. "But you—what are you to wear?"

"I will wear yours."

"And perhaps fall a victim to your generosity?"

"It is my duty to take the risk," I answered, "but I have no fears. I will ascend in your uniform. A hundred swords will be turned upon me. 'Hold!' I will shout, 'I am the Brigadier Gerard!' Then they will see my face. They will know me. And I will tell them about you. Under the shield of these clothes you will be sacred."

His fingers trembled with eagerness as he tore off his tunic. His boots and breeches were much like my own, so there was no need to change them, but I gave him my hussar jacket, my dolman, my busby, my sword-belt, and my sabre-tasche, while I took in exchange his high sheepskin cap with the gold chevron, his fur-trimmed coat, and his crooked sword. Be it well understood that in changing the tunics I did not forget to change my thrice-precious letter also from my old one to my new.

"With your leave," said I, "I shall now bind you to a barrel."

He made a great fuss over this, but I have learned in my soldiering never to throw away chances, and how could I tell that he might not, when my back was turned, see how the matter really stood and break in upon my plans? He was leaning against a barrel at the time, so I ran six times round it with a rope, and then tied it with a big knot behind. If he wished to come upstairs he would, at least, have to carry a thousand litres of good French wine for a knapsack. I then shut the door of the back cellar behind me, so that he might not hear what was going forward, and tossing the candle away I ascended the kitchen stair.

There were only about twenty steps, and yet, while I came up them, I seemed to have time to think of everything that I had ever hoped to do. It was the same feeling that I had at Eylau when I lay with my broken leg and saw the horse artillery galloping down upon me. Of course, I knew that if I were taken I should be shot instantly as being disguised within the enemy's lines. Still, it was a glorious death—in the direct service of the Emperor—and I reflected that there could not be less than five lines, and perhaps seven, in the *Moniteur* about me. Palaret had eight lines, and I am sure that he had not so fine a career.

When I made my way out into the hall, with all the nonchalance in my face and manner that I could assume, the very first thing that I saw was Bouvet's dead body, with his legs drawn up and a broken sword in his hand. I could see by the black smudge that he had been shot at close quarters. I should have wished to salute as I went by, for he was a gallant man, but I feared lest I should be seen, and so I passed on.

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made my pony trot, therefore, Violette rubbing her nose against my knee all the time, and looking up at me to ask how she had deserved that this hairy doormat of a creature should be preferred to her. I was not more than a hundred yards from the Uhlans, when suddenly, you can imagine my feelings when I saw a real Cossack coming galloping along the roadway towards me.

Ah, my friend, you who read this, if you have any heart, you will feel for a man like me, who had gone through so many dangers and trials, only at this very last moment to be confronted with one which appeared to put an end to everything. I will confess that for a moment I lost heart, and was inclined to throw myself down in my despair, and to cry out that I had been betrayed. But, no; I was not beaten even now. I opened two buttons of my tunic so that I might get easily at the Emperor's message, for it was my fixed determination when all hope was gone to swallow the letter and then die sword in hand. Then I felt that my little crooked sword was loose in its sheath, and I trotted on to where the vedettes were waiting. They seemed inclined to stop me, but I pointed to the other Cossack, who was still a couple of hundred yards off, and they, understanding that I merely wished to meet him, let me pass with a salute.

I dug my spurs into my pony then, for if I were only far enough from the lancers I thought I might manage the Cossack without much difficulty. He was an officer, a large, bearded man, with a gold chevron in his cap, just the same as mine. As I advanced he unconsciously aided me by pulling up his horse, so that I had a fine start of the vedettes. On I came for him, and I could see wonder changing to suspicion in his brown eyes as he looked at me and at my pony, and at my equipment. I do not know what it was that was wrong, but he saw something which was as it should not be. He shouted out a question, and then when I gave no answer he pulled out his sword. I was glad in my heart to see him do so, for I had always rather fight than cut down an unsuspecting enemy. Now I made at him full tilt, and, parrying his cut, I got my point in just under the fourth button of his tunic. Down he went, and the weight of him nearly took me off my horse before I could disengage. I never glanced at him to see if he were living or dead, for I sprang off my pony and on to Violette, with a shake of my bridle and a kiss of my hand to the two Uhlans behind me. They galloped after me, shouting, but Violette had had her rest and was just as fresh as when she started. I took the first side road to the west and then the first to the south, which would take me away from the enemy's country. On we went and on, every stride taking me further from my foes and nearer to my friends. At last, when I reached the end of a long stretch of road, and looking back from it could see no sign of any pursuers, I understood that my troubles were over.

And it gave me a glow of happiness, as I rode, to think that I had done to the letter what the Emperor had ordered. What would he say when he saw me? What could he say which would do justice to the incredible way in which I had risen above every danger? He had ordered me to go through Sermoise, Soissons, and Senlis, little dreaming that they were all three occupied by the enemy. And yet I had done it. I had borne his letter in safety through each of these towns. Hussars, dragoons, lancers, Cossacks, and infantry—I had run the gauntlet of all of them, and had come out unharmed.

When I had got as far as Dammartin I caught a first glimpse of our own outposts. There was a troop of dragoons in a field, and of course I could see from the horsehair crests that they were French. I galloped towards them in order to ask them if all was safe between there and Paris, and as I rode I felt such a pride at having won my way back to my friends again, that I could not refrain from waving my sword in the air.

At this a young officer galloped out from among the dragoons, also brandishing his sword, and it warmed my heart to think that he should come riding with such ardour and enthusiasm to greet me. I made Violette caracole, and as we came together I brandished my sword more gallantly than ever, but you can imagine my feelings when he suddenly made a cut at me which would certainly have taken my head off if I had not fallen forward with my nose in Violette's mane. My faith, it whistled just over my cap like an east wind. Of course, it came from this accursed Cossack uniform which, in my excitement, I had forgotten all about, and this young dragoon had imagined that I was some Russian champion who was challenging the French cavalry. My word, he was a frightened man when he understood how near he had been to killing the celebrated Brigadier Gerard.

Well, the road was clear, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I was at St. Denis, though it took me a long two hours to get

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from there to Paris, for the road was blocked with commissariat waggons and guns of the artillery reserve, which was going north to Marmont and Mortier. You cannot conceive the excitement which my appearance in such a costume made in Paris, and when I came to the Rue de Rivoli I should think I had a quarter of a mile of folk riding or running behind me. Word had got about from the dragoons (two of whom had come with me), and everybody knew about my adventures and how I had come by my uniform. It was a triumph—men shouting and women waving their handkerchiefs and blowing kisses from the windows.

Although I am a man singularly free from conceit, still I must confess that, on this one occasion, I could not restrain myself from showing that this reception gratified me. The Russian's coat had hung very loose upon me, but now I threw out my chest until it was as tight as a sausage-skin. And my little sweetheart of a mare tossed her mane and pawed with her front hoofs, frisking her tail about as though she said, "We've done it together this time. It is to us that commissions should be intrusted." When I kissed her between the nostrils as I dismounted at the gate of the Tuileries there was as much shouting as if a bulletin had been read from the Grand Army.

I was hardly in costume to visit a king; but, after all, if one has a soldierly figure one can do without all that. I was shown up straight away to Joseph, whom I had often seen in Spain. He seemed as stout, as quiet, and as amiable as ever. Talleyrand was in the room with him, or I suppose I should call him the Duke of Benevento, but I confess that I like old names best. He read my letter when Joseph Buonaparte handed it to him, and then he looked at me with the strangest expression in those funny little, twinkling eyes of his.

"Were you the only messenger?" he asked.

"There was one other, sir," said I. "Major Charpentier, of the Horse Grenadiers."

"He has not yet arrived," said the King of Spain.

"If you had seen the legs of his horse, sire, you would not wonder at it," I remarked.

"There may be other reasons," said Talleyrand, and he gave that singular smile of his.

Well, they paid me a compliment or two, though they might have said a good deal more and yet have said too little. I bowed myself out, and very glad I was to get away, for I hate a court as much as I love a camp. Away I went to my old friend Chaubert, in the Rue Miromesnil, and there I got his hussar uniform, which fitted me very well. He and Lisette and I supped together in his rooms, and all my dangers were forgotten. In the morning I found Violette ready for another twenty-league stretch. It was my intention to return instantly to the Emperor's headquarters, for I was, as you may well imagine, impatient to hear his words of praise, and to receive my reward.

I need not say that I rode back by a safe route, for I had seen quite enough of Uhlans and Cossacks. I passed through Meaux and Château Thierry, and so in the evening I arrived at Rheims, where Napoleon was still lying. The bodies of our fellows and of St. Prest's Russians had all been buried, and I

"'WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?' HE SHOUTED."

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could see changes in the camp also. The soldiers looked better cared for; some of the cavalry had received remounts, and everything was in excellent order. It is wonderful what a good general can effect in a couple of days.

When I came to the headquarters I was shown straight into the Emperor's room. He was drinking coffee at a writing-table, with a big plan drawn out on paper in front of him. Berthier and McDonald were leaning, one over each shoulder, and he was talking so quickly that I don't believe that either of them could catch a half of what he was saying. But when his eyes fell upon me he dropped the pen on to the chart, and he sprang up with a look in his pale face which struck me cold.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he shouted. When he was angry he had a voice like a peacock.

"I have the honour to report to you, sire," said I, "that I have delivered your despatch safely to the King of Spain."

"What!" he yelled, and his two eyes transfixed me like bayonets. Oh, those dreadful eyes, shifting from grey to blue, like steel in the sunshine. I can see them now when I have a bad dream.

"What has become of Charpentier?" he asked.

"He is captured," said McDonald.

"By whom?"

"The Russians."

"The Cossacks?"

"No, a single Cossack."

"He gave himself up?"

"Without resistance."

"He is an intelligent officer. You will see that the medal of honour is awarded to him."

When I heard those words I had to rub my eyes to make sure that I was awake.

"As to you," cried the Emperor, taking a step forward as if he would have struck me, "you brain of a hare, what do you think that you were sent upon this mission for? Do you conceive that I would send a really important message by such a hand as yours, and through every village which the enemy holds? How you came through them passes my comprehension; but if your fellow messenger had had but as little sense as you, my whole plan of campaign would have been ruined. Can you not see, coglione, that this message contained false news, and that it was intended to deceive the enemy whilst I put a very different scheme into execution?"

When I heard those cruel words and saw the angry, white face which glared at me, I had to hold the back of a chair, for my mind was failing me and my knees would hardly bear me up. But then I took courage as I reflected that I was an honourable gentleman, and that my whole life had been spent in toiling for this man and for my beloved country.

"Sire," said I, and the tears would trickle down my cheeks whilst I spoke, "when you are dealing with a man like me you would find it wiser to deal openly. Had I known that you had wished the despatch to fall into the hands of the enemy, I would have seen that it came there. As I believed that I was to guard it, I was prepared to sacrifice my life for it. I do not believe, sire, that any man in the world ever met with more toils and perils than I have done in trying to carry out what I thought was your will."

I dashed the tears from my eyes as I spoke, and with such fire and spirit as I could command I gave him an account of it all, of my dash through Soissons, my brush with the dragoons, my adventure in Senlis, my rencontre with Count Boutkine in the cellar, my disguise, my meeting with the Cossack officer, my flight, and how at the last moment I was nearly cut down by a French dragoon. The Emperor, Berthier, and McDonald listened with astonishment on their faces. When I had finished Napoleon stepped forward and he pinched me by the ear.

"There, there!" said he. "Forget anything which I may have said. I would have done better to trust you. You may go."

I turned to the door, and my hand was upon the handle, when the Emperor called upon me to stop.

"You will see," said he, turning to the Duke of Tarentum, "that Brigadier Gerard has the special medal of honour, for I believe that if he has the thickest head he has also the stoutest heart in my army."

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subjects of conversation: at times he speaks with slow and thoughtful emphasis, at others, with the volubility remindful of his gun. His accent is practically that of an Englishman, although most of his quaint idioms are decidedly American. Mr. Maxim is a member of many of the leading scientific and learned societies of Great Britain and America.

MRS. MAXIM.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

His intelligent and devoted wife is a very industrious, cultured, and genial lady, who not only takes immediate interest in all her husband's inventions and scientific pursuits, but directly assists him in various departments of his daily avocations; indeed, their labours and deliberations may be appropriately described as inseparable. Mrs. Maxim was born in Boston; her maiden name was Haynes—a family of English descent.

Their English home at Baldwyn's Park, Dartford Heath, is a picturesque estate of some 500 acres in area, abounding with relics of the Roman epoch; indeed, the site of the ancient city of Caswallan is located within its sylvan precincts. The residential mansion is commanding and spacious, although of simple external appearance, indicative of an old school of architecture. The house is handsomely furnished throughout in becoming taste, although Mr. Maxim, like so many men of intellectual predilections and culture, avoids anything approaching ostentatious luxury. The bulk of Mr. and Mrs. Maxim's leisure moments at home are spent in the library, which is well equipped with most of the leading modern text-books and works of reference. Immediately on entering the lofty and spacious vestibule an elaborately finished and mounted Maxim gun meets the gaze of the visitor. At one side of the house will be noticed an extensive wooden structure, from which proceeds a broad-gauge railway—this is the inventor's workshop and the home of his famous flying machine.

On the occasion of this interview I was, as usual, ushered into the comfortable library, where I found Mr. Maxim seated at his escritoire with a pile of papers and books before him; on his right hand was his indefatigable and invaluable assistant — his

Frontispiece THE VESTIBULE—BALDWYN'S MANSION. [*Photograph.*

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[From a] MR. MAXIM IN HIS LIBRARY. [Photograph

zealous wife. After receiving me with his accustomed cordiality, he bade me be seated.

"Mr. Maxim," I promptly commenced, "I have had the privilege of having several interesting and instructive conversations with you; to-day, I would ask leave to have a popular chat about your distinguished inventive career in general."

Mr. Maxim, with an expression of some astonishment at the magnitude of my request, replied in kindly humour:—

"Well, that is rather a big order; where shall we commence?"

"Please give me a brief account," I responded, "of some of the early incidents connected with electric lighting which led to your first visit to England. I have just read in some recently published American biographical sketches, entitled 'Men of Achievement,' that your name was associated with the earliest pioneers of that industry, and according to Mr. Hubert, the author, and one of your own countrymen, Mr. T. A. Edison is described as 'rather a master mechanic than a master inventor, and that he has simply made practical what other men had discovered before him.'"

These statements proved effectual shots for opening the action, for Mr. Maxim, after drawing his chair closely up to mine, so as not to miss any points in the conversation, being, as before stated, rather deaf, proceeded in his fluent style of speech:—

"Yes! Some very curious events transpired in the early days of electric lighting in the States, and when for weeks and months together most of the papers were preaching 'Edison,' which I think was fully two years before he had shown anything with regard to electric lighting. One of the first arc lamps erected in the States was put up by myself in the Park Avenue Hotel, New York. A great many people came to see the new light. One night whilst I was watching the lamp, studying the behaviour of the arc with a view of preventing its fluctuations, a young lady came close to me and observed:—

"'Ah! how truly wonderful! What a brilliant conception! How like is the effect to Pompeii by moonlight! Who but an Edison could have thought of such an illuminant?' and so forth.

"'Excuse me,' I ventured to remark, with reference to that misdirected eulogy, 'but this is not Edison's light.'

"'What! Then it is not an electric light?' she hesitatingly inquired.

"I answered, 'Yes, it is an electric light, but not Edison's'; adding, 'I do not know that Edison has yet devised an electric lamp. I have never seen one, and I have never met anyone who has.'

"'Ah!' the disappointed lady sighed, 'an electric light and not Edison's! Then I have no further interest in the matter.'

"Thereupon she gathered up about a dozen yards of brocaded silken skirts and majestically disappeared from the building."

"I presume at that time," I interrupted, "nearly everybody in the States thought that practically everything electrical must have been invented by Edison?"

"Yes! That was apparently about the size of it," Mr. Maxim facetiously replied.

"I put up a number of arc lights in various places in the States," he continued, "and the first questions nearly always asked me by spectators were, 'Is that an electric

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light?' 'Yes!' 'Is it Edison's?' 'No!' and so forth."

"That must have been very irritating?" I ventured to remark.

"Well," resumed Mr. Maxim, "not always so annoying as monotonous, although I sometimes thought I should really inflict some bodily harm upon the next man who asked me, 'Is that light Edison's?' That reminds me: Being one day in a hurry to take a newly-finished lamp out of town, I did not stop to wrap it up in paper, but took it as it was and rushed for the ferry-boat. I took my seat in the boat alongside of two farmers, who soon began to eye me with evident curiosity; by-and-by, one of them touched me gently on the shoulder and in a subdued voice inquired, 'Excuse me, sir, but what is that machine you are carrying?' Had I replied, 'It is an electric lamp,' the granger would have been nearly sure to have asked, 'Is it Edison's?' So I evasively said, 'Oh, this, sir, is a sausage stuffer.' 'Ah! Indeed!' rejoined the countryman, 'and a high-fangled sausage stuffer it appears, too.' That answer, I believe, saved the man's life.

"When Edison's lamp finally came out, and everyone was talking about it, I heard someone asserting that his lamp was not altogether new, that incandescent lamps had been made before, when one fellow in the party put a clincher on the argument by saying, 'Well, Edison invented the vacuum, anyway; any fool can pump out the air, but to suck out the vacuum is the trick.'"

Judging that Mr. Maxim had a legion of similar amusing reminiscences to narrate, I turned the conversation by suggesting that he might kindly give me an account of some of his early experiences with his famous automatic gun. This theme, I quickly saw, was if anything more palatable to him than his humorous electrical repertory.

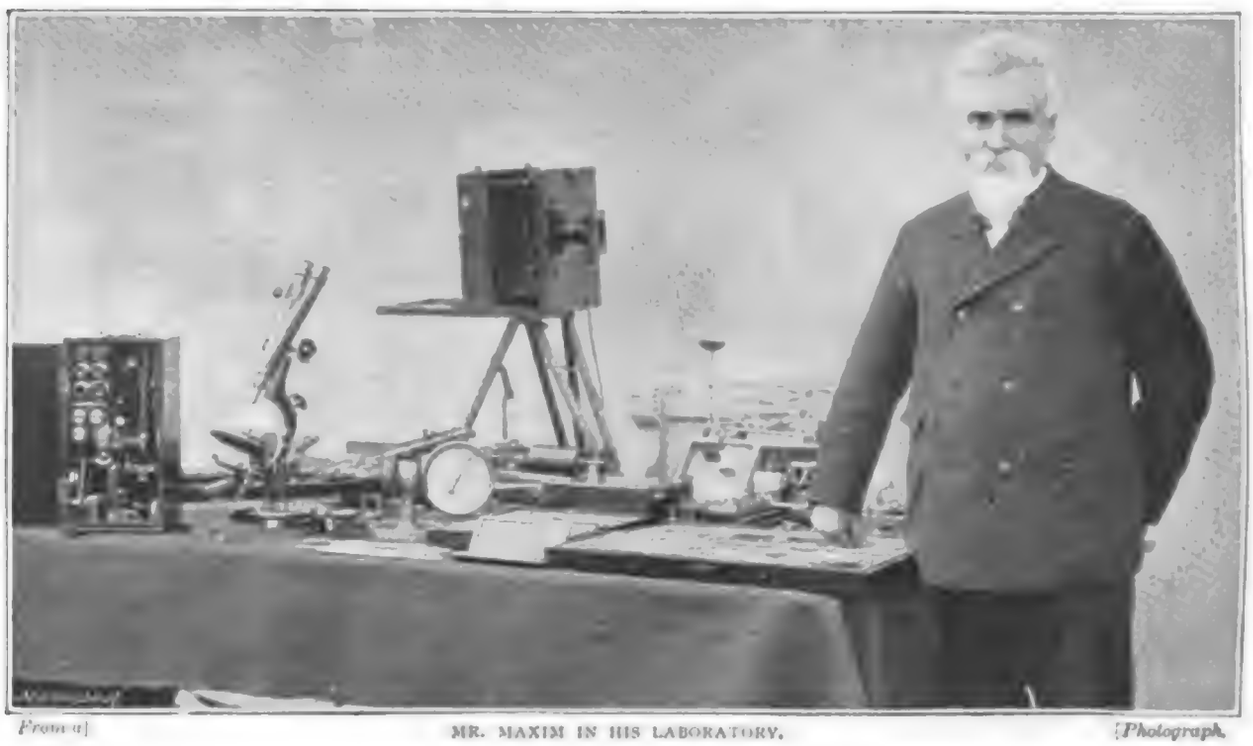
"Well," he resumed, in a serious tone and measure of speech, "you have seen the gun fired and know how it works and behaves?" which recalled to my mind the ghastly efficiency I had seen demonstrated with the weapon at the Erith works, when its inventor had mowed down wooden palings and egg-chests like grass with a scythe, and had inscribed his initials on the sand cliffs by a practically continuous stream of bullets, as thick as a tropical hailstorm.

"Yes! Yes!" I responded, with mingled recollections of horror and amazement; "but please tell me how you set about to devise such an awful engine of devastation and some events connected with its development and introduction."

Reclining back more leisurely in his chair, and after taking a glance at his watch, Mr. Maxim replied, in a reflective mood:—

"Your questions involve rather a long story. During the years 1883–84, having some little spare time in my electrical business, I decided to experiment with my contemplated automatic or recoil principle of working guns, as applied to a Winchester rifle.

"Failing, however, to get my instructions carried out in London, I proceeded to



From a] MR. MAXIM IN HIS LABORATORY. [Photograph.

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Birmingham, where I met with similar disappointments and hindrances, owing to prejudices in the trade. Finally, I went to Paris, and took my model and drawings to a philosophical instrument maker there, who made the necessary alterations without further trouble or assistance. Shortly after, remembering the difficulties I had encountered in the gun trade in England, I resolved to start a small works of my own in London. Accordingly, I procured some premises at 57, Hatton Garden, and equipped them with suitable tools, but before I had hardly commenced to get to work in earnest, troubles arose with my men. After discharging my foreman and making some alterations in the factory, I at length succeeded in getting my first experimental gun made, which was thoroughly successful, and more than met my expectations. So far as I can now recollect, the first outside gentleman who came to see the weapon was Sir Donald Currie; shortly afterwards I received a visit from the Duke of Cambridge, in company with Sir Frederick Bramwell.

"Then a number of other distinguished persons and members of the nobility visited the works, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Prince fired the gun, and I was surprised to see how quickly he grasped its construction and operation. His Royal Highness congratulated me on having invented an entirely new machine gun. After this, titled people from all parts of the world came to see the Maxim gun, and it ultimately occupied two or three hours a day to exhibit and explain it to various visitors. To make up for this loss of time I had to work late at nights, and sometimes on Sundays. Soon the British Government ordered the first experimental gun, although the first big order I received was from the Austrians. I used to fire thousands of rounds of ammunition as a test of the weapon's reliability. The British Government stipulated it should not weigh more than 100lb., and that it should fire 400 rounds a minute. The gun I, however, made for them weighed only 40lb. and fired 1,000 rounds in 1¼ minutes. Afterwards a long series of experiments were conducted at Hythe, Kent, with all known kinds of machine guns, and mine came out of the competition the best in all respects.

"My first experience of long-range shooting with my gun was at Thun, in Switzerland, when I entered into a machine-gun competition arranged there. This event was probably the turning-point in my life. My final opponent took the form of a double-barrelled monster, weighing about 2cwt., which had beaten all others in Europe. It, however, jammed in action, although it was claimed to be capable of reliably firing 330 rounds per minute; this performance I excelled in half the time without a hitch, my gun weighing only 50lb., and practically requiring no attendance. Further, my shots were found to be grouped all in the centre of the target, whilst my competitor's bullets were widely scattered. I then fired at a range of over 1,200 yards, with similar satisfactory results; indeed, at that distance I swept away 75 per cent. of the dummy soldiers erected as a target. I then proceeded to Italy, where my gun also beat all competitors, and resulted in my obtaining an order for thirty guns for the navy.

"My invention was now speedily recognised as the most deadly implement of warfare in existence. When my gun was first exhibited in Austria, near Vienna, the late Archduke William came over to see the experiments, and also fired the weapon himself.

MR. MAXIM FIRING HIS GUN MADE FOR H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY LAST JUNE.
From a Photograph.

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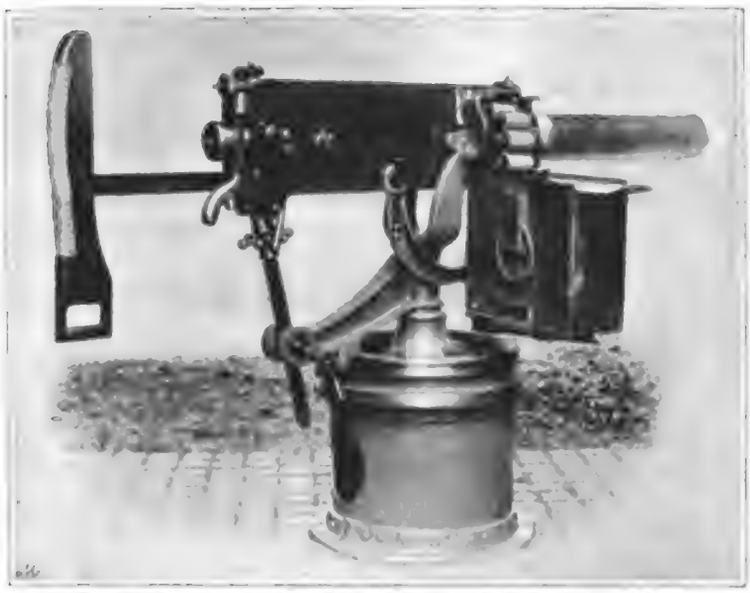

THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN, AS ADOPTED BY THE FRENCH AND RUSSIANS FOR NAVAL PURPOSES. BORE OF BARREL, 1½IN.; SPEED OF FIRE, 200 ROUNDS PER MINUTE WITH SHELL PROJECTILES.
From a Photograph.

When I was about to leave the field the Archduke said to me:—

"'You certainly have invented the most deadly instrument of war I have ever seen. I had been told it was only a toy, whereas the accuracy and reliability of its firing are simply appalling.'

"I had now beaten all other similar guns brought into competition with me, and I had already a large number of orders in hand, amounting in value to over a hundred thousand pounds. Herr Krupp then visited me to discuss arrangements for manufacturing the gun in Germany, but, as you are aware, my invention was speedily taken over by the Nordenfelt Gun Company, of London.

"Last season, at the Wimbledon range, the Princess of Wales fired the Maxim gun without the slightest trepidation, although the smoke was blowing in her face the whole time, which, as you know, means considerable courage, as the sharpness and rapidity of the explosions are distressing to most persons' ears and nerves.

"When I was recently in St. Petersburg, His Majesty the Czar directed that I should bring one of my guns to him at the Riding School, where he subsequently fired it himself.

"During the Shah of Persia's last visit to London, he expressed a wish to see the much-talked-about Maxim gun, so it was accordingly arranged that I should take one, with blank ammunition, to the Buckingham Palace Grounds, and fire it in the presence of His Majesty. I explained to him in French how the gun worked without the aid of any manual operation, and he seemed very interested. Before I took my departure His Majesty asked me to give him the gun, but as it was worth about £220 I could not see my way to comply with the august request. At this demonstration I had some anxious moments while preventing the Shah from shooting the Grand Vizier, who would persistently lean over the muzzle of the gun whilst His Majesty was playing with the breech mechanism.

"On one of the occasions when I was in France, I set a gun with an automatic regulator to fire only three shots a minute. An officer who came riding up inquired, 'Is this the Maxim gun?' A reply was given in the affirmative. He then continued, 'I should much like to see it fired.' To which a brother officer remarked, 'It is being fired now.' 'No, it is not,' he persisted; 'why, there is no one by it.'

"The same gun will fire a shot once a week or 700 rounds in a minute.

From a] THE MAXIM MACHINE GUN AS MOUNTED FOR THE MATABELE WAR. *[Photograph.*

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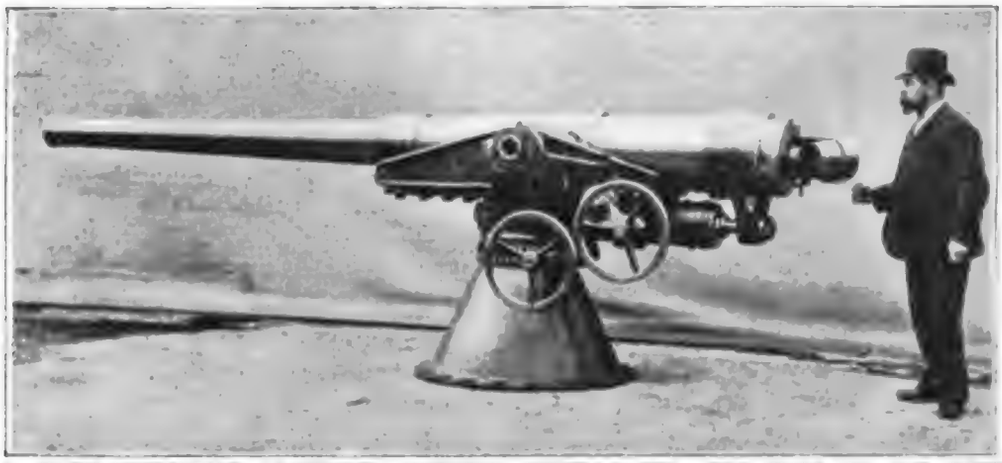

A MAXIM-NORDENFELT 45-POUNDER IMPROVED BREECHLOADER. GUN MADE IN ONE PIECE ACCORDING TO MR. MAXIM'S TAMPERING PROCESS. TESTED PRESSURE, 22½ TONS (1½ TONS IN EXCESS OF REQUIREMENTS); BORE, 4.7IN.; MUZZLE VELOCITY, 2,260FT.; PENETRATION, 10IN. OF ARMOUR; WEIGHT OF PROJECTILE, 45LB. [*From a Photograph.*

"Mr. Maxim," I next inquired, "I understand that you have invented and adopted a new method of manufacturing artillery from one solid piece of metal, instead of building ordnance up of numerous separate metallic coils or rings, according to the accepted practice?"

"Yes! That is so," he replied. "Some years ago, finding that the manufactures of steel had been so much improved, I thought it was then feasible to produce an efficient cannon of average size from one large steel forging, which would thus effect an enormous saving in money and material. Guns so manufactured have been tested up to the exceptional pressure of 22½ tons per square inch, without any damage or yielding. In this manner comparatively cheap serviceable artillery may be made. Perhaps it is not generally known that the big guns in the Navy are rendered useless after firing some 200 rounds, by the eroding action of the gases upon the rifling of the barrels."

"I presume, Mr. Maxim, that you have been besieged at different times by poor inventors seeking financial assistance?"

"Oh, yes," he cheerfully rejoined, "a legion; and I always endeavour to give an ear and any reasonable help to worthy inventors; but obviously I cannot assist everyone who applies to me; besides, some are idle schemers, whilst many others are hare-brained 'cranks.' I think," he continued, "the funniest instance of an appeal to me for monetary aid was in the case of a well-known fasting-man, but to whom I felt compelled to remark that many men had come to me for food, but this was the first occasion I had been asked to help a man to starve. I thought that was one of the few things that could be accomplished without money."

At this juncture I asked Mr. Maxim to give me a brief account of his flying machine, and how he thought the prospects of a practical solution of mechanical flight stood at present. To these interrogations the inventor responded in serious parlance:—

"I think too much has been already said and written about this machine, and much nonsense embodied, although I thought it desirable that my achievements in this direction should be recorded, so that if anything happens to prevent me from proceeding with my experiments, someone else may take them up and bring them to a practical issue. I have thought over the problem of flight for many years, although I only first commenced to experiment on the subject in 1889, and I have worked intermittently in

A STORE OF MAXIM-NORDENFELT IMPROVED MACHINE GUNS, ARTILLERY, ETC., AT THE ERITH GUN WORKS. [*From a Photograph.*

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refreshment in a neighbouring café, which we accordingly entered. We sat down—he placing me in a corner behind a table. Soon another man came upon the scene, who appeared to be an Irishman unacquainted with the language. This new-comer shortly afterwards ostensibly introduced himself to us because he heard us speaking English. His fingers were literally covered with diamond rings, all his pockets seemed lined with bank-notes, which he soon ostentatiously displayed, whereupon my supposed fellow-countryman from the South reproached him for his reckless folly in carrying so much money about with him. The assumed Irishman thereupon explained that he had recently come into a fortune, and it was his first day in Paris. Shortly afterwards an animated and ingeniously arranged discussion on the features and merits of international bank-notes was commenced between these highly-respectable gentlemen (?), with occasional cross-references to me for my opinion. Finally, I was induced to show them how beautifully American notes were engraved, whereupon the Irishman produced some, what I thought to be, English notes from every pocket, and dilated upon their merits. Then the conversation turned on French bank-notes, and as I had never examined any before, I was incited to produce the bundle from my breast-pocket, and whilst the Southerner was engaging my attention by so kindly explaining to me their value, he suddenly snatched them from me, and handed them to the Irishman and the pair then made good their escape, because I found that they had artfully barricaded me in the corner behind the table with several chairs, which I had failed to notice in the heated discussion. The English notes, which they had left on the table, turned out to be of spurious manufacture.

"I afterwards learnt that Captain Graystone was really a notorious thief and decoy named Jack Hamilton, who had formerly been a prize-fighter, and had seconded Heenan in the great international contest with Sayers, and when in England lived at Brixton. His accomplice, the unsophisticated Irishman, was none other than Johnny Palmer, of Peckham, another incorrigible scoundrel. This pair, it appears, had for years, with other confederates, carried on a lucrative business by similarly robbing Americans who came to Paris, in some cases getting as much as £2,000 in each nefarious transaction. I was informed they purely devoted their kind but not appreciable attentions to my countrymen, and did not return to Paris until the old batch of visitors had cleared out. I, however, journeyed to that city too often for those enterprising

From a] MR. MAXIM GIVING HIS FRIENDS A TRIP ON HIS FLYING MACHINE AT BALDWYN'S PARK. *[Photograph.*

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MRS. MARIA VON TRAPP, WITH HER FAMILY, WHOSE ADVENTURES ARE THE SUBJECT OF THE FILM "THE SOUND OF MUSIC" (ROBERT WISE, 1965). FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: LIESL, FRIEDRICH, MARIA, GEORG, MARIA, LOTTE, WERNER, HANSI, ROSWITHA, CHRISTOPHER

gentlemen," continued Mr. Martin, with a sigh, "I was married to a very charming eighteen-year-old speaking dark eyes and a little Austrian accent—Maria von Trapp, of course."

"Yes," he repeated, "I married to be head of a family, and I became a bachelor with a family."

The film, which contains absolutely not the very slightest resemblance to the real Maria von Trapp, or her family, or anything at all, I hasten to add, was made in Austria, in the Salzburg and Tyrol, and Vienna. Embarrassed, who took him to Salzburg, Austria, and Vienna, and who had to pay the bills, was Mr. Martin's wife, who, as she speaks no German, and only knows three phrases in Austrian, which are, "Ich bin Amerikanerin, ich bin müde, ich bin hungrig," had to stay in her room most of the time.

"Thoroughly disappointed at the reception accorded to the film in Salzburg," said Mr. Martin, "I was anxious to explore the Tyrol, and I decided to take a motor-car to Innsbruck.

"Now, I was never able my mastery of the German language, but I had a little Austrian-German, which I had learned in Vienna, and Innsbruck, where I alighted a train from Salzburg, I found a little Austrian Tyrol, Georgian, which passages in Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. Now, my Austrian-German, which I had learned in Vienna, was not Tyrolean-Georgian, which was Mary Shelley's Tyrolean. As that non-Georgian Hyperbolic, my car, a Rolls Royce, broke down, and I had to walk on. Finding more Austrian-Tyrolean-Georgian, I was lost, and I had been about three miles of the village I had left when I came across a little old man, and he understood my Austrian-Tyrolean-Georgian, and he kindly offered to show me the way to the village, and I said, "Ich bin müde, ich bin hungrig." I was with an iron grip, and the informed me that I was a Jew, and I was a Jew, and I protested, and said that I was a Christian, and he said, "Ich bin müde, ich bin hungrig." Finding that he had taken the wrong man, he left me, and I walked on, and I came to a village, and I said, "Ich bin müde, ich bin hungrig." The village people stared at me, when, the moment I had gone, they had seen me walk into the village, and they had seen me, and they had seen me walk out of the village, and they had seen me walk into the village, and they had seen me walk out of the village, and they had seen me walk into the village, and they had seen me walk out of the village, and they had seen me walk into the village

"I always chose the ugly and the absurd instead."

parading, and unusual then, the windows of the shop, and the interior, are all, in a sense, a stage or program. Usually, when the curtain rises, we see a man who is a little taller than most men, and who is dressed in a way that is not quite the same as the way in the other houses around us. He flits through the supplies of the indoor sports, and he is dressed in a way that is more nearly—shall I say perfection? Perhaps I should say, more nearly ideal. However, he was, evidently, conspicuously dressed in a manner unusual. He was, perhaps, an hour or two before the first customer came in.

Frank Bradshaw succeeded in securing the attention of the passers-by, and, when I reached his address through a street given over to the sale of sporting goods, I was not surprised to see a crowd of people in front of the shop, and, on entering, I found that the business took a long turn, much smaller, and much more intimate than I had, from the elaborate exterior, had expected. It was a little place, with a few tables, and a few chairs, a group of steel chairs and dumbbells, that seemed to dominate the place, and, perhaps, in the hour of morning, living on the lot of the proprietor, Bradshaw, who was in the middle of his years. Frank rose to meet the stranger, a little man, with a face that was very much like a very smart and aggressive bantam, with a little moustache, and a little, pointed beard. Bradshaw spoke with a little lisp, and he was, from a cursory or passing glance, in appearance, a little, pointed, and aggressive bantam. He spoke very little. Bradshaw did not, and did not seem to, have any time to waste, and he was very busy in the finish. They were, perhaps, a little too busy to talk about himself. "Let us wait over that one interview," Bradshaw said, when I had finished my work. Bradshaw interrupted, "Let us wait over all interviews." Bradshaw was a man who did not waste words.

Listening that Mr. Bradshaw's marriage was a very happy one, I asked him, if he had any children. He said, that he had, and he called his little son, who was, perhaps, a little less, and Mrs. Bradshaw, who was, perhaps, a little more, than a little pointed, and aggressive bantam, and, in a little, pointed, and aggressive way, introduced them to me. I thought to see you at Bradshaw's, next time."

Continued on page 292

Dr. Wimberger's Lie.

By Grant Allen.

"Why, Sweetbriar, man," he answered, with a half hysterical laugh. "And I'm off to town now to buy her an engagement ring. By the way, old fellow, do you happen to have such a thing as a fiver about you?"

I pulled out a note and gave it to him. It was never repaid. I wrote it off a bad debt at once, of course, as I always wrote off all my loans to poor Colin. Then I mounted alone to the top of the downs, and took a long, fierce walk on the crest by myself all the way to Guildford. I had a bad time of it, I confess, for I loved her dearly; but to one thing I made up my mind from the very first—I would loyally accept Sweetbriar's decision.

It was a terrible blow; for I knew she liked me, and I had never even suspected she cared for Colin. Yet, now it came, how could I possibly wonder at it? Haliburton had genius; he was a poet and a novelist: I had only ability and a plodding nature. Yet I feared for Sweetbriar. Would he make her happy? He would try to, I felt sure, for I loved and trusted him; but with that Bohemian spirit, those recklessly spendthrift ways, could he succeed in doing it? My heart was heavy for Sweetbriar that night. She had chosen a great and beautiful soul, but had she chosen wisely?

II.

THREE years passed away, and my fears never lessened. I am one of those narrow-souled men, I'm afraid, who can love but once in a life; and having loved Sweetbriar, it became my chief task to watch over her and guard her. They married in six weeks—married on the strength of a manuscript novel which was never printed, and lived for eight months on occasional articles in the weekly papers. Then Haviland Gordon died, as everybody knows, without leaving a penny; all his splendid life-work in philosophy and science having resulted in exactly enough to bury him. It is the way of the world, and we must just put up with it. After that, little Haviland was born, as pretty a baby-boy as ever you beheld; and they made me his godfather. I was glad of the post, for it naturally afforded me a reasonable excuse for presenting him with everything the Haliburtons could not afford him, without unnecessarily distressing Sweetbriar. When the family finances ran short, Colin used often to come round to me "to smoke a pipe in the evening." I knew what that meant—and Sweetbriar didn't. He always went away with his pocket the heavier. Poor, dear fellow! It is indeed a privilege in life to be permitted to do anything for a cherished old friend so gifted and so unfortunate. Let alone the fact that he was Sweetbriar's husband!

III.

BUT things couldn't go on in that way for ever. As month after month passed by, and no work came in, I saw poor Haliburton grow paler and paler, while that spot in his cheek burned for ever brighter. His books didn't take. He had too strange and too wayward a fancy to be popular. Three years after his marriage, I saw the end could not be far off. And I knew he was troubling himself about Sweetbriar's future.

He hadn't saved, of course. He had nothing to save from. He was dying of consumption. And he would leave his wife and child unprovided for.

Most men in these circumstances would have made themselves even more wretched than Colin did. But his was a curiously compounded and fantastic nature. When he was already held fast in the iron grip of consumption, spending the greater part of each day on the sofa, he suddenly evolved a strange scheme in his head for making money enough to leave Sweetbriar comfortable. The plan seized him and took possession of him like a veritable monomania. He would write a play, a very great play: a play on the lines of the Elizabethan dramatists: a play that should overflow with literary merit: a play that should hold the London stage for years, and bring in a continuous competence to Sweetbriar.

He knew so well the sort of play he meant to write, and threw himself with such fiery eagerness into the task of writing it, that it seemed to him as if success were achieved already. It was lucky he thought so. He revelled in the prospective wealth his drama would bring him, and so freely discounted his unrealized millions that he borrowed £40 from me on the morning he began it. I was delighted at that, for it enabled him to buy the beef-tea and champagne he so sorely needed. "You're a dear fellow, Wardroper," he said to me as he took it. "You've stood by us through thick and thin. God bless you for all you've done for me and Sweetbriar!" His eyes looked wistful as he said those words, and the gentle pressure of his wasted hand was so grave and yet so womanish, that I almost felt I could have stooped down and kissed him.

He wrote his play through at a white heat of excitement. He burnt himself out in it.

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And it was a great day, if ever odd day was worth far. It was full of things, everything that could make a man feel proud to be an Englishman. Northcliffe wanted him to write 3 I thought that bodied 10 for the Sunday, and he wanted him to do it. For it is rejoicing since that year in the Empire—the ordinary sensational week-end rejoicing, with the Sunday morning, the long run, the cool, disquieting shadow of a great, unknown, and unrecognized grave.

"Well, I suppose I must," said Tim, when he was wondering, "I'do, I mean, to say with the Sunday morning." He was thinking of consequences. "I shall come to all right, old boy. This week has given me a new lease of life, I have myself to be ashamed of, and I will."

But as soon as he had finished, the little Sunday morning was over, and he was alone, he broke down miserably. He can though now was to pass it, and do. "I know I ought to do it, I know I ought to do it," he said, as I stood facing the pale, or pink-and-white-with-a-tan my brother and prodigal, a Sunday lion, the cynosure of all eyes, the recognized hero of a thousand newspapers—I know that I ought to do it." I didn't mind the deal if only the play's a success, and brings in enough for the mortgage, and I can pay off Tim's debts—that was great stuff, was it, and I feel like—why, they, God help them!—

"Tim's face had lost its pink and tan, and he was pale and haggard."

"I'm sorry," said Tim, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." Tim's face was pale and haggard. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." I said

life has been strewn with kindness. "A play by Haliburton!" he said. "Wha'! Look at it? Why, certainly. I immensely enjoyed his 'Idylls of Bohemia,' and I think 'Michael Flynn' a remarkable novel."

Three days later, to my profound surprise, poor Colin came round to me in a delirium of delight. Managers don't often do quixotic things; but Wilfred Cole had decided to produce "A Life's Tragedy."

It took me aback somewhat, I must confess, for I never expected it. The play, though a fine one, and not wholly devoid of acting qualities, had a literary flavour which is little in accord with the degenerate tastes of modern play-goers. Still, Wilfred Cole, no doubt, knew best; and, for poor Colin's sake, I was heartily glad of it.

"If it succeeds," Colin cried, breaking down, and bursting into tears, "it will mean —a settled income for Sweetbriar and the baby-boy!"

I hadn't the heart to damp his ardour. "Of course it will," I answered. "If all goes well, it will make them independent."

He looked at me and smiled. A strange light was in his eye. "*If* all goes well," he echoed. "I shall *make* it go well. I have a scheme of my own; I have spoken to Cole about it."

I smiled and nodded. He was looking very ill. I more than half doubted whether he would live to learn the fate of his tragedy.

That same afternoon, I was surprised by a hasty visit from Wilfred Cole in person.

"Why, Mr. Cole," I exclaimed, as he entered my consulting-room, "how hot and flurried you look! Nothing wrong, I hope, with you?"

"No, nothing wrong with *me*, Dr. Wardroper," he answered. "It's that poor fellow, Haliburton. He's been alarming me horribly. As you know, I've accepted his play, 'A Life's Tragedy,' with many misgivings, for the Siddons; and I've even fixed the date of the first performance, much against my will, for this day six weeks, in order to give the poor fellow a chance of living to see it represented. It's not *quite* the sort of piece I like best myself; but, still, there's a chance for it; and I admire the greater part of your friend's work so much that, for once in my life, I'm prepared to risk it. After all, there's no knowing how to please the public. Well, what do you think Haliburton goes and does to-day? Comes round to me in a hansom—a nasty, raw, cold morning—and tells me he's got a splendid plan—a first-rate plan by way of advertisement. 'What is it?' said I. 'Oh, a nice little dodge,' said he; 'certain to attract the attention of the public.' 'Name it,' said I. Well, he hummed and hawed a little; then he began saying how you'd told him he couldn't possibly live through another winter; and a week or two, more or less, of life was nothing to him, so he had made up his mind—to blow his brains out the night before the first performance, and send a letter to the coroner, telling him he did it by way of advertisement! Sure to attract attention to the play, he said; and once attention was called, all *must* go well with it. The question is, now, what can we do to prevent him? Do you think he means it?"

"If he said it, he means it," I answered. "He has the poetic temperament, and nothing's too desperate for him to try if he thinks he can do any good by it for that dear little wife of his."

"Well, how can we stop him?" said Cole.

"Only this way," I answered. "Go and tell him you'll advance him two hundred pounds out of the prospective profits—I'll give you a cheque for it—anything to prevent his last days being clouded; and then say you insist upon his not making away with himself till *after* the first night. Work on that chord in his feelings; point out to him how much more happily and contentedly he could die if only he were sure his play had succeeded. I'll do the same. Between us, we may persuade him. Assure him he may blow himself to pieces as he likes after the first night—we won't try to prevent him."

"Why not?" Cole asked, puzzled.

"Because," I answered, "he can barely outlive six weeks at best. The anxiety to see his play produced will alone support him. He may just drag on till the first night, if he's lucky; but, then, the excitement and reaction will kill him."

Cole took my advice, and between us we quieted him. He gave me his solemn word of honour at last he'd refrain from blowing his brains out till he knew which way the public took his tragedy I accepted the assurance, and waited patiently for the end, which I knew to be inevitable.

V.

Almost contrary to my expectation, Haliburton held out till the night of the first performance. He sank and sank meanwhile, being now confined to his bed; but the hope of success and the fear of failure conspired to keep him in that exalted state of emotional excitement which often prolongs life

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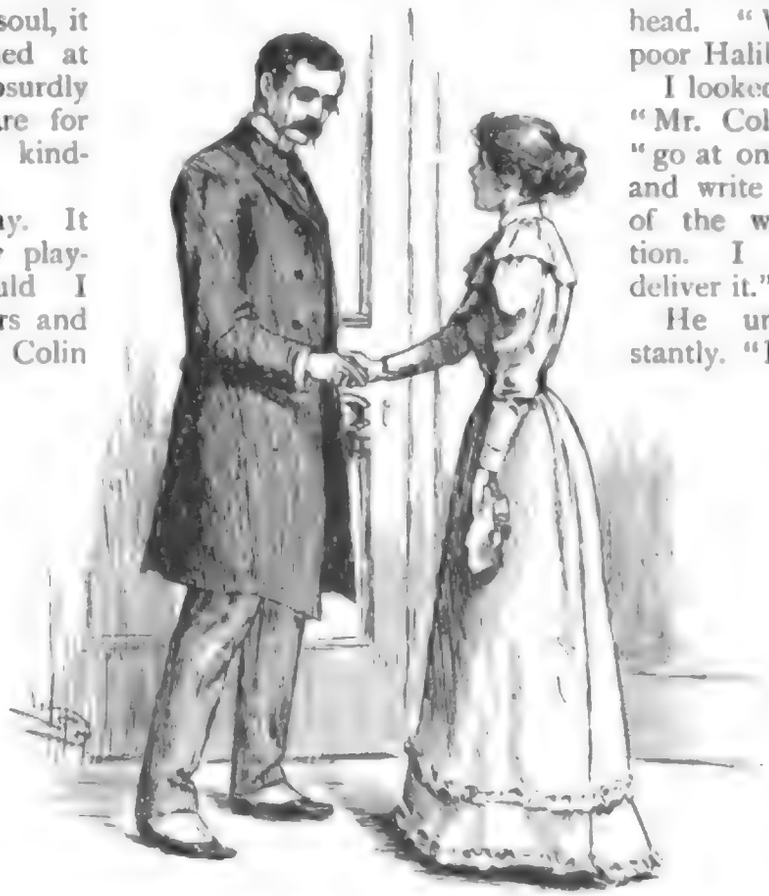
beyond all belief in consumptive temperaments. He was hanging by a thread; but, still, he hung. His whole existence was concentrated in fiery eagerness to know the best, or the worst, about the fate of "A Life's Tragedy."

The first night came, and I was almost afraid to leave him for a moment, so agitated was he. The pulse rose high; the breathing was slow and difficult. But he insisted I should go. "You're the only man I can trust to tell me the truth," he said. I glanced at Sweetbriar. Her lips moved imperceptibly. "Go, go, dear friend," she murmured through her tears. "He won't be happy otherwise." I obeyed her, and went. She pressed my hand gently as I slipped from the room. "Dear, dear doctor!" she whispered, "how good and kind you are! What on earth would my Colin have done without you?" Upon my soul, it makes me ashamed at times to see how absurdly grateful people are for such very small kindnesses.

I went to the play. It was a melancholy playgoing. How could I attend to the actors and actresses with poor Colin lying stretched on his death-bed at home, and Sweetbriar leaning over him? Their pictures rose for ever between me and the stage. I was thankful at least that the piece was a tragedy. If it had been comedy, Heaven knows how I could ever have got through it.



"HOW GOOD AND KIND YOU ARE."

The house was full. A few of the critics knew Colin's condition, and received the piece in respectful silence. But the pit and the gallery were by no means so considerate. After the first ten minutes they lost all interest. For the most part they yawned; now and then they laughed at inconvenient moments. The pathos and terror of the piece were above them: its moral standpoint, being higher than their own, frankly shocked and surprised them. The actors did their best; they toiled wearily on with the sense of the house clearly dead against them. The piece was a failure. It didn't exactly excite any active disapproval; but it was received with that chilly and killing silence which is the worst condemnation.

When the curtain fell, a few mocking voices raised the cry of "Author! Author!" I knew what they meant: they wanted to bait him. I sat in the author's box: eyes turned towards me inquiringly. I could stand it no longer; I rose in my place, and called out in a very cold and distinct voice: "The author is not here. He is at home on his death-bed." Then I sat down again in the midst of a great hush. The house emptied silently.

Cole met me in the passage. "A dead frost!" he said, shaking his head. "Well, it will finish poor Haliburton."

I looked him in the face. "Mr. Cole," I said, slowly, "go at once to your room—and write him a short note of the warmest congratulation. I will take it and deliver it."

He understood me instantly. "I will," he answered. "Then you positively assure me he won't live till morning?"

"He won't live till morning," I answered. "I take the responsibility. The shock will kill him either way."

VI.

When I got back to the lodgings, Haliburton was sitting up in his bed, all eagerness. I am a very bad actor, I fear, being in most concerns of life a tolerably candid and straightforward person; but I had schooled myself all the way back in the hansom, and practised my part diligently.

"Well, what success?" he cried, as I entered. "How did the house receive it?"

If you *must* tell a lie, you may as well tell it boldly.

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"Cable! I think taking his hat head is better and practical than taking his head off."

"Yes, sir, I think it would be more practical." Dr. Embeddept's expression from *Cold Sea Cure*.

"Yes, sir, I think it would be more practical." Dr. Embeddept's expression from *Cold Sea Cure*.

Yet with the latter gone each end is largely at the mercy of the other. Dr. Embeddept's "practical" expression is a mere mask, and underneath "is present one, trembling with fear, and another, trembling with anticipation." The audience, if spectator, is in the same state of mind.

Its fill lack on the other side. Mr. Embeddept's "practical" expression is a "hat and one" he mentioned. I should have preferred a "head and one." Mr. Embeddept's mind is doing more but you are quite sure that it is doing nothing practical.

Mr. Embeddept's "practical" expression is a mask, but underneath there is nothing. Mr. Embeddept's mind is doing more than Mr. Embeddept's mind is doing nothing practical. Mr. Embeddept's mind is doing nothing practical. Mr. Embeddept's mind is doing nothing practical.

"Yes, I know I have. Call on me to-morrow, and I will show you the whole delicacies."

"I shall certainly do my endeavour! I believe that I understand me."

"Well, I shall expect you at 7 o'clock without fail, my fellow. I would, I had the pleasure to be at home, but I have a pressing business beyond. I may, what have prepared? I intended the latter to my wife (Entre nous, I have a little wife, and she is very jealous, and I have a little mistress, and she is very jealous, too), but I have a little mistress instead.

"I have a little Hollandaise wife, Gamaches, for a change. Ha, ha! and she is a little Hollandaise, and she is very jealous, too. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

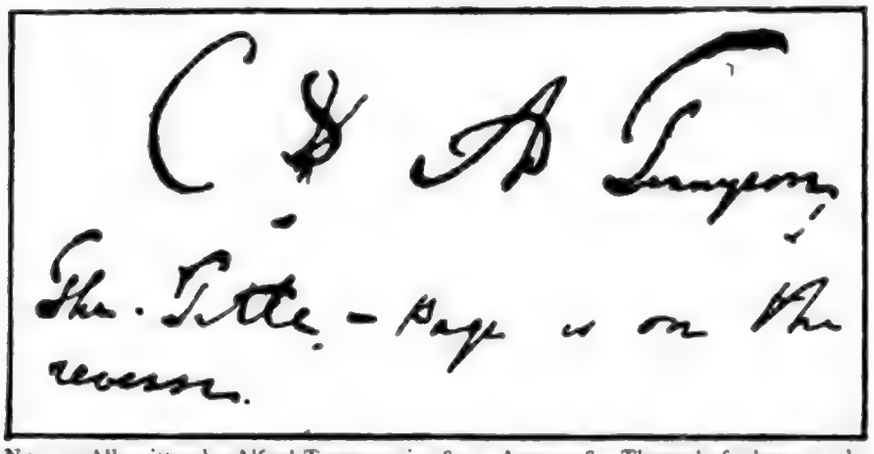
The Handwriting of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

FROM 1827 TO 12TH MAY, 1892.

(Born 6th August, 1809; died 6th October, 1892.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

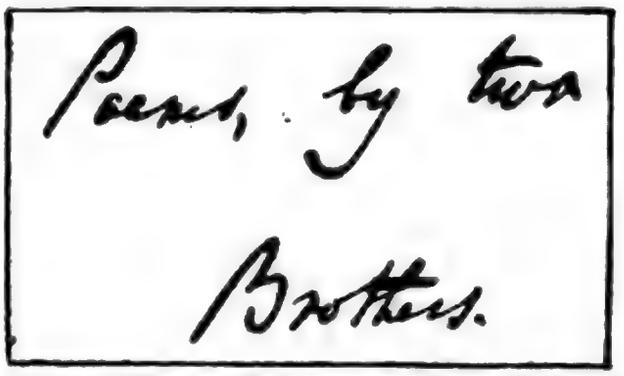
THE intense dislike felt—and justly felt—by Lord Tennyson towards the "autograph craze" went near to cause the stifling of this article at birth. Never has a famous man been more pestered by ill-considered applications for his autograph than was Alfred Tennyson—and never perhaps has a famous man more constantly avoided compliance with such requests. The poet may have been exclusive in the choice of his friends, but those friends have proved their loyalty to Alfred Tennyson. When this paper was commenced last April there seemed available scarce any of the necessary material. The catalogues of dealers in autograph letters were remarkable for the scanty mention of Tennyson-letters; public institutions could render no aid—for lack of matter; persons who possessed letters either refused to lend them or stated that their letters had already been lent for a special purpose; inquiries in Louth, the place of Lord Tennyson's boyhood, and elsewhere, brought no useful results: truly a pleasant state of affairs for a workman—to have no bricks with which to build his house.



No. 1.—All written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. The end of a letter to the publisher of "Poems by Two Brothers." (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

This paper has been written—*not* to pander to any "autograph craze," but to show (with three exceptions) an unpublished collection of extracts from Lord Tennyson's letters, etc., in which great interest may legitimately be taken by readers of his poems; and *not* against the desire of those persons most solicitous to respect Lord Tennyson's wishes, but by aid of valuable assistance received from them.

One of the earliest (known) specimens of Alfred Tennyson's handwriting is shown in No. 1. For this, and for those shown in Nos. 2 and 3, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. George Macmillan. All of these form part of the famous manuscript of "Poems by Two Brothers"—Charles and Alfred Tennyson—which in 1892 was sold for £480, and now rests in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, whither the two brothers went in 1828. Messrs. Jackson, booksellers and printers, of Louth, bought the copyright of these poems in 1827 for £20: in 1891 a single copy of the book sold at Sotheby's for £17, whilst the manuscript itself was bought this year for £500 by old members of Trinity and presented to the college. Upon inquiry I found that facsimiles from the original manuscript could not be taken until October, and, as this paper had to be finished early in September in order to be in time for the Christmas number, I was very glad to be allowed to use some admirable facsimiles of the original which are contained in the "large-paper" edition of "Poems by Two Brothers," edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. So perfect are the plates lent to me that but a slight effort of imagination is needed to believe that in possessing one of these "large-paper" copies of the Poems one also possesses a selection of leaves from the original manuscript — each page is a veritable work of art.



No. 2.—Written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. The title referred to in No. 1. (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

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Dear Sir
The signature of C & A T. at ye conclusion of ye preface was not in ye contract — & we have therefore erased it — nor do we think it would affect ye sale of ye book, since if you are at liberty to say who are ye authors & C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all — You will see ye Errata on ye reverse
Yours truly.
C. & A. T.

No. 3.—Written by Alfred Tennyson in 1827. Age 17-18. A letter to the publisher of "Poems by Two Brothers." The signature, also written by Alfred Tennyson, is *C. & A. T.* ". . . & C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all. You will see the Errata on the reverse. Yours truly." (*Lent by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.*)

As we have to cover a long life, the limits of space prevent the reproduction of more than the three pieces shown in Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The last is a very interesting letter: Alfred Tennyson's remark, in 1827, to his publisher about the unimportance in London of his name, must read curiously to the London of 1894.

It seems that Lord Tennyson was never a writer of many letters, and those he wrote were usually remarkable for laconic expression. Look at No. 4, whilst his letter published on the eve of the 1892 general election (June 28th) — nearly fifty years later than No. 4—contained two emphatic statements couched in ten words: "I love Mr. Gladstone, but hate his present Irish policy." As regards early letters written by Alfred Tennyson, no member of his family, except his son, possesses a single specimen: those written by him were mostly destroyed. This No. 4 is also remarkable for the condensation of much meaning into few words: I have not been able to ascertain to whom this was written, but, if the name were known, it would not be well to state who received this laconic snub polite.

Incidentally, note how pretty a little specimen is No. 4—which gives its mute evidence against the popular and mistaken notion that talented men write a bad "hand." In my collection are hundreds of specimens of all kinds of handwritings: among them are many letters written by small traders, well-to-do shopkeepers, mercantile clerks, etc. Detailed examination of these letters has shown me that men of real intellect actually write a better "hand" than does the average clerk or business-man. There are exceptions, of course, but I have no hesitation in saying that the facts completely upset the fanciful idea that great men write badly. There are many men of some notoriety who pass for

My dear Sir
There is no chance of my staying over Monday — therefore instead of eating with you I will thank you & bid you farewell
Yours very truly
A Tennyson

No. 4.—Written in (about) 1843. Age 33-34.

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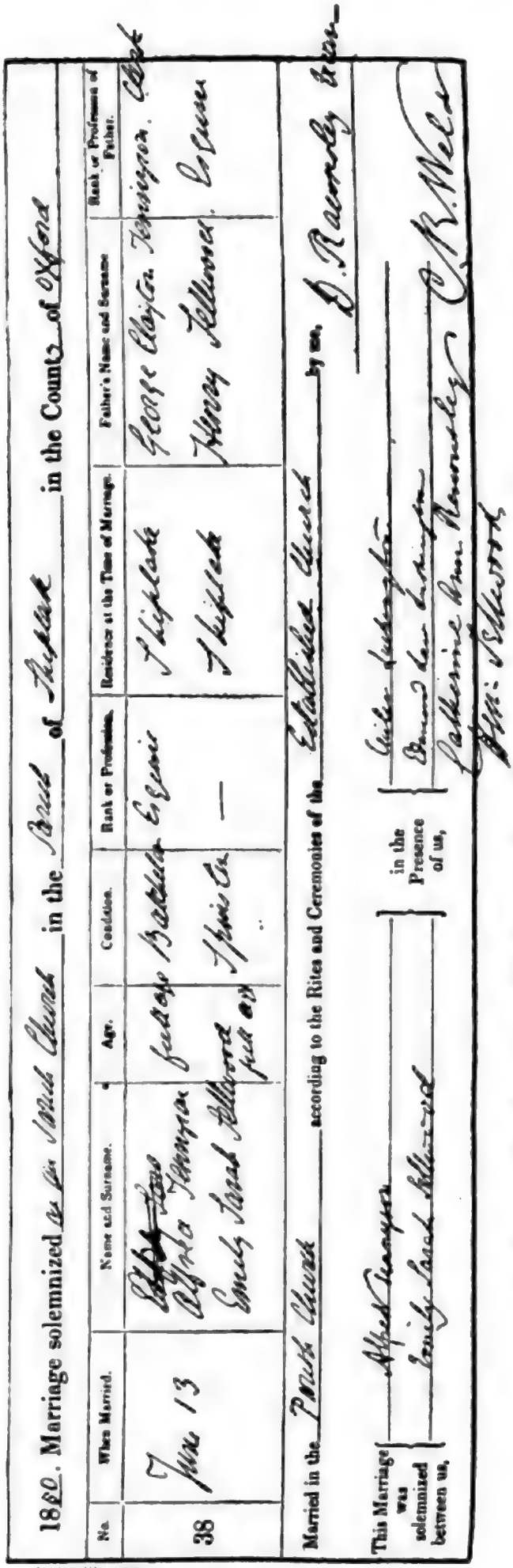


1850. Marriage solemnized in the Parish Church in the Parish of Shiplake in the County of Oxford

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the Time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname	Rank or Profession of Father.
38	June 13	Alfred Tennyson	full age	Bachelor	Esquire	Shiplake	George Clayton Tennyson	Clerk
		Emily Sarah Sellwood	full age	Spinster	—	Shiplake	Henry Sellwood	Esquire

Married in the Parish Church according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church by me, D. Rammsley Rector

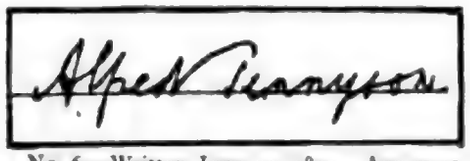
This Marriage was solemnized between us, Alfred Tennyson, Emily Sarah Sellwood in the Presence of us, Sarah Lucy Sellwood, Catherine Mar. Rammsley, Alfr. Sellwood, C. R. Weld

No. 5.—Written June 13, 1850. Age 40-41. A facsimile, in reduced size, from page 19 of the marriage register in Shiplake Church.

talented men by dint of self-assertion and a good stock of pretension, and these persons show as much "swagger" in their written gesture as they do in their general demeanour. But an ounce of popular belief will, for a while, weigh down a ton-weight of ascertained fact. Of course, the hurried scrawl of a pressman writing against time cannot be viewed as ordinary and normal pen-gesture, although some handwritings thus produced are wonderfully good as regards the absence of confusion in the movements, even though haste make the writing somewhat illegible. The popular fallacy that doctors write badly is probably due to the fact that their prescriptions are written in abbreviated Latin, and contain technical symbols of liquid measurement not familiar to the layman.

No. 5 is a facsimile in reduced size from page 19 in the marriage register of Shiplake Church — where Alfred Tennyson was married on June 13, 1850. By a freak of what we call chance, the other entry on the page records the marriage of one Charles Pidgeon, an Oxfordshire labourer who could not write his name and so made his mark. Alfred Tennyson likewise made his mark upon the same page, and in the same year, for in 1850, after his marriage, he became Laureate and also published *In Memoriam*—thereby enrolling Arthur Hallam, as in 1851 Thomas Carlyle enrolled John Sterling, in the select list of those who have owed their fame to their friends.

In No. 6 we have an exact copy of the signature in the marriage register which has been shown in reduced size in No. 5.



No. 6.—Written June 13, 1850. Age 40-41. A facsimile, in the exact size of original, of Alfred Tennyson's signature in the marriage register of Shiplake Church. (*See No. 5.*)

There is a gem in No. 7, although it does not look so well here as in the original, because we do not see fully displayed the exquisite sense of proportion which placed the writing in a fit and pleasing position relatively to the size of the original sheet of note-paper. It is worth while to point out that among the numerous small actions that are often overlooked as being of no importance as evidence of individuality, is the act of placing one's writing harmoniously and

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tastefully in proportion to the size and the shape of the piece of paper which is used. I have found, during a good many years' study of this form of gesture, that men who possess a refined sense of proportion—of the relative fitness of things—especially a sense of the proportions of form, such as is essential to a fastidious constructor, whether he construct poems out of words (which, by the way, are for the most part waiting for us in the dictionary if we know how to combine words), pictures out of black or coloured marks deftly fashioned, or noble buildings out of non-plastic material, or, from marble, statues that look like living men, or models in plastic clay—I have found that such men do usually show in their written letters a certain pleasing grace of proportion which causes them to place their words becomingly upon the writing-paper. Post-cards readily show the absence or the presence of this quality because they are uniform in size; I have many, and some are quite little pictures in black and white if looked at in this light, whilst others are hideously out of proportion. The reason for this sense of proportion showing on a post-card, or in a letter, is sufficiently obvious when pointed out, and the fact can be tested any day by persons who themselves have this sense of fit proportion of form. But most of us can see that No. 7 is literally a very beautiful little bit of black and white construction, in which a refined and delicate sense of proportion is strongly marked. Tennyson had a grand and supple hand, and always wrote with a quill pen, for he disliked the scratchiness of steel pens.

My dear Palgrave

There was a knife & fork for you on Tuesday at Chapel House & we waited till 4½

Why didn't you come?

Ever yours

Tennyson

No. 7.—Written February 19, 1852. Age 42-43.

As to No. 8, no words are needed to show the beauty and the delicacy of this piece of gesture. Those who have eyes can appreciate it, and words would be thrown away upon those who have no eyes for the beauty of form. One does not intrude remarks upon such a masterpiece made by the strong hand and the delicate.

I have chosen to place No. 9 next to No. 8 because I have waited to call attention to perhaps the most prominent quality of Alfred Tennyson—his imagination.

There are some people whose handwriting never shows any "movement," and which retains day after day, and year after year, the same monotonous regularity and the same absence of any "play" in the gesture of it. I cannot deal here with the various exceptions to the general rule that such handwritings usually betray a lack of imagination and sensibility, although they may contain many excellent qualities. Look at No. 9, and then just glance at the other facsimiles on these pages: you

Let not the solid ground
Fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet:
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

No. 8.—Written 1854-5. Age 44-46. Part of an early draft of *Maud*. This piece of Alfred Tennyson's handwriting is a beautiful and impressive illustration of his strength, refinement, and delicacy.

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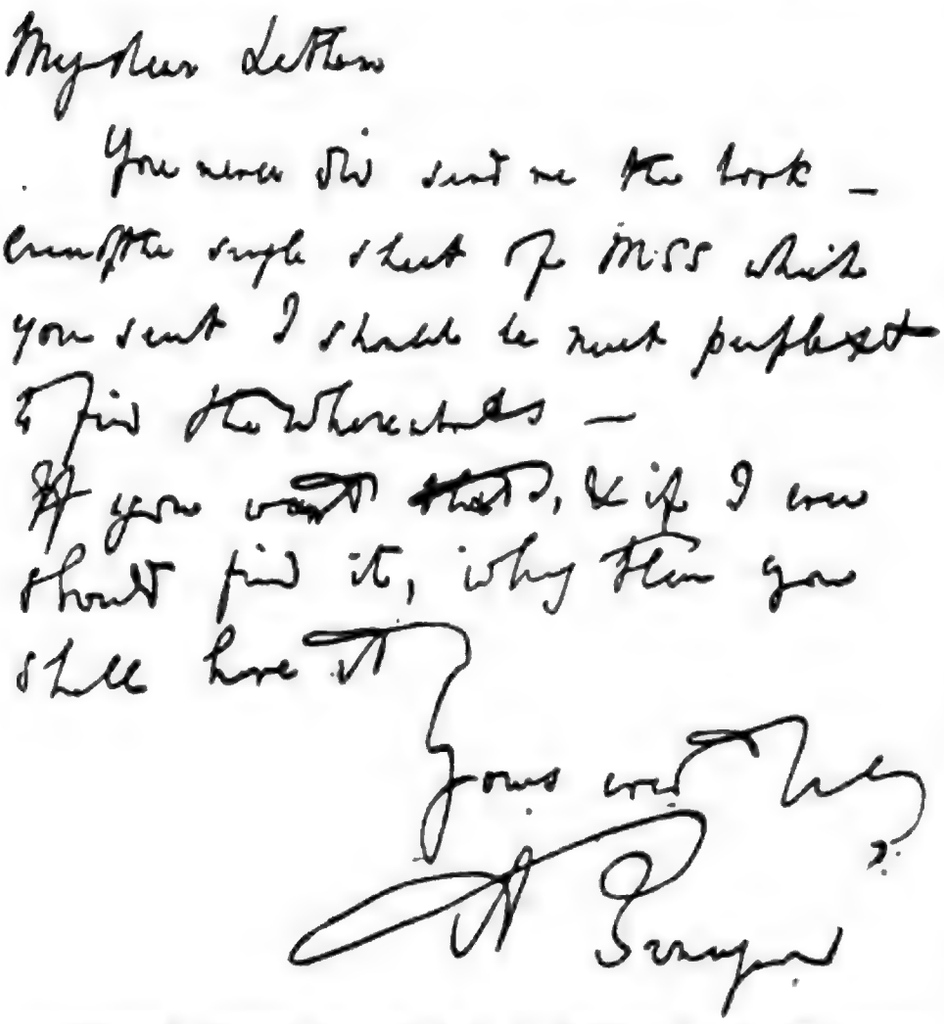

No. 9.—Written in December, 1860. Age 51-52. At Farringford to "My dear Latham." This is an excellent and interesting example of free, imaginative gesture.

will see much "movement" in the writing as a whole, and also considerable variation in it at short time intervals. But this one only (No. 9) suffices to show the imagination which lay ingrained in the nature of Alfred Tennyson, and notice also that, despite this unwonted exuberance of gesture, not one of the fifty-two words here facsimiled is confused or mixed up with another word—the movements are well differentiated although they are so freely thrown off—(the word *of* was inserted between *even* and *the:* line 3). I could show scores of specimens in which men of sensitive imagination evince the quality in a similar way, and I could also show plenty of selections from the writings of the insane where imagination is equally pronounced but not kept under control—here lies part of the difference between a genius and a madman. Speaking generally, both possess imagination: one controls it, and is perhaps a genius; the other has no control, and his disordered imagination and sensibility run away with his reason and he becomes a madman—or akin to one. [It is scarcely necessary to say that not all madmen possess imagination—I am merely taking a typical class of cases—for example, there is the insanity of heavy melancholia and dull apathy, in which imagination plays no part. Readers who may care to see the tell-tale antics in the writing of the insane can refer to pages 194 to 231 of *Handwriting and Expression*, Kegan Paul and Co., 1892.]

But turn to No. 10. Here is a curious freak of imagination based on fact: "*Look at this pile which on my return from abroad I find heaped on my table. I ought to have thanked you before for your generous lines—but look at the pile—some three feet high—and let that apologize for my silence—and believe me, tho' penny-post-maddened, yours ever, A. Tennyson.*" These words followed the drawing by Alfred Tennyson of a kind of pyramid in sections specifying the nature of the letters on his table: "Anonymous insolent letters": "Letters from America, Australia, from monomaniacs, etc.": "Letters asking explanation of particular passages": "Begging letters of all kinds": "Subscriptions asked for church building, schools, Baptist chapels, Wesleyans, etc.": "Newspapers gracious or malignant—magazines, etc.": "Printed circulars of poems asking for subscription": "Presentation copies of poems": "Printed proof sheets of poems": "MSS. poems": "Letters for Autographs" form the two sides of this curious and unique sketch.

People who pester a man of letters do not think of the vast aggregate made up of many single applications of various sorts. Each post used to bring to the house fifty or sixty letters. Mrs. Tennyson and Hallam Tennyson were far too much occupied with the task of wading through these piles of unsolicited correspondence. A letter is on my desk written by Mrs. Tennyson on January 18, 1867, one sentence of which reads: "I ought to have written before, but it is difficult

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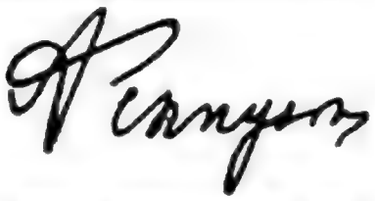
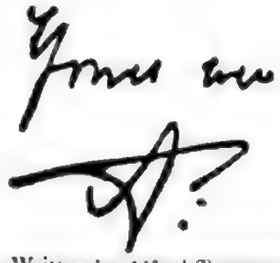
I.—Written by Mrs. Tennyson, May 12, 1868.

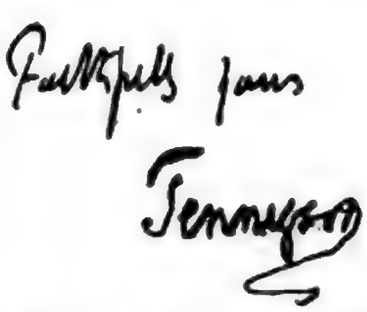


II.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, June 5, 1862.

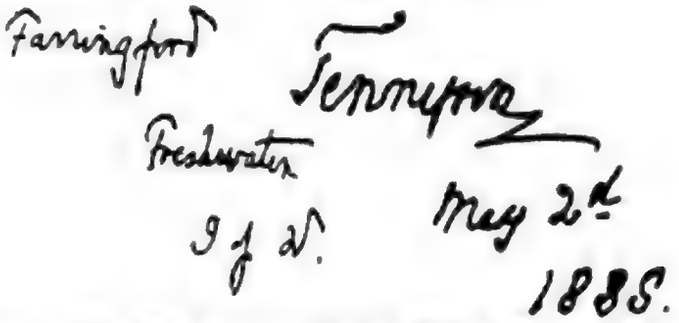
III.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, December 21, 1870.



IV.—Written by Alfred Tennyson, December 15, 1873.



V. This signature was written by Lord Tennyson, June 2, 1886. The words, "Faithfully yours," were written by his son Hallam.



VI.—The signature and the date, May 2, 1888, were written by Lord Tennyson; the address, by his son Hallam.

No. 11.—A comparison of signatures, etc., handwritings of his wife and his son Hallam. may be seen to exist in these three handwritings, letters, genuine and otherwise, of the Poet written by Alfred Lord Tennyson, with the Despite the many points of difference which mistakes frequently occur in connection with Laureate.

VII.—The signature of Hallam Lord Tennyson, written July 5, 1894

fulfilment of her duties in answering these worthless letters to her husband.

In No. 11 we have perhaps what is the most interesting illustration of this paper, and one that I hope will be useful. It is a comparison of three handwritings: Alfred Tennyson's, his wife's, and that of his son Hallam. The wife and the son frequently wrote in the name of the husband or of the father, and mistakes about Lord Tennyson's letters are common even amongst those who have some knowledge of autographs. When one sees a portrait of Lord Tennyson with a signature of his son facsimiled underneath, and letters facsimiled in widely-circulated journals as being those of Lord Tennyson, but which were not written by him, it is then time to set right the mistake—not to deal with the aspect of the case which arises when we note that a genuine signature is worth from £1 10s. to £2.

If any observant person will take the trouble to compare, for example, the "Tennyson" of I. and II. in No. 11, the signatures of VI. and VII., etc., he will see that they could not possibly have been written by the same hand. There is a certain general likeness between some of these specimens, but there remains no real likeness when we come to compare the movements which formed the letters of each of these signatures, etc.

No. 12 relates to a malignant attack upon Tennyson's reputation as a poet: "Make him out a third-rate poet," wrote the man who, in a disclosed letter, instigated the attack—a "slashing" attack was also advised by this gentleman. We see here how Alfred Tennyson quietly ignored the attack and refused the offer of his correspondent to defend him.

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It is not worth your while to answer this attack, nor mine to voice it. I hasten say that it can't possibly do any harm: but I am obliged to you for your proposed defence

Non requirimus di te magnarum e proprio

Yours very truly

A Tennyson

No. 12.—Written May 18, 1869. Age 59-60. The letter from which this has been taken refers to an attack upon Alfred Tennyson, printed in *Temple Bar*, and to a defence suggested by his correspondent. (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

Is not No. 13 pleasing with its gracious words of thanks?

It isn't every bird who sings so prettily in an Author's ear

Yours very truly

A Tennyson

No. 13.—Written December 22, 1869. Age 60-61. Thanking Dr. Bennett for ". . . the music you make in my behalf . . . It isn't every bird who sings so prettily in an Author's ear." (*Lent by Dr. W. C. Bennett.*)

The best letter of the present collection is that shown in No. 14: " . . . . *I could wish that I had something of what Master Swinburne calls 'the divine arrogance of genius' that I might take it into my system and rejoice abundantly—but—as Marvell says:—*

At my best I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity—
Where most of us will be lost and swallowed up. . . ."

No. 14 has been pointed out as the best letter of the present collection, but many readers may consider that No. 15 has an interest equal to that of No. 14, although of a different kind. This letter was written to Mrs. Gladstone, and, coupled with the pipe shown in No. 16, it certainly has a unique interest. In the former letter Alfred Tennyson wrote as the poet—here, he wrote as the devotee of "My Lady Nicotine": "*Will you manage that I may have my pipe in my own room whenever I like?*"

My dear Mr Bennett,
Thanks for your flattering poem. I call it that I had something of what Master Swinburne calls 'the divine arrogance of genius' that I might take it into my system & rejoice abundantly — but — as Marvell says —
At my best I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast Eternity —
Where most of us will be lost & swallowed up — nevertheless, true thanks — Yours ever A Tennyson

No. 14.—Written November 13, 1872. Age 63-64. (*Lent by Dr W. C. Bennett.*)

This pipe was recently lent to me for reproduction here; and, by the way, in one of the papers recently there was a nonsensical statement that Lord Tennyson smoked only new "churchwardens," broke them after use, and threw the pieces into a basket—pure fiction, as any smoker of clays ought to know. An old clay pipe is a very pleasant pipe, but a new clay is unpleasant, even though it be soaked, as Lord Tennyson used to soak

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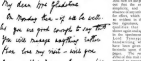
Dear Mr. Gladstone
On Monday then—if we be well
let us spend length & breadth
you will manage anything better
Have you any wish—wish you
manage that I may see my pipe
in my own room whenever I like?
Yours ever
A. Tennyson

FIG. 1. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, to William Ewart Gladstone, 1889. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Gladstone Papers, British Library.

Not so many years ago, such work as this would be only a witness for his memory of an amazing mind.

Now it is showing signs of repetition. Tennyson's mind was at its best in the years from twenty-five to twenty-five; it was at its worst in the years from Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee onwards. Not that we can

FIG. 2. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, to Sir Henry Taylor, 1890. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Tennyson Research Centre, Lincolnshire.

and simple for the first pupils should indicate. The Author's Preface, which contains an review of meritorious, which produces many related signatures quite different from the specimen. It is, of course, impossible the value of many excellent persons who are unable to realize that Nature's courage and perseverance are not the exclusive property of

Of the Author's Preface, which contains an review of meritorious, which produces many related signatures quite different from Nature's courage and perseverance are not the exclusive property of persons who are unable to realize that the value of many excellent persons who are unable to realize that

The Training of Performing Animals.

By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

CHARLES JAMES FOX defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." If this be a true definition, we must accord to the trainers of animals a front place among the geniuses of the world. There is assuredly no profession in which more patience and painstaking work are required. We see the results from before the footlights. It gives us a moment's pleasure, and we think no more about its difficulties. What that result may mean we do not care. The weeks and months, and sometimes years, which it may have cost to produce that result we cannot be expected to take into account. The band plays, the trainer stands before us, smiling and graceful, no sign of care or anxiety upon his countenance. The animals go through their performances; there is no hitch, no difficulty: all is easy, well rounded off. So far from being astounded, we ask for more; like the audience which hissed Grimaldi, we want a new feature. Nevertheless, some of the more curious amongst us do occasionally ask ourselves how these results are brought about. The sensitive murmur the mystic word "cruelty," shudder, and put the whole matter out of their minds.

This notion that animals are taught to perform tricks by dint of cruelty, by blows and starvation, is among the most illogical fallacies of the day. We have learned that it is easier to teach children by kindness than by blows, yet we assume that monkeys must be flogged into a condition of abject fear before they can be got to do anything. We know that the whip is of but little use in the training of dogs, and yet we imagine that bears are taught to dance on red-hot sheets of iron.

On the other hand, the answer which the trainer invariably makes to our inquiries is scarcely satisfying. "Patience, patience, always patience," this is his formula, his magic; but it does not convince us. We cannot believe that a fox can be taught to jump over a duck by patience. Yet that is the only way: it is a laborious, an unromantic, prosaic method, but, nevertheless, it is the only one. Perhaps it would be more correct to say "patience and firmness, with a judicious mixture of kindness and severity." Just as revolutions are not made with rose-water, wild beasts cannot be made tractable without the occasional exercise of a little severity. But there is a great difference between severity and cruelty.

Take, for instance, the Siberian bears of M. W. Permané; they are the most amiable, friendly, and playful creatures in the world—to look at them with their master. But approach them by yourself when that master's back is turned, and you will have cause to regret your indiscretion, and will for the future make it your rule in life never to talk to a bear without being introduced. Bears are proverbially ill-mannered animals. These Siberian bears are really beautiful to look at. They have the most lovely coats, the most happy faces, and the most ungainly walk. To see them standing on a swing and "talking" to their master is really killing fun. The way they will sit down at a table and drink stout out of bottles is an edifying sight for any total abstainer to see. But perhaps the climax of comicality is reached when one of these unwieldy creatures has a lady's straw hat tied to his head and walks round the stage on M.

M. PERMANE'S SWINGING BEAR.

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Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

Fortunately some people, at this time of the year, and wrestling about with the problem of Christmas presents, are experiencing no difficulty whatever. They know not dismay, nearly will, Mr. Pickwick's friend Jackson, they know not what it is to shake hands with the cold sweat of despair upon their brows.

"How do you manage to find those presents?" I asked a friend who was wearing the predicament.

"Oh, I don't bother about them," he replied. I looked at him; I did not wish, because I thought he was joking. But he was serious as he said it. "No, I don't bother about them. I just let the thought of them lie in my mind, and they come to me, and I buy them and send them off."

"Do you always get them?"

"Always. I don't bother about them."

"Do you never forget anyone?"

I looked at him; I did not wish, because I thought he was joking. But he was serious as he said it. "No, I don't. I just let a person's memory lie in my mind, and I remember that I must give him something."

"Do you never forget anyone?"

"Never."

"Mr. X. Bernard continued," I took up the tale, "Mr. X. Bernard, I say, I don't bother about them. I just let the thought of them lie in my mind, and they come to me. I'm an Evangelical Christian, you know, and I believe that God puts into my mind the thoughts that I must give to people. I believe that God puts into my mind the thoughts that I must give to people. I believe that God puts into my mind the thoughts that I must give to people.

understand when they are being talked to. I have seen a bear look quite sorrowful and penitent after a scolding.

THE "BLONDIN" MONKEY.

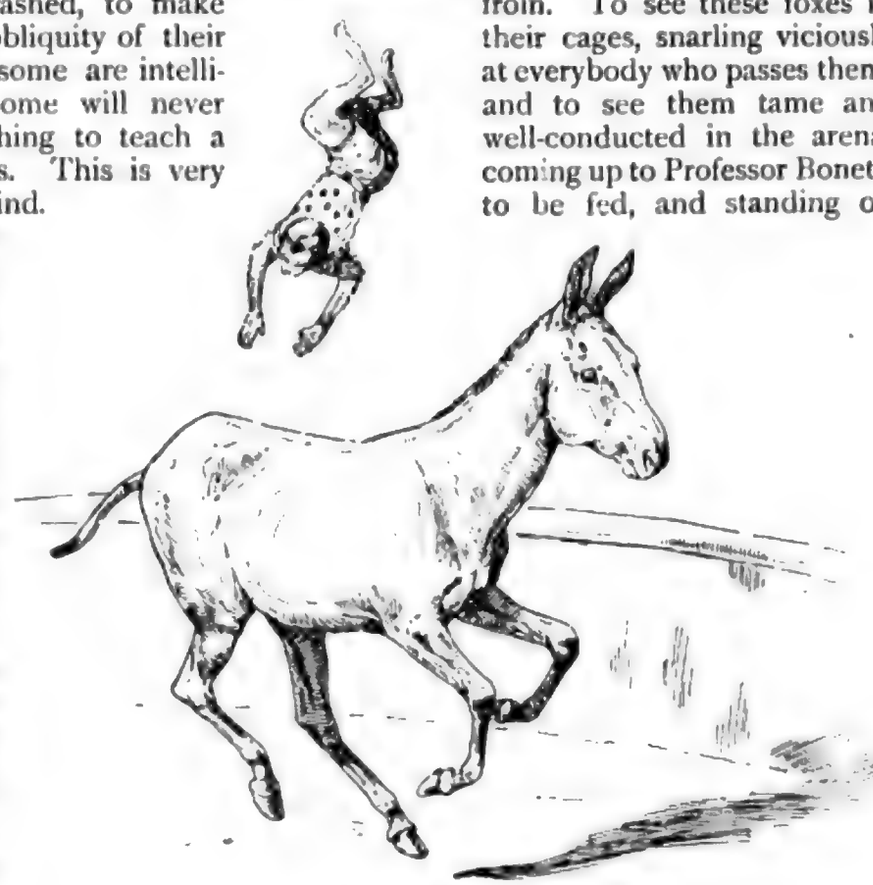
If bears are treacherous so are monkeys, but they are also affectionate and grateful. M. Nivin, the Hungarian, who is perhaps one of the finest trainers of monkeys in the world, always gets hold of his monkeys before they have changed their teeth, and nurses them through their teething. They are generally so grateful for his care that they will do anything for him afterwards. Nevertheless, even then they are sometimes treacherous, and M. Nivin showed me several nasty bites which he had had from one of his little pupils. When they are vicious they have to be thrashed, to make them understand the moral obliquity of their conduct. Monkeys differ: some are intelligent and learn quickly; some will never learn. The most difficult thing to teach a monkey is to make mistakes. This is very perplexing to the monkey mind.

Take, for instance, the "Blondin" monkey. This animal walks along a horizontal bar with his head in a sack. Before performing his trick, he is taught to throw the sack on the ground several times, and the difficulty is to make him understand when he is to refuse to do the trick and when he is to do it. There is always a look of anxiety on the monkey's face, which plainly betrays his uncertainty while he is throwing off the sack. By dint of great patience, however, he is eventually made perfect.

These monkeys are very amusing. I was looking at M. Gris's baboon, which rides a donkey, jumps through hoops, turns somersaults on the donkey's back, falls off, and climbs up again by the donkey's tail, all while the donkey is cantering round the arena. M. Nivin was talking to me at the time.

"You see that baboon," he said; "he is not doing a quarter of what he does during rehearsal. But he knows perfectly well that his master cannot thrash him before the audience, and so he can afford to be lazy. Monkeys are very human!" Perhaps the most amusing monkey is Clown Ruffin's jockey-monkey, who rides the porcine wonder. The way that monkey sticks on to the little pig's back, while the latter keeps squeaking as though it was being murdered, and jumps over miniature fences, is a sight for the gods. Occasionally the jockey falls off, but he gets on again in a jiffy, and the pig continues squeaking and jumping as if for its very life.

The most remarkable of animal trainers is, without doubt, Professor Bonetti, whose troupe of educated foxes, geese, ducks, fowls, ravens, and dogs are marvellous. His foxes jump over hurdles and through hoops, they jump over ducks and fowls, they feed with these birds, whom it is their nature to feed on, and they run about the arena with fox-hounds, whom they usually run away from. To see these foxes in their cages, snarling viciously at everybody who passes them, and to see them tame and well-conducted in the arena, coming up to Professor Bonetti to be fed, and standing on



THE BABOON CIRCUS-RIDER.

THE JOCKEY-MONKEY.

used to play, and whom he used to teach, in spite of Buffon, to perform the most remarkable feats imaginable. His employer, it must be confessed, had little sympathy with young Bonetti's tastes, and one fine morning turned him neck and crop out of his business. His parents found him another employer, but he was an unprofitable servant, and it soon became clear that his destiny had not singled him out for the walk of life for which his parents had intended him.

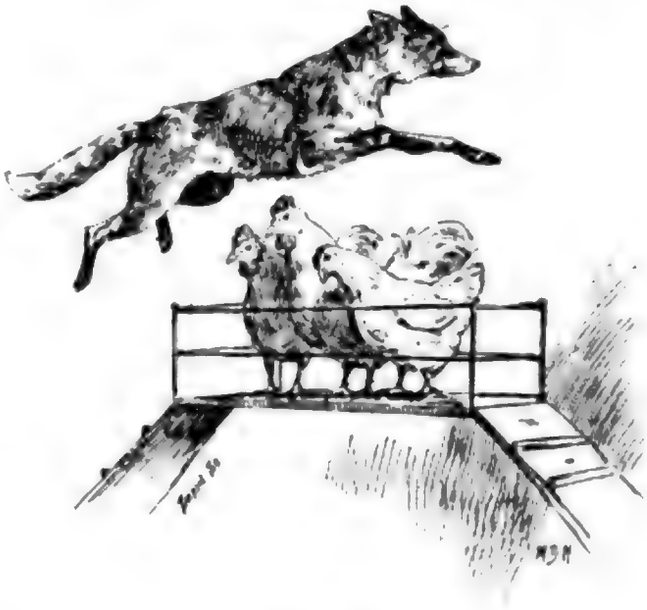
PROFESSOR BONETTI'S TROUPE.

their hind-legs, like dogs, are two very different sights. One would scarcely believe them to be the same animals.

Professor Bonetti makes them ride a tricycle in the company of dogs and ravens, and winds up his performance with a triumphal procession, in which dogs and foxes are harnessed to a car and draw the feathered tribe round the arena. Foxes are particularly stupid animals to train, but Professor Bonetti makes them do what he likes. His watchword is patience. It took him six months to train these foxes. His methods are simple, but laborious. He is the original trainer of cats and mice and canaries, and has told me that the methods he applied in training them are the same as those he now uses with his foxes and his ducks.

Perhaps a short history of Professor Bonetti's beginnings may be interesting. He is a Dutchman, and was born at Amsterdam. His parents put him into a draper's shop to be a salesman. One day he read in Buffon's Natural History that cats, owing to their stupidity and obstinacy, could not be taught tricks. This surprised the young shop-assistant, who, instead of "penning stanzas when he should engross," was in the habit of spending all the time he could spare in a loft surrounded by a numerous company of cats, with whom he

In a large granary in Amsterdam he devoted himself to the training of cats. Mice and rats abounded in this place, and here one day he caught a litter of eight young rats,



ONE OF PROFESSOR BONETTI'S FOXES.

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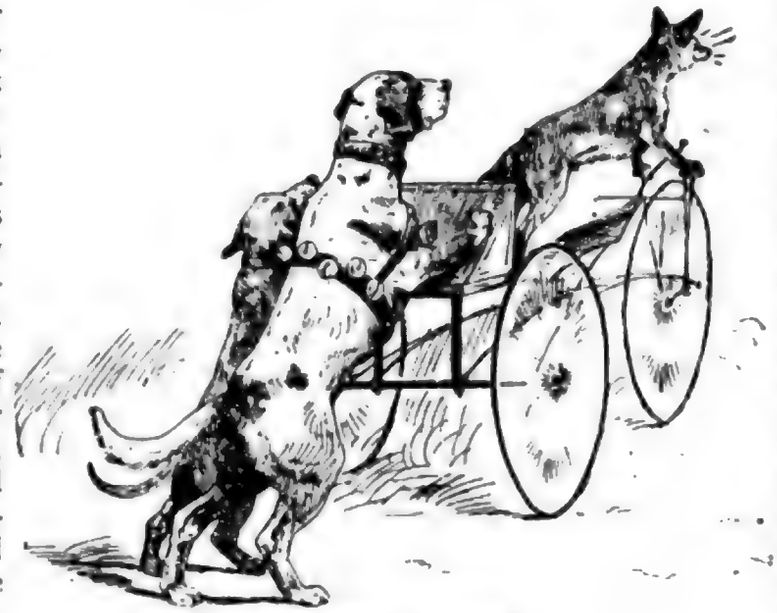
each no bigger than his little finger, and only about twelve days old.

These gave him an idea. He introduced them to his cats, and gradually the formal acquaintance ripened into confidence and friendship. Of course, on their first introduction, the cats betrayed their natural propensities, and made a grab at the little rats, but Professor Bonetti restrained them, and after a time they got to behave quite frankly and unaffectedly towards each other. Use is second nature.



FOX RIDING A TRICYCLE.

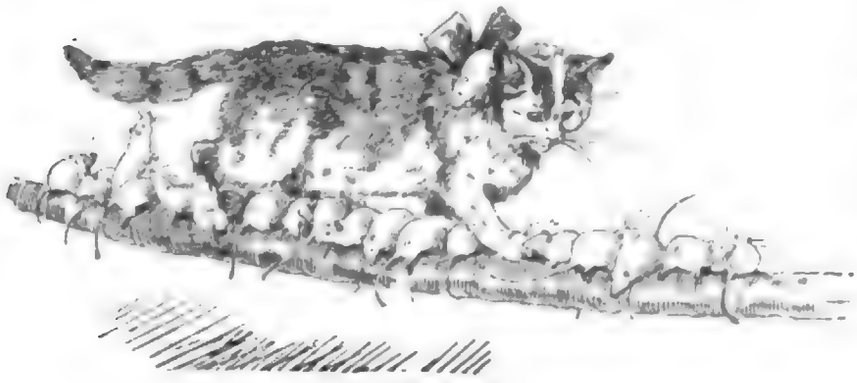
The professor now increased his happy family by the addition of a canary. But the introduction of the bird was a work of difficulty. After a time the canary got confidence in the professor, and finally it got confidence in the cats, but it took time. Professor Bonetti never loses patience. Cats are intensely stupid, and will not understand what is expected of them. Nevertheless, to strike them or to seize them irritably only makes them more obstinate. When a cat once makes up its mind not to do anything, nothing on earth will induce the animal to do it.

Professor Bonetti never beats his pupils, but he also never allows them to beat him. He gently, but resolutely, insists upon their going through the tricks he wishes them to learn, and he never gets out of temper. One of the most difficult tricks to teach a cat is to make it jump through a hoop covered with paper. The method adopted is to make it first jump across a band of paper, and to increase the size of this band day by day until the cat has to jump through it. The professor then takes a hoop covered with paper, in which he makes a hole, through which he makes the cat jump. Each succeeding day the hole is made smaller until it reaches the vanishing point, and the cat makes a hole of its own. This one trick Professor Bonetti has often worked at for as long as five months. The jump through the flames is taught on the same principle, and takes just as much time.

A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

Having taught his cats and mice and canaries, and brought them up to perfection, Professor Bonetti commenced to exhibit them in 1882.

Since then he has done much in the way of the training of animals, but his last performance with foxes is the most remarkable of its kind. Yet the methods adopted in training these wild animals are in principle the same as those



CAT AND MICE.

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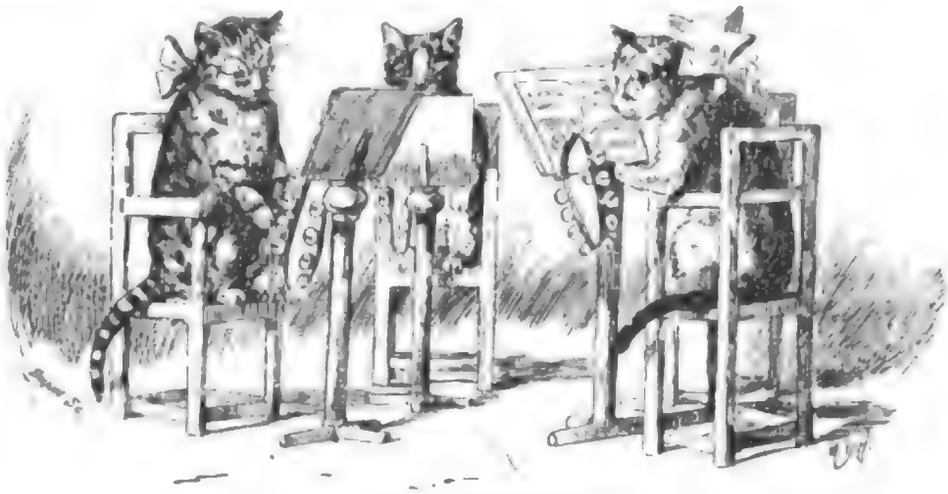
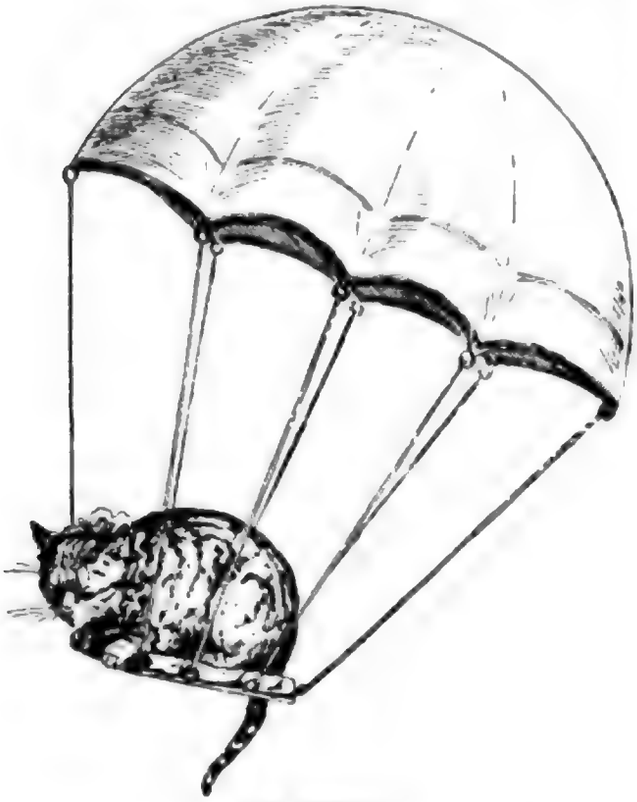
THE "BALDWIN" KITTEN CLIMBING UP TO THE PARACHUTE.

employed in the education of his cats. Violence and cruelty are of no use, they only confuse and frighten the animals. Patience and firmness are essential. As with bears, so with monkeys, foxes, cats, and any other animals, the general idea is always the same. First accustom the animal to its trainer, let it feel confidence in him, and feel that he is master, and then commence the tricks slowly and gradually. It must not be expected that an animal can be taught a trick all at once; they must be taught very much as children are taught to read. When once the initial difficulty of teaching them to do anything is overcome, nothing is surprising. And yet some of their tricks we shall never cease to marvel over. Take, for instance, Professor Leoni Clarke's "Baldwin" kitten, which climbs up to the roof of the theatre or circus where the performance takes place, gets into a parachute of itself, and then drops down, to be caught by Professor Clarke. To see that kitten slowly climb the rope, and stop every now and then to pause, is most thrilling. There can be no doubt of its unwillingness to ascend, and when it reaches the top it hesitates before getting into the parachute; it seems to reflect and ask itself whether it would not be wiser to climb down again rather than trust itself to that apparatus; but it overcomes its natural unwillingness and gets in with an air of heroic determination which is most pathetic. That "Baldwin" kitten



"HOME, SWEET HOME."



THE DESCENT.

A GAME OF SKITTLES.

RAISING THE BRIDGE.

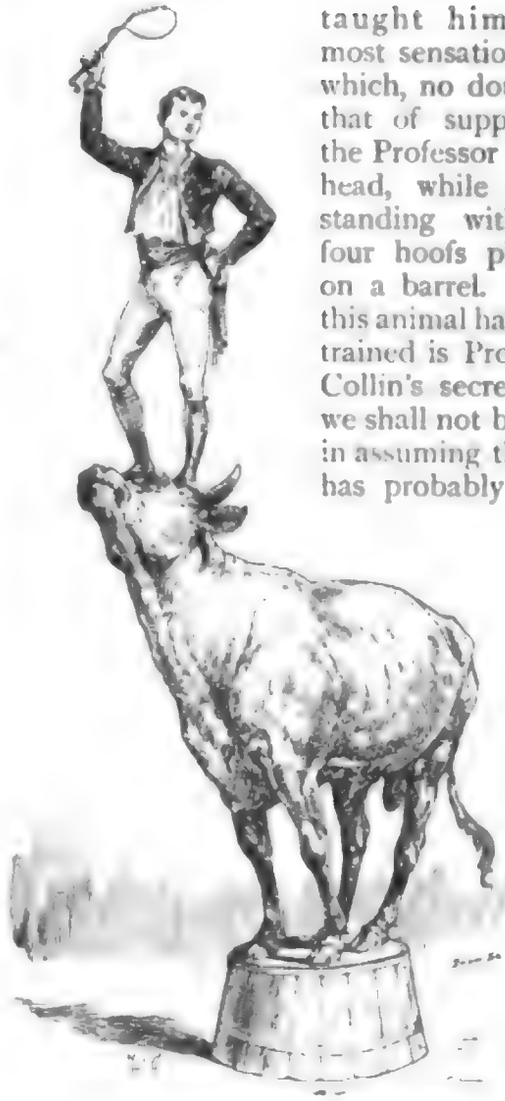
617

or one of his principles animal performers I have seen, the most remarkable specimen of them, Professor Carl's musical horse, the "Young Great Barbary" (a degenerate descendant of the famous Barbary, the property of the late Mr. Cross), and the "Wonderful Dog" of the same, who, with his 'cello and violin, plays tunes, and knows the value of money.

It can not be obvious to every reader that the principles of training are the same from one standpoint as to the horse, the dog, the bear, the lion, the tiger, the elephant, the camel, the ass, the ox, the sea-lion, the seal, the ape, the monkey, the bird, the fish, the insect, the reptile, the amphibian, the crustacean, the mollusk, the worm, the protozoan, the sponge, the plant, the tree, the shrub, the bush, the vine, the grass, the moss, the lichen, the fungus, the bacillus, the bacteria, the germ, the microbe, the mycelium, the spawn, the bud, the root, the stem, the leaf, the flower, the fruit, the seed, the bulb, the tuber, the corm, the rhizome, the stolon, the runner, the sucker, the tendril, the thorn, the spine, the prickle, the bristle, the hair, the fur, the wool, the feather, the down, the quill, the scale, the shell, the bone, the tooth, the tusk, the horn, the hoof, the claw, the nail, the skin, the flesh, the blood, the sap, the juice, the pulp, the rind, the husk, the shell, the stone, the kernel, the nut, the pod, the bean, the pea, the grain, the corn, the wheat, the rice, the oats, the barley, the rye, the maize, the potato, the yam, the cassava, the sago, the tapioca, the arrowroot, the cocoa, the coffee, the tea, the cinchona, the quinine, the cinnamon, the clove, the nutmeg, the mace, the pepper, the ginger, the cayenne, the mustard, the cabbage, the turnip, the onion, the leek, the garlic, the shallot, the asparagus, the cucumber, the melon, the pumpkin, the squash, the gourd, the cocoanut, the pineapple, the banana, the plantain, the orange, the lemon, the lime, the citron, the pomelo, the shaddock, the tangerine, the mandarin, the kumquat, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive, the date, the apple, the pear, the quince, the medlar, the peach, the nectarine, the plum, the cherry, the apricot, the mulberry, the raspberry, the blackberry, the strawberry, the currant, the gooseberry, the grape, the cranberry, the whortleberry, the bilberry, the huckleberry, the cloudberry, the sapodilla, the mangosteen, the durian, the jackfruit, the bread-fruit

untractable, and look at the performances of such furious brutes as bulls and lions, we find that the same rules hold good here. Cruelty with a lion will avail nothing. While he is wrestling with his keeper he must know that that keeper is in his power. Nor will starvation do; for if the animal be ravenous, not even the keeper will be safe. The king of beasts is not dainty, and will make his meal off the first quarry he can find. The lion must be captured when a cub, he must be fed by his keeper, whom he must be accustomed to regard as his playmate as well as his master, and while he must not be under-fed, he must as certainly not be too well fed, or he will get unmanageable, and moreover, like a bear, he is not to be trusted after he has attained a certain age.

Professor Collin's bull is another instance of the triumph of mind over brute force. It is beautiful to see this handsome and noble animal performing the tricks his trainer has taught him, the most sensational of which, no doubt, is that of supporting the Professor on his head, while he is standing with his four hoofs planted on a barrel. How this animal has been trained is Professor Collin's secret, but we shall not be rash in assuming that he has probably been guided very much by the same rules which have been followed with so much success by Professors Bonetti and Permané, and, in fact, by all trainers of animals.



PROFESSOR COLLIN'S BULL.

A WRESTLING LION.

The results obtained by these trainers prove conclusively that with patience and determination all things are attainable. They also teach us another and equally important lesson, namely, that cruelty to animals does not pay. Bearing this in mind, we shall be able to watch the performances of educated animals without a pang, and our admiration for their trainers will only be heightened.

By F. Startin Pilleau.

I AM, as I think all who know me will readily admit, a peaceful man, and not one given to poking his nose into other people's business. I do not take any pride to myself for this, but at once admit that other people's affairs do not interest me, for, no matter how spicy a scandal may be, unless it be directly connected with sport of some kind or other, I turn a deaf ear to it. All mysteries and secrets I abominate, except secrets of the turf, and few even of these have sufficient hold on my memory to last over a good night's rest. Why, then, I ask, should I, of all people in the world, be the unwilling recipient of one of the strangest and most horrible mysteries it has ever been the lot of man to conceive?

True, I share the burden of the secret with one other man, my old friend Tom Farquharson; and it is, I fully admit, a considerable comfort to feel that he bears, equally with myself, the responsibility of the silence we have hitherto maintained respecting the extraordinary occurrence that I am about to relate, for, in consequence of what happened last week, we have, after considerable discussion, determined to lay the facts of the case before the public, taking care, of course, to suppress the real names of the people concerned.

Without further preamble, then, I will at once set forth, in as few and simple words as possible, the strange events to which I have referred.

It was on the 11th August last year that I travelled up to Scotland, in fulfilment of a long-standing engagement, to shoot grouse at Farquharson's ancestral place in Sutherlandshire; and when I add that I had been travelling, almost without stopping, ever since I left the Austrian Tyrol, in order to arrive at Tom's in time for the 12th, you will readily believe me when I say, upon my weary journey at last ending, I arrived at Inverstrathy Castle more dead than alive.

It was shortly after 8 o'clock p.m. when I got there, and the house party had just sat down to dinner; Tom, however, came out to greet me, and urged me to hurry up and join them as soon as possible. But I pleaded that I was dead-beat, and much too done-up to put in an appearance that night, so he considerately gave way to my solicitations; then, promising to send me up something to eat to my own room, he hurried back to his guests.

Inverstrathy Castle is a fine specimen of one of those grand old Scottish strongholds one reads of in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and, tired as I was, I greatly admired the magnificent collection of armour and trophies of antique weapons, grouped round the fine old hall, and up the sides of the broad, black oak staircase, the balusters and newels of which were carved with a boldness one seldom comes across in modern times.

My accommodation, I found, consisted of two rooms: a large, but rather gloomy, bedroom, hung from floor to ceiling with rare old tapestry and furnished throughout with old oak, the ancient four-post bedstead, carved with quaint designs, being almost hidden in a deep recess; and a dressing-room opening out of it, in which, I was glad to see, a modern bath had been fitted up, of which I determined to immediately avail myself.

Having done so, and donned an old, and consequently comfortable, shooting suit, I sat down to a tempting repast, which one of the footmen had spread while I was enjoying my tub.

Since I have made up my mind to take the public into my confidence, I will not keep back anything, however unimportant it may seem, and I therefore at once confess that I partook freely of that cosy meal, and made short work of the bottle of Heidsieck the man had been thoughtful enough to provide. Then, having lighted a cigar, I drew a comfortable chair up to the fire and proceeded to finish a racy novel I had purchased on my journey.

Let me recapitulate: I was tired out by my journey; I had had a comfortable warm bath; I had eaten a substantial meal and swallowed a bottle of champagne; and I had then sat down in a luxurious chair in front of a cheerful fire. Is it remarkable that I fell asleep? I think not; I believe ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done the same. Anyhow, I fully admit, I did fall asleep and that my sleep was long, and sound, and undisturbed by dreams, as an honest, tired man's sleep should be.

How long I slept I cannot say, but suddenly I awoke with a start, in consequence, as I thought, of somebody bringing a dazzling light into the room, and before I could collect my scattered senses, the tapestry at the further end of the room was pushed aside and a lovely girl, in evening costume, with a most beautiful but terror-stricken face, rushed frantically in and fell on her knees on the hearth-rug just in front of me: and as she fell, I noticed that a curious, antique jewel, shaped like a heart pierced by an arrow, becoming unfastened, slipped, without her knowing it, from off her neck to the floor.

Startled by her sudden and unaccountable appearance, I was on the point of rising to her assistance, when, to my further astonishment, from precisely the same spot as before, the tapestry was again pushed aside, and a tall, handsome man ran into the room with a drawn dagger in his hand, which, before I had time to interfere, to my unspeakable horror, he plunged to the hilt into the heart of the poor girl.

With a yell of dismay I sprang from my chair to seize him by the throat, when, just as I got to him, to my amazement both he and his victim suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; nor could I discover the slightest trace of the tragedy I had seen take place before my very eyes. Long I stood, completely bewildered and dumfounded, and then, persuading myself I must have been dreaming, I undressed and went to bed.

Next morning, the remembrance of what had taken place the previous night returned to me in full force, and the first thing I did was to carefully examine that part of the room from which both the actors of the tragedy had appeared; but, though I found no difficulty in pushing aside the tapestry, I could not discover any trace of a door. I, however, found, somewhat to my surprise, that the wall was wainscoted to the height of about 7ft., not only at that end, but forming a high dado all round the room. I imagine therefore that Farquharson, or one of his predecessors, finding the room too dark and gloomy with so much black oak, hung the tapestry round the walls to brighten it up a bit.

While dressing, I debated with myself whether or not I should tell Farquharson what I had seen, but came to the conclusion that neither he nor anyone else would for a moment believe it could be anything more than a bad dream, engendered by my over-eating myself. Indeed, I was myself very much of the same opinion, and so dismissed the matter from my mind. Once, however, during the afternoon, when Farquharson and I happened to be alone together, I remarked how greatly I admired Inverstrathy Castle, and then casually inquired whether, by any chance, it were haunted.

"Haunted!" he replied, "why, of course it is. Who ever heard of an old Scotch castle that wasn't?"

But upon my pressing him further to tell me the history connected with it, he confessed he was unable to do so, and admitted that neither he, nor anyone else so far as he knew, had ever seen or heard anything of a supernatural nature. Here the conversation dropped as we resumed the business of the day.

We were a merry party that night at dinner, and it was close upon ten when, at last, Tom

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suggested no doubt (see the letter in the *Athenæum*) that we I had in the mean time, and after many years, been visited by some of those, which had been successively aggravated by an increase in fertility for the mother on the little fly, its habitat, and, what was of the utmost importance, the fertility of the mother, was changed and modified, and, being thus modified, it was not unlikely that the offspring would be modified, and, being thus modified, they would be not unlikely to be fertile, and, being fertile, they would be not unlikely to be fertile, and, being fertile, they would be not unlikely to be fertile, and, being fertile

oak, polished by centuries of rubbing, and almost as black as ebony, I could not be certain, in the inadequate light, if such were really the case or not, and I therefore determined to return to bed and examine it more carefully in the morning.

It was some time before I again got to sleep, which, under the circumstances, I think was scarcely surprising; nor is it to be wondered at that, when at last I did do so, I slept so heavily that it was an hour later than the time I had intended to rise when I again woke up. Jumping out of bed, I dressed as rapidly as I could, and then descended at once to the breakfast-room, forgetting, in my hurry, to pursue my investigations of the night before. Judge, then, of my amazement when the first person I saw, on entering the breakfast-room, was the young lady of my vision! I could not possibly be mistaken, for her beautiful face had indelibly photographed itself on my mind; besides, too, there, hanging on her neck, was the identical jewel I had noticed on the unfortunate girl I had twice seen murdered.

Of course I carefully scrutinized the rest of the company, fully expecting to discover, in one or other of them, the villain of the tragedy; but no one there in the least resembled him, and though many others entered the room afterwards, he was not among them. I came to the conclusion then that either he was not staying in the house, or else had already breakfasted and gone out.

After breakfast I took an early opportunity of telling Farquharson I wished to speak to him privately, and he at once led me to his own sanctum. I immediately asked him who the young lady was, and, after hearing my description, he informed me she was a Miss Craig, a distant cousin of his own.

"And I tell you what it is, my boy," he added, "if you're touched in that quarter you couldn't possibly do better, for not only does she come from a good old stock—in fact, her great-grandmother married my great-grandfather—but she is an heiress in her own right, for, though of course Inverstrathy Castle descended through heirs male to your humble servant, she is the sole survivor of the Craigs of Craigcrathie, a place second to none in Scotland, about forty miles from here in Ross-shire."

I hastily disabused his mind of any such intent on my behalf, and then briefly related to him all I had seen the two previous nights.

Of course, as I fully expected, he pooh-poohed, at first, the whole story; but I pointed out that it was very strange I should have immediately recognised Miss Craig, a lady I had never seen in my life before.

He admitted that was peculiar, to say the least of it, but, after a moment or two, added:—

"I tell you how it was, old fellow. You arrived here dead-beat, and evidently, while you were going to your room, you caught sight of Miss Craig—without, at the time, particularly noticing the fact. Nevertheless, her exceptional beauty made such an impression on your susceptible heart, that you dreamt about her. And now I come to think of it," he added, "I remember her being late on that occasion, for I recollect her coming into the dining-room just after I returned from seeing you."

"That may be," I replied; "but how is it I had the same dream, if dream it were, two nights running? Besides, too, I never saw Miss Craig at all yesterday, and surely I should have been much more likely to dream of one of the other ladies who were at dinner?"

"Perhaps so, but one can never account for dreams. You did not see Dora yesterday, because she kept her room the whole day with a violent attack of neuralgia. But if the coincidence of your recognising in her the victim of your tragedy tells in one way, surely the absence of your villain tells equally strongly in the other?"

"Well, perhaps you are right. At all events that is the rational, common-sense view to take of the matter; all the same, I wish you would make an opportunity to carefully examine my room with me."

"Why, certainly. Let's go at once."

We were crossing the hall to do so, when Miss Craig called out:—

"Oh, Tom, you're just the very man I want. Mrs. Fergusson is anxious to see the family ancestors, so do come with us and act cicerone, for I always jumble up the old people together, and Mrs. Morgan is so dreadfully prosy."

"Right you are," said Tom; "come along, Bob, you had better come too."

I was only too glad of the opportunity, for I am a bit of a connoisseur as regards pictures, and had often heard Tom expatiate on the treasures of his gallery, especially the Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas.

It is not necessary to go through all the gems of that magnificent collection; suffice it to say, they more than came up to my expectations, when, while I was lost in admiration of a splendid portrait of a Sir

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Donald Campbell, by Vandyke, I heard Tom call to Miss Craig, from quite the end of the gallery :—

"Come here, Dora, for a moment, and pay your dutiful respects to our mutual ancestress, the Lady Betty Colquhoun. I don't wish to flatter you, my dear, but, methinks, I can trace a distinct likeness between you ; allowing, of course, for the deterioration of the species."

"Deterioration yourself, sir," she laughingly replied. "I am sure it is much more marked in the male than in the female line. Is it not, Mrs. Fergusson ?"

Roused from my reverie, I joined the group, and found them looking at the full-length portrait of a young lady dressed in the fashion of the sixteenth century. That the portrait was a speaking likeness of Miss Craig there could not be two opinions ; but what immediately struck me was, that the Lady Betty Colquhoun wore around her neck the identical jewel which Miss Craig was then wearing, and which I had also seen on the neck of the lady of my vision. Although I instantly spotted it I might have easily overlooked it, as it was partially hidden beneath a lace collar the lady was wearing, but the jewel had made such an impression on my mind that I recognised it in a moment, nor could I refrain from calling the fact to the attention of the others ; upon which Miss Craig said :—

"A SPEAKING LIKENESS."

"Why, what sharp eyes you must have ! I have gazed at Lady Betty hundreds of times, and yet never noticed it before. Evidently this is the identical jewel, for it is an heirloom in the family."

"Indeed !" I said, "and is there any legend connected with it ?"

"Oh, dear, yes !" she replied. "It is supposed that no harm can ever come to the owner so long as she is wearing it, and so, as I am very superstitious, I always keep it round my neck, even when I go to bed."

I then asked whether there were any particular history connected with Lady Betty, but both Tom and Miss Craig declared that, so far as they knew, there was not, but that, if there were, Mrs. Morgan would be sure to know it, as she was far better up in the traditions of the family than either of them ; Miss Craig adding :—

"You had better be careful to get the right side of Mrs. Morgan, if you want her to divulge state secrets, as she is a difficult woman to humour, and not always willing to impart the information she undoubtedly possesses."

Shortly after, we separated to pursue the ordinary avocations affected by people staying in a country house ; but I, still thinking of Miss Craig, Lady Betty Colquhoun, and the antique jewel, sought out Mrs. Morgan, and, after a little judicious flattery and Machiavelian diplomacy, for which I have ever been noted, turned our conversation to the picture gallery.

Long were the anecdotes she told me of pretty well every member of the family except the one I wished to hear about, till at

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last I had to ask her the direct question, whether there were any story or legend connected with the Lady Betty Colquhoun.

At first she was very reticent and tried to put me off, but when she found I pertinaciously returned to the subject, she admitted that her mother had once told her a strange tale with regard to that lady, but whether there were any truth in it or not she could not say. After a little more diplomatic handling, I at length got the story out of her, which, divested of her circumlocutions and embellishments, was shortly this:—

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the then Lord of Inverstrathy—one Ronald Farquharson—married the Lady Betty Colquhoun, although it was whispered she had already given her affections to the Laird of Carosphairn. Be that as it may, Ronald Farquharson seems to have had a highly jealous, passionate disposition, and they had been married but a few months, when it became a matter of common notoriety that scarcely a day passed without some desperate quarrel between them. Matters, however, were kept within the bounds of respectability for three years, during which time the Laird of Carosphairn seems to have been abroad; but upon his return, the relations between the Lord and Lady of Inverstrathy became still more strained. Although, some nine or ten months afterwards, a son and heir was born (whom their friends hoped might prove a bond between them, and be the means of a reconciliation), matters grew worse instead of better, and Ronald Farquharson was, more than once, overheard making the most disgraceful insinuations to the unfortunate Lady Betty.

At that time the castle was considerably smaller in extent than at present, the whole of the east wing, and part of the west, having been added in the early part of the seventeenth century, and Ronald and Lady Farquharson, it seems, occupied the identical room I was sleeping in.

One night, after the servants had gone to bed, the nurse, who was sitting up with the child on account of some infantine complaint, overheard her master and mistress having a more than usually serious altercation, and had just made up her mind to inquire what was the matter, when the noise quieted down, and she heard their voices no more. Next morning, however, her mistress had disappeared, and it was rumoured that, driven desperate by her husband's brutality, she had fled in the night to the Laird of Carosphairn, with whom she had eloped; at any rate, neither she nor the laird were ever heard of afterwards, and it was supposed that, endeavouring to cross to the Orkneys in a fishing smack, they had been wrecked during a terrible gale that was raging all that night.

I asked her whether the gallery contained any portrait of Ronald Farquharson as well as Lady Betty, but she informed me that, though undoubtedly there had been one, as the records proved, it had, unfortunately, perished, along with several others, during a fire which destroyed a large portion of the castle in 1639, soon after which the whole place had been renovated and enlarged by Angus Farquharson, the grandson of Ronald; the central portion, in which were the old state rooms, only being left untouched.

This was all I could get out of Mrs. Morgan, except that, when I cross-questioned her on the subject of the castle being haunted, she reluctantly admitted to having heard some idle tale of a lady, in a white evening costume, being seen about the place at midnight, but had never seen anything of the apparition herself.

Armed with this further information, I sought out Farquharson, and we, there and then, made a thorough examination of my room, but though we found an undoubted stain of something or other on the floor, under the hearth-rug, that was all the success we had, and Farquharson was more than ever convinced that my vision was nothing but a bad nightmare.

"I'll tell you what it is, old chap," he said. "If you like, I'll come and sit up with you here to-night, and see if this precious vision of yours recurs."

"Done with you," I cried, and we then joined the ladies in the hall for afternoon tea.

That night, after the ladies had retired to their rooms and we had played a few games of pool, Farquharson reminded us we were to make an early start the next morning to shoot over the outlying moors, and we all at once turned in, Farquharson going with me to my room, as agreed; then, producing a couple of packs of cards, he said:—

"Look here, my boy, as this is likely to prove a long job—for I don't suppose you'll be satisfied till two or three o'clock, unless anything happens in the meantime, which I'm quite sure won't be the case—we had better have a little *écarté;* so fill up your glass" (he had taken care to send the necessary materials to my room), "and cut for deal."

"All right," I replied. "A sovereign a game, as usual, I suppose?" and we at once commenced.

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Now, both Partyhanns and I, without knowing each other, were seeing this thing for so much the first time we had shown to a host of *Anno*. We had played a game together, and we had seen the Castle Party arrive, and had become so absorbed in our occupation that the real reason for our meeting had slipped from the memory of our minds, when, in the midst of one of the most exciting bunch of the evening, the scene

King, knave, eight of trumps, as well as the King and another spade, just as I was about to lead the Ace, the Castle Ghost appeared, shedding it and dons *King* instead of knave, which he had already led, the light in the Castle Ghost's eyes appeared to gain from down the pictorial hollowness.

We both started round just in time to see the Castle Ghost disappear through the door. Beautiful girl, so like Miss Long, yet also like the Lady Betty, rush forward, with terrified face, and fall on her knees on the floor, and then, as we rushed to her, she slipped from off her neck to the floor, and move the exclaiming scrambled followed her to the door, and there we saw the Castle Ghost cloggs in his hand, and then, for the dazed mind, I witnessed that horrible mystery, with the Castle Ghost's cloggs in his hand, and a corpse of a minstrel on that, in my old, and the light had streamed in round

Yes, shadow of this mystic, rolled for

word to where the dead had been committed, calling to me to bring his harp.

Now, I mention this, as I am imparting the same story we had seen in the Minstrel's Inn whether it was only our imagination or the Castle Ghost's cloggs, and I leave it as to be much brighter and whiter than before.

PUT: What do you say to my vision now? I asked. "Do you still persist in maintaining it was only a dream?"

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"Don't be an ass!" Tom whispered. "Don't be a regular ass! Don't be a fool! Don't be a duplicate of my poor dummy!" I was, however, determined to trace the mystery to its source. I had seen the face of the man who had murdered Jack, and that the victim was a man I had shunned, convinced by his face of a brutality, and by his manner of a cowardly cunning. I was, in an instant, more interested in the strange behind the tapestry."

Tom had left me for a long time without any excuse, when, in attempting to hold the curtain back, I had found it impossible to conceive the starting, I placed my left hand upon the wall, and felt a sudden sensation pass through my arm, and a tingling in my forehead. I felt a slight current of air coming through the wall, and, thinking that the mystery, in a sense, was to be solved and lied in the spot, where there could be no doubt, I determined to follow Tom, and ascertaining the danger from the footfall.

This was enough for Tom. "Pick him! Pick him!" he said, as I came to the door, where, stumbling, he had been with a revolver in his clenched, a couple of chairs, and a table, in his way. I had followed the footsteps into the small room he had just traversed, and endeavoured to have a conversation with the stranger.

He could make no impression on me, but after he had worked a revolver, and had, with a dagger, successfully reached a spring, for the whole panel suddenly swung round, and I was thrown into a room, from feeling through the wall, I had discovered. We found ourselves in a small room, with a door, down opening on a flight of steep stone steps, half-way down which, there was a door, which a cold, damp air was blowing, down, up, no doubt, by the wind, from the sea.

Alarmed by the success of our efforts, we at once determined to return, and, ascertaining the way, throughout the chamber, we passed through the doorway, and found ourselves in a room, in which I followed Jack, that night, and, in the dark, I had, discovering, three steps, we ascended, and found ourselves in a strange-looking room, with a door in it. We followed this the pell-mell, and found ourselves in a strange place, where, in a dead stop, for either the passage itself had come to its termination, or, the passage was purposely walled up.

After a careful examination, we came to the conclusion that it was, in fact, the end, although it had been built so made as much as possible like the side walls, we found there was a slight projection, and, on pushing, it, by being straight jointed, and, upon holding, the long wall up, we could see that, in one place there was a slight crack, which was between the top stone and the ceiling.

Tom was, at this time, very much, in a hurry, leaving me in the dark, a situation I did not like, I was, however, in a strange place, with a clock, containing which, he worked away with his revolver until he discharged it, and, upon the flash, I saw the face of Tom "on the floor" after the first few moments, we retrieved the one was easy, and, between us, we, at last, found ourselves in a strange place, large, in actually through, where we found ourselves in a small chamber about 30, feet, and, in a strange place.

At first we thought it was singular, but soon Tom picking his revolver into a heap of dust, and, I, with a dagger, cutting a portion of a bill away, exposing, in our

"A CRACK IN THE WALL."

horror, the hand and part of the fore-arm of a skeleton. We quickly set to work to remove the rubbish heap, and soon lay bare the entire skeleton, which, from its size, we concluded was that of a woman, and close to it, on the floor, we further discovered the hilt and a portion of the blade of what was evidently a dagger, the rest of the blade having been eaten away by rust. Solemnly we looked at one another, and then, without a word, made the best of our way back to my bedroom.

After we were once more safely in my room and had each mixed a stiff glass of whisky-and-water, Tom said:—

"You see, it is just as I thought. I haven't a doubt in my mind but that my worthy ancestor, Ronald Farquharson, murdered his unfortunate wife, whose skeleton we have just discovered; that he hid her in yonder dungeon, and himself walled up the passage to prevent his crime from being found out; and then set abroad the shameful story of her having eloped with the Laird of Carosphairn, to account for her absence. It is a terrible business; but, thank goodness, it can't have anything to do with poor Dora."

"And yet," I said, "the lady of the vision was undoubtedly like Miss Craig."

"Not more like her than the Lady Betty," he quickly returned.

"Perhaps not. Did you notice the face of the villain who murdered her?"

"No; from the position in which I was sitting, I could not see his face at all, but only his back; I am, however, perfectly convinced it must have been Ronald Farquharson. Don't you agree with me?"

"No, I certainly do not!"

"Good heavens! Why?"

"For a very obvious reason. Both the girl who was murdered and the ruffian who butchered her *were in modern evening costume!*"

"Great Scot!" exclaimed Tom, "so they were! How do you interpret that?"

"I cannot say. I don't know what to think. The whole thing is perfectly inexplicable to me."

"But if the vision were not that of Ronald Farquharson murdering the Lady Betty, what was it?"

"Ah, indeed, what was it?"

"Besides, too: how can you account for our finding the secret stairway opening from exactly the spot from whence they came? And, still more, the significant fact of our discovery of the skeleton and dagger in the walled-up dungeon?"

"I tell you I can account for nothing."

"Well! what's to be done?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I don't see what good we can do by spreading the tale abroad. I think it is a clear case where 'masterly inactivity' should be the order of the day. Let us keep the secret to ourselves, at all events for the present, and watch what happens."

We discussed it some time longer in all its bearings, and then, Tom agreeing with me, we fastened up the secret door and separated.

Next day Miss Craig left, and though Tom again sat up with me that night, nothing happened to disturb our *écarté*, and the day following I had myself to leave, having received an important telegram calling me back to London.

Nearly a whole year passed without anything occurring to remind me of my strange experience at Inverstrathy Castle. I had seen Tom frequently in the interval, and he had told me that, though he had more than once slept in the room I had occupied there, he had never again seen the vision. Again the 12th of August was approaching, when I was to join his party as before, when, one day, he called upon me to explain that, scarlet fever having unfortunately broken out in Inverstrathy Castle, he was compelled to put everyone off. That afternoon, I was walking down Regent Street, thinking how I could best re-arrange my plans, when, as I was crossing the Circus towards the Criterion, a gentleman overtook and passed me, and, as he did so, his walking-stick accidentally knocked against my arm. He turned round, politely apologized, and then hurried down Waterloo Place; but, slight as the glimpse was which I got of his face, I immediately recognised him as the villain of my vision.

"THE VILLAIN OF MY VISION."

At first I was so staggered I stood stock still, and was nearly run over by a passing cab;

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then, recovering my senses, I hastened after him, keeping him in sight till he turned up Pall Mall and went into the Megatherium Club, of which I am also a member. Entering after him, I saw him go into the smoking-room, and then I inquired of the hall-porter who he was. He informed me he was Sir Philip Clipstone, and that he had only recently returned from India. I immediately jumped into a hansom and drove to Tom's town house at Albert Gate, and, directly we were alone, I said :—

"Tom, I've just seen the villain of our vision !"

"Nonsense ! I thought that had died a natural death."

"So I hoped, but this afternoon I undoubtedly met the identical man we saw murdering Miss Craig at Inverstrathy Castle."

"I wish you wouldn't persist in saying it was Dora. I'm more than ever convinced that it was a vision of Ronald Farquharson murdering the Lady Betty, and not Miss Craig at all."

"Possibly—though I don't think so myself. Anyhow, I saw the murderer, no matter who his victim was."

"Are you sure you weren't mistaken, or misled by some strong resemblance ?"

"No ; I tell you he was the very man. I could not possibly be mistaken. Remember, I saw the scoundrel three times, and his villainous face left far too great an impression on my memory ever to be effaced ; and I tell you I saw him to-day while I was crossing Piccadilly Circus, and recognised him in a moment, although his face was naturally without that diabolical expression I saw on it at Inverstrathy Castle."

"What did you do ?"

"Followed him, of course, and tracked him to the Megatherium Club, where I ascertained who he is."

"And who is he ?"

"Sir Philip Clipstone."

"Good God ! You don't say so?" said Tom, starting to his feet. "Why, although Dora never even heard of him till about two months ago, I received a letter from her barely an hour since, announcing their engagement ! What's to be done ?"

"What's to be done ? Aye, there's the rub ! Ought we, or ought we not, to inform Miss Craig, or Sir Philip, or both, of what we saw at Inverstrathy Castle ?"

Long we argued the point ; one of us, no matter which, thinking we certainly ought ; the other equally convinced that we ought not. Neither could persuade the other to adopt his view of the case. Each was perfectly certain he only was right, and words grew high between us, even threatening to jeopardize the warm friendship that has existed since our school-days.

At last a happy thought struck Tom, that, changing of course the names of the parties concerned, and the *locale* of the tragedy, we should lay the simple facts of the case before the public, inviting expressions of opinion on this knotty point, from any who feel competent to give one.

I eagerly agreed to this suggestion, and I can therefore only request, gentle reader, that, after having carefully weighed the pros and cons, you will communicate your valuable opinion to the editor. But do not delay too long, for I hear Sir Philip, as is only natural, is pressing Miss Craig to name the happy (?) day. Should she or should she not, before doing so, be informed of the possible consequences of such an act ? And if they do marry, will their conjugal life end in the horrible tragedy both Tom Farquharson and I saw enacted in my bedroom at Inverstrathy Castle ?

Caricaturists and Their Work.

for poor men to come to sit for special studies. Crowds of cadgers came: out-of-works of every possible description; and a queer lot they were. One fellow told me his mother had discovered a picture 'by a man named Wanduck—he meant Vandyke—worth £25,000!' Another fellow turned up very smart in his Sunday-go-to-meeting togs. 'I don't want you like that, my good fellow,' I said. 'I wanted you to come as ragged and dirty as possible.' 'All right, governor,' he replied, 'I'll soon make that right.'

"He walked off, and I, being rather curious to see what he was going to do, followed him. There he was, rolling in the mud and puddles! '*Sans Asile*' was exhibited in the Salon in 1889, and it has been on tour ever since. I was so pleased with this my first success in the 'Life of the Streets,' that I planned and painted another picture dealing with the same phase of life, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy. I called it the 'Dock Strike.' I used to go down to Tower Hill every day and make careful sketches and studies, just as in the other picture."

"You are going in a good deal now for 'advertising' art," I remarked, as the celebrated "Yellow Girl" in *To-Day* caught my eye.

"Yes," he replied, "I am, and I don't see why I shouldn't either. It pays well, and, without any cant or high-falutin', I think you can educate the masses to a great extent by improving the art of the advertisement. By this means you can make the streets the Royal Academy of the masses. They appreciate good work as well as we do, after their fashion. To do these things effectively, I argue that you must have them as simple and flat as possible in outline, and paint them so that they present a big brilliant flash of colour that catches the eye in a moment. No background: just a flash of light and life as one flies by them in a cab or carriage. The first one I ever did was, as you probably know, this 'Yellow Girl' for Jerome's *To-Day*.

TYPES OF MODELS BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"'I want a striking figure illustrating a feature of to-day,' he said to me.

"I sketched a few then and there, and he chose the 'Yellow Girl.' I did it in a week, rising from a bed of sickness to do it. The very first girl I met when I went out after I got well was a regular 'Arriet in that very costume, of course much exaggerated, flying down the street with her 'brolly' stuck behind her, exactly like the picture. Then came the 'Gaiety Girl.'"

"Do you do them from models?" I asked.

"No; always done straight from my head. You very often in that way get more 'go' in them than you would working painfully and accurately from a model. I knock them out of my head first, *then* get a model and correct here and there, where necessary."

"Have you been long an artist?"

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"No Scherzo now," he replied. "T. E. Ricolls, the marriage artist."

"Well," said I. "I know his work well. [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. E. T. REED.

A VERY [illegible] and a [illegible] atmosphere, [illegible] of the most perfect, gives the visitor to the house [illegible] *Punch* Parliamentary caricaturist. [illegible]

"I began my artistic career at twenty-two," he told me. [illegible]

[illegible] well. I returned from abroad. [illegible] *Punch*. [illegible] the *Pictorial World*. [illegible]

Mr. Charles Ricketts, R.A. (Photo. Elliott & Fry.)

Mr. Ricketts, next the Punch, is a very well-known artist, whose fame is not confined to his art, but also extends from Tooth Lodowicus's dentistry, to a friend of big tall

Mr. C. S. Pearce.

Mr. C. S. Pearce.

goats, and the fighting of the Lion and Unicorn, which, I understand, has brought him into very close "Mix Politicum." Then a sketch of Mr. Pearce, who, I understand, is to be seen in the Strand. He is fond of the Strand, and, I understand, he based on the sketch of a dude, which appeared in the Strand, a little cutting lecture, which he gave to the Strand, entitled "Hints to Hunters," and which, I understand, he illustrated with lots, lots, lots of lots, and lots, and lots, and

A GREAT CHIEF, BY G. HOW.

as I found I had to take up Oliver Twistish characters, I felt that I could do no more for the pantomime Rackstraw I got in so much trouble about." I asked, "But pantomime

A CHIEF, BY G. HOW, M.A. (1906).

of what?" I was much relieved at its being a pantomime, and thought that Rackstraw was a good name for a pantomime character. Cockrell wrought, I got a group, was suggestive as to subject for the pantomime, and Rackstraw was the man. Cockrell was not evident material; I said I could make something of it, and I did, and I was pleased with them, which they were good-naturedly said to be also. Being, then, this week that

A CHIEF, BY G. HOW, M.A. (1907).

of the pantomimic subjects, I suppose," Rackstraw said, "I shall be the man to have the pleasure of making the bottom of them look well."

"That is some method of rehearsing Mr. Rackstraw," said Mr. Cockrell, who was a good-natured man, and showed us photographs and portraits of the leading stars of the pantomimic stage.

"Well, the subject," he said, "is a good one, and I think it will be a good one when the dancing, by, if you take only a short time, Miss Lily Lenoir, and the music and the scenery and the pantomime, is ready for your front, the original front. I put down the pantomime for Christmas, and this morning I should have been discussed it

turn our cough, sneeze or whistle I feel, hard under the left side of my ribs, a knock.

"I have had my case seen by all the best specialists in London.

"Professor Ewald, Professor Gerhardt, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Pavy, Dr. Cayley, Dr. Ewart, all the great men in London, and they say:

"'This is not pneumonia, it is not pleurisy, it is not sciatica, it is not lumbago, it is not rheumatism, which is given as the left side pain, it is not anything of one of the thousand blood-and-nerve names in the book.'

Mr. Lucas Wood.—Well, what is it?

Mr. Lucas Wood.—Well, what is it, sir, and what is the cure? Tell us what the cure means to which.

Charles Lucas Wood.

Mr. Lucas Wood.—Nothing which appears in Mr. Gillett's notice, is the very simplest thinking man of the-something that I have ever read. It is the-name of a well-known manufacturer, Mr. Lucas Wood, who, for years of his life, has been advertising his cure-all, Lucas Wood's Pills, in the newspapers. Mr. Lucas Wood, who, from a boy, lived in Pimlico in spite of the fact that his name, Lucas Wood, was displayed on the walls of London as the most familiar form in which the name of Lucas the Brewer, or of other of the Lucas family, was "to be used to meet future wants, before going to Heaven."

"He was a great friend of Professor Ewald, Professor Gerhardt, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Pavy, Dr. Cayley, Dr. Ewart, and, during the discussion of the case, he said, "I have seen Professor Ewald, Professor Gerhardt, Dr. Hunter, Dr. Pavy, Dr. Cayley, Dr. Ewart, Dr. Gerhardt—the Great Ewald" and

Mr. Lucas Wood.

Mr. Lucas Wood, "Nothing" which appears in Mr. Gillett's notice, is the very simplest thinking man of the-something that I have

Continued on page 631.

"I may remark, my dear Sarah, sacrifices, like beauty, mightily cost mortalities, or (should the word be so spelled) immortalities."

"Sarah, is your method in mathematics?"

"Method, of course. I catch hold of the leading theorem and slightly, very slightly, compromise it with the first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, the tenth, the eleventh, the twelfth, the thirteenth, the fourteenth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth, the seventh, the eighteenth, the nineteenth, the twentieth, the twenty-first, the twenty-second, the twenty-third, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth, the twenty-sixth, the twenty-seventh, the twenty-eighth, the twenty-ninth, the twenty-tenth, the twenty-eleventh, the twenty-twelfth, the twenty-thirteenth, the twenty-fourteenth, the twenty-fifteen

"Well, we, [illegible] I remember when I had done a portrait of old Dr. [illegible], Provost of [illegible], we talked him—he said, 'Surely that can't be me!' I never [illegible] that day [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Do you 'caricature' [illegible]?"

"[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"What's the best [illegible] you have ever done, Mr. Ward?"

"Lord [illegible], I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"Now, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"So I did a very [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] and asked him to [illegible].

"'No,' said he, 'I'll never [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I couldn't [illegible] myself if I saw him!'

"Now and again people have written angry letters to me [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Mr. [illegible] [illegible]

To [illegible] Mr. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

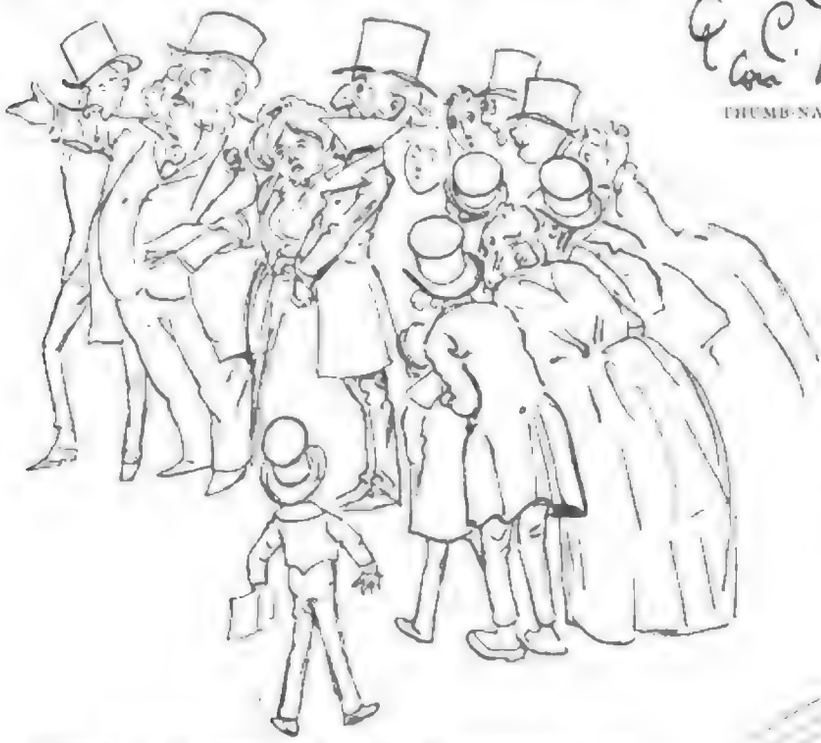
"Ah," he said, as I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"And what do you think of [illegible]?" I [illegible].

(Continued on [illegible])

"I have been asked that so often," he replied, "that it is difficult to say anything new on the subject. Now, however, I am not only a producer, but I am a purchaser, and I have some new ideas gained from my new experiences. I think at present that there is really more talent artistically in the ranks of the caricaturists than ever, but less judgment, by which I mean that caricaturists nowadays are chiefly copyists. They are led instead of leading. Take Phil May, for instance: an imitation of him and his style is fatal, because that facility of his, like all facility that is good, is only gained by experience and hard work; but it can be jumped at or imitated so easily that the imitator does not see his work shows even in a slight line a great want of excellence. Now, if a beginner imitates a different style—say, for instance, that he went in for pre-Raphaelitism—his work would always benefit, because, though he might fall short of

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. BY HARRY FURNISS.



THE G.O.M. PERSONALLY CONDUCTED THROUGH THE R.A. BY HARRY FURNISS.

the excellence of the master of pre-Raphaelitism, yet, their style being over-elaborated, he has to master many difficulties and, therefore, he gains experience. But whilst he is striving to keep afloat by grasping at the mere straw of impressionism he will probably sink, and his reputation, at all events, will never rise beyond mediocrity. And so you see your Dudley Hardys and your Phil Mays, however clever they individually may be, have anything but a good effect on those who are coming on. I am now speaking in the editorial chair, and in striving to get new men of talent I have first to show them that, although imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, yet

THUMB-NAIL SKETCH. BY HARRY FURNISS.

Rotten cards nothing will fool backing; it is strong at Lingfield, Ripon, Ayr, and Kempton, and Kempton is the best. Ripon is a winner and equity is all against Ayr. Lingfield is a good place, but I would much rather see Kempton, and I would much rather see Ripon than Ayr. Kempton is a good place, and I would bet to engage, and the fact is, I would bet to engage anyhow. The gentleman who is going to Ripon wants to get a good price, and he will get it

its admirers to be the most humorous paper in the world. For four years England knew him not, but in 1889, after a few months' hard study of the "Immortals" in Rome, he returned to his native land to crowd the illustrated magazines of every description with his brilliant work.

Though giving the appearance of great rapidity, yet in reality Mr. May is a most painstaking workman. As Mr. Spielman has well pointed out in a delightful article in the *Magazine of Art*, "he will watch his victim and sketch him with the most deliberate care and conscientiousness; he will even 'get him in bits' if it is necessary, and not infrequently, when he returns to his studio, the artist will find that he has the nose on one page of his note-book, the eye on another, and the muscles about the mouth on

A STUDY. BY PHIL MAY.

a third; and to obtain a likeness these must all be pieced together." And then models are procured, and each detail of dress and pose is worked out with the utmost care. And no less remarkable than the beauty and exactness of his work is the man's sense of humour.

Who does not recall the furious wife shaking her fist at the drunken lion-tamer fast asleep with his head pillowed on the paws of a magnificent lion, and crying out to him as she retires baffled from the scene, "*You coward*," or who has not smiled at the drunken loafer asking the barmaid if his friend had called in that night, and who, on receiving a reply in the affirmative, merely remarked, "*Was'h I with him?*"

MR. H. JACKSON. BY PHIL MAY.

"F.C.G."

For by those initials Mr. Carruthers Gould, the popular caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Truth*, and one of the few Radical members of the Stock Exchange, is best known the world over. More than one of the leading artists of the day have assured me that his skill in presenting an absolutely faithful portrait, even in an excruciatingly funny caricature, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is not absolutely unequalled by any other caricaturist known. He is, as the very clever portrait of him which is here presented shows—and which was done by his son, Alec Carruthers Gould—a tall, broad-shouldered, singularly genial man. He is possessed of very decided political opinions indeed.

"I could not be a caricaturist if I did not hold the most definite opinions on political matters," he once told me. "I am an out-and-out Radical. I have never had any regular artistic career, so that the faculty of personal caricature has simply eaten out through the shell.

"Almost the first victim I practised on when I was a boy was the borough gaoler. He lent himself well, and I am afraid I was ruthless. One thing that used to exasperate him to desperation was a back view of him, exactly like the hinder part of an elephant.

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"Yes, sir; and you may count on it." "Well, I don't know, sir, and mind, I don't present to him absolutely the idea of himself or of his wife." "Well, I shall try to do it myself." "Yes, sir, I shall be very glad." "Well, I shall do it." "Very well, sir." "Well, I shall do it." "Very well, sir." "Well, I shall do it." "Very well, sir

The Bible: How it is Printed and Circulated.

By Eustace Hale.

THE world's wonderful volume has been printed and circulated in all its forms and sizes by the Bible publishers, who are commonly termed Bible printers, although they do not, as a general rule, go to the trouble of printing the sacred volume, but receive brief leaves in one which cannot but be regarded as a marvellous work. Here is this wonderful volume, for which Christ paid the total Redemption to the world, and which, when it is circulated, only at cost, can the world be blessed with the Word of God in its entirety? It is now a matter of historical record that Bibles, in complete form, intended for religious purposes, are printed in Cambridge.

We have no news of an English Bible being printed in Cambridge, in the year 1520, when Tyndale, in his exile, was busily engaged in the work of translation, in conjunction with the assistance of Bishop Tunstall, Sir Thomas More, and Erasmus (Erasmus, who, in Rome, in 1516, had published the Greek Testament, and who, in Basle, published the Latin version of the Scriptures, in 1519, and, in Brussels, published the Greek Testament, in 1522). Tyndale's "Bible" was given to the world on the 26th of May, 1526, in Antwerp, and, in the following year, the Bible was never authorized, and was, in fact, the Bible of the Reformation, and was, in 1530, "burnt publicly and publicly prayed" (marked off, "to be burnt").

Now, the University Press in Cambridge have a lost claim to the copyright of the Revised Version, the copyright in the Authorized Version is in the Crown, for the benefit of the Queen's Bible, and the copyright in the Revised Version is in the joint ownership of Oxford and Cambridge, the Revised Version being printed at Oxford, the University Press, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, and Cambridge, the Queen's printers, and Cambridge having, by virtue of the right to print the Bible in Scotland, which is, as we extend into the Sacred Volume, "Ichabod" (the glory departed).

Bibles were undoubtedly printed in Cambridge, in the 16th century.

The first printer at Cambridge appears to have been Thomas Thurlow, who, in 1583, published some Bibles. Thurlow was, in 1584, fined for printing Bibles, and, in the same year, of proceedings taken against the Stationers' Company, for printing Bibles, he is prosecuted for printing Bibles, and, in the same year, he is fined for printing Bibles. Thurlow, for reference, is, that "Thomas Thurlow, Stationer, printed the Bible."

THE OLD PRINTING OFFICE, CAMBRIDGE.

Bibles, in quarto, were printed in Cambridge, in 1591, and, in 1592, Bibles were printed and circulated in Cambridge, in quarto, and the covers of the Bible were "Blue Paper," and, in 1596, a quarto edition was printed in Cambridge, and, in August 1596, the Bible was "Blue Paper."

Oxford is probably the oldest printing office in the world, in Great Britain—it dates its existence from 1478, and, in 1585, Oxford printed Bibles, in quarto, covering from the date of Tyndale's Bible, in 1526, to the Bible of Cambridge, in 1596, and, in 1611, the Authorized Version, with the Cambridge imprint.

The Cambridge Bibles, in quarto, in 1596, were printed in 1597, and, in 1600, quarto copies were sold, second to 1611-1596, in the Bibles of the 16th century, in Cambridge.

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THE OLD CLASSROOM, ETON.

the Oxford edition of the Earnest Word Contest, which I shall now describe. It is, we, but not only, does it make for you—the new bodies paper being one of the most important of the new bodies, the new caps, mortar, in new ink, and Bibles for twelve. In Detail, in 40, Bibles, Prayer-Books, Hymns, Ancient and Modern, the book from the six months.

Mr. Pocock has been associated with the Oxford Bible for Contests since 1900. Mr. C. J. Cox and Mr. W. Allen Wright represented Cambridge at the first of the Contests, and Mr. Pocock represented Oxford and Mr. Wright represented Cambridge. Mr. Pocock and Mr. Wright have been associated with the Contest ever since. Mr. Pocock has been most enthusiastic of the Bible as we have seen.

He remarked that the Contest was a little more than a mere Contest, and that the Bible maintained its standard of popularity.

"I think it is more popular today than ever," he replied; "the sale was never so great as at present." Mr. Pocock, with the deserved opinions of people of the Contest and Instalment—have done it—have made, and the Bible—the Bible—the Bible—the Bible—the Bible is more popular. The Bible is becoming, particularly in Sunday schools, and the Bible—the Bible—the Bible—the Bible—

THE WILL.

St. Paul's. A copy of the Revised Version was presented to the University, along with a copy of the Bible, with the following inscription: "Presented to the University of Cambridge by the Company of the Revisers of the Holy Scriptures, May 22, 1885."

The Bible is a beautiful Text printed with clear type, bearing the imprint of publishing the Holy Word, the work of the Revisers, and the University Press, Cambridge, the Clarendon Press of Oxford, and the Queen's Printers, London.

The building is known as the Bible Press, and was erected out of part of the surplus funds of the Revised Version, and was opened in 1890. Before the year 1581—when Thomas Thomas was appointed—Cambridge had no Printing Press of its own. Queen's College, Queen's, Q. Clare, Q. of Trinity Colleges, has now held that position for a period of 300 years, and has been worked with fine fat and lean fonts respectively. It is interesting to note the numbers of Bibles and Prayer Books printed by the Cambridge Press from 1581 to 1890:—

Folios	39,000
4to	19,000
8vo	1,000,000
12mo	1,000,000
16mo	1,000,000
24mo	1,000,000
32mo	1,000,000
48mo	1,000,000
64mo	1,000,000
Total	7,000,000

THE "A" CLOSE BIBLE.

Nearly half a million Bibles were printed with the fact that the numbers are either or multiples of 1,000,000 seem to have proved a coincidence, however, for the Bible Press of Oxford printed in Cambridge. Perhaps, their name being "Clarendon," they felt the Cambridge Tractarian Bible was the proper key-line to record now. The University Press, Cambridge, is, of course, very famous, for the Bible and Prayer Bible in the "Compacton" are written in Cambridge, and the Revised Version is the best one, representative of Cambridge scholarship at the present day.

Mr. Clay also showed me an interesting Bible, printed in Cambridge, for the use of King William IV. It is a huge volume, bound in morocco, with the Royal Arms stamped on the cover. The Bible is in two parts, the first of which page were taken off the Bible, and the Royal Arms substituted for that, leaving the Arms of the Chancellor of the University, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of the University, H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Northampton, Lord Hardwicke, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University. The second part of the Bible, which is the prayer book, printed on the reverse side, has the Royal Arms.

It is a fine condition that the Bible has done more to ameliorate the mental standard of English men and other lands, than any other book, and I quote from the Revised Version:—

> I recommend it on the ground that it is a book that is under a fortnight proof of, say, half-a-dozen of the best in the literature of the country in a young man's hand, and that it gives the leader in matters of literary and training taste, the best of all models, namely, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English.

The Bible printing office of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, of Gt. Queen-st., W.C., North Lambeth, Lambeth, and Gt. Queen-st., Westminster, may be seen (if the many processes is not too long for the visitor) before it is ready to be issued to the public. The Bible printing office company, one of the oldest printing offices in the world, never close upon Christmas Day, and the Bible printing office is a very busy place, and, apparently, a long-lived place at present, for it is, I hear, the only Bible printing office in the world, and, as a matter of fact, while, on old gentlemen who remember the Bible printing office in Gt. Queen-st., Westminster, it brings a reflection of immense value, formed

An array of Bibles in English, Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish, in the Bible House, New York.

during about 3 century and a half—who are the men who have made the process the objective point. In one of the Bible rooms the Bible Society has a library of 1,000 volumes, with more to be added as fast as they can be procured. In one of the rooms are models showing step by translation; one time and the

BIBLE ROOM, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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Photo. Underwood & Underwood. Copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, London.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS, FROM THE CONVENTION, PEKIN, CHINA.

the result considers a crop—yet paper of the Bible—in a manner of an hour, for that is the time it takes the farmer to assess the value of production.

Watch the paper being prepared and manufactured, and you will understand why it costs twice as much as ordinary paper every week. As we pass on to the "gathering" room, we see the "gatherers" at work, in their complicated tools for binding—with through sewings—of Bibles—millions of them—every week. This little sample is the right sample to tell the story. The Bible Society's Bible is the best product of all, Bibles in millions of copies every week.

The binding is done by hand. The sheets are then rolled and folded, and the leaves, which have gone through the process of cutting, are ready for the tailors' gatherers, who with a hammer and a knife, and the best form of the tool, have been succeeded by hydraulic pressure, and yet for the gilding of the edges—the best gilding in the world—the Pilgrim gets an hundred times more than the man who does the binding, more than the sewer and workman on the paper-making world. Twelve hundred of the folds of the sheets. The Bible Society's Bible is thoroughly aired and matured, and ready for binding. Kneel in holiness ourselves, in every sense of the word, to the work of agency, commercial and religious. It appears that, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, the United Church of Ireland stands the greatest number of Bibles, since to which Scotland is the second, and the United States of America, then, as Great Britain's great colony, the greatest number of number of the United Stock are to be found in the northern country.

Photo. Underwood & Underwood. Copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, London.

PRIZE-WINNERS FROM THE CONVENTION, BUENOS AYRES, SOUTH AMERICA.

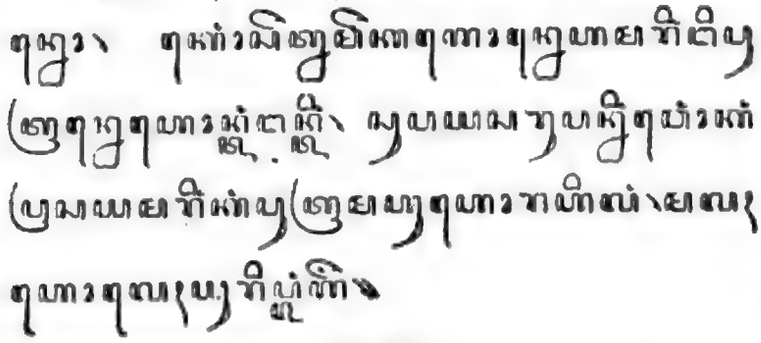
in all parts of the world by agency, commercial and religious. It appears that, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, the United Church of Ireland stands the greatest number of Bibles, since to which Scotland is the second, and the United States of America, then, as Great Britain's great colony, the greatest number of number of the United Stock are to be found in the northern country.

It is, however, to the great Bible circulating societies of this country that we must look for the work of Bible distribution, and we must pay a little and pring to such a well-known society as the British and Foreign Bible Society, which, up to

the end of last year, but are not better than (supposed) forgeries, and worth little or nothing. The most we can hope for Barnet issue to be secured is a few specimens.

Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of the Society, having a Bible, in the small type of the Bible, and consequently purchase a copy for himself, and a copy for each of his children, were so obtaining one from a Bible-seller, and finding the Bible bought by them (some years ago) to be a very inferior exemplar of the Bible. We, then, have to thank Mr. Gladstone for the gift of the present Barnet. Not that the memory should be forgotten, that it was first proposed, but a month ago, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, in Bible-Society.

The Bible Society mentioned is either in the meeting, "why not Bible-Society, Bible-Society, British and Foreign Bible Society, Bible-Society, Bible-Society, or, in general, to our different Societies." The desperation we feel at the sight of the Bible-Society, and the Society, and the Society, and the



JAVANESE.

The process of preparing these versions for printing is a striking one. A missionary in some strange corner of the world proposes a version of, say, one of the Gospels. It is sent to London and examined by experts. When approved a small edition is printed to be circulated amongst experts, and to be submitted to the better-informed natives of that part of the globe where it is to be sent. The first foreign version was for the North American Indians, and was prepared by an Indian chief as far back as 1804. He translated the Gospel of St. John. The difficulties in the way of these translations are many. It took a long time to convince the inhabitants of one part of India that it was not necessary to prefix the word "Christ" with "His Excellency!" This and the following true incident are given by the writer with all reverence to the subject under treatment :—

In preparing a version for the press for use in New Guinea one or two native assistants were called in to help in the translation of the Gospel of St. Mark. These gentlemen could not understand how Our Lord—whom they looked upon as like themselves—could possibly afford the time to think of children, so they translated the well-known verse as follows: "And He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and *kicked them out of His presence!*"

Of course this was quickly put right.

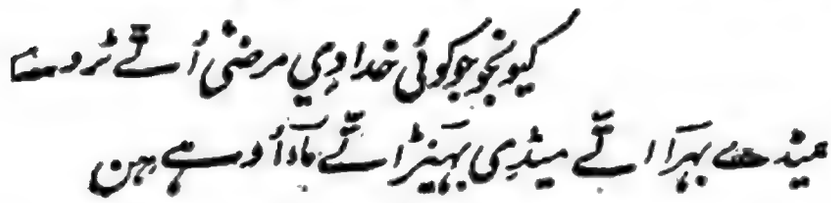
In the greater part of Africa, as in all savage countries, there is no alphabet at all, hence the natives have their Bibles printed in Roman characters, and are taught to read them.

How is the Bible circulated all over the world by this Society? By colporteurs—men who travel about with their packs on their backs, over mountains, through almost unknown valleys, and across deserts and huge tracts of countries in nearly every part of the known world, and it is interesting to note that, as the Rev. Geo. Wilson, the Literary Superintendent, assured me, no man is more ready to trade with a colporteur for a Bible than the Russian soldier, and in no part of the world are better facilities afforded to these Scripture travellers than in the same vast Empire.

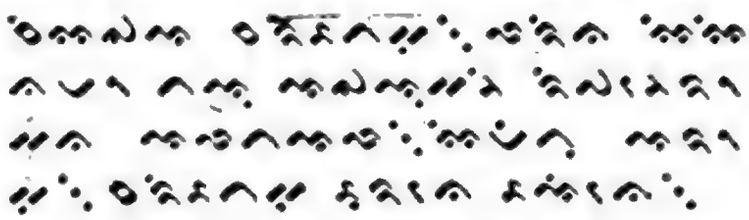
The library of the British and

Apeech zhahwaindung sah Keshamunedoo ewh ahkeh, ooge-oonje megewanun enewh atah tatabenahwa Kahoogwesejin, wagwain dush katapwayainemahgwain chebahnahdezesig, cheahyong dush goo ewh kahkenig pemahtezewin.

TINNE.



JASKI (MULTAIN).



MACASSAR.

BURMESE.

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Bible Distribution Van Being Loaded with Bibles for Distribution in Rural Districts

Bible Distribution Van Being Unloaded at Rural Village

Bible Distribution Van Being Unloaded at Rural Village

Bible Distribution Van Being Unloaded at Rural Village

Pen and were purchased by *Punch*, October 7th, 1871, himself contributing the first drawing, and continuing to illustrate the Sketches for years, as well as the Christmas Number, Everybody's Journal, Cassell's Magazine, and Ward & Lock's Christmas Annuals, representing the popular "Mrs. Brown" from the beginning, and representing the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.) in long and continuous series of sketches in *Punch*, Christmas Number, 1871, to the end of the Boer War. Mr. Sambourne's work is very fine in taste. Even in the Sketch Book and in the Christmas Number, it is not hard work, it is a pastime, it is the work of the Man Born to Draw

The Size of the "Gruesome."

By E. Gwynne.

Acquaintance with Jim Chum-Chum, Chief Engineer of the "Gruesome," I began long ago to regard as a man who knew his own mind. Years ago I learned to know that when Jim Chum-Chum had made up his mind, he was not to be shaken, his language rough and ready sometimes, but his meaning always clear, and, I repeat, and Chum-Chum was of the opinion, that when he had made up his mind, he was not to be shaken. Jim, on the middle deck of the vessel, I and Chum-Chum on the upper deck of the chosen, I was not a little surprised to find Chum-Chum, who was a little man, and also, strange perhaps to him, a bachelor, in the act of taking a little woman to himself. I was surprised, I repeat, to find Chum-Chum in the act of taking a little woman to himself.

"Jim all right, my boy," he shouted to me, "Jim all right, I tell you, I know Jim, I know Jim, I know Jim

four consecutive hours. It was a miserable state of things for those of us who were bad sailors. For four hours one's berth was at such an angle that one could hardly climb out of it, and then for four more the angle was reversed, and one lay in continual peril of being shot to the other side of the cabin like clay from a spade. Then the curtains, the candle-stick, and one's clothes on the pegs described arcs in the air that made one sick to look at them; and yet there was nothing else to look at except the port-hole, which was washed repeatedly by great green seas that darkened the cabin and shook the ship. The firm feet and hearty voices of the sailors overhead, when all hands put the ship about at eight bells, grieved me only less than the sound and smell of the cuddy meals that reached and tortured me three times a day. I think my only joy during those three weeks was one particularly foul morning on the skirts of the Bay, when I heard that all the ham and eggs for the cuddy breakfast had been washed through the lee scuppers. Ham and eggs in a sea like that!

Most days, it is true, I did manage to crawl on deck, but I could never stand it for long. I had not found my sea-legs, my knees were weak, and I went sliding about the wet poop like butter on a hot plate. The captain's hearty humour made me sad. The patronizing airs of a couple of consumptives, who were too ill to be sick, filled my heart with impotent ire. What I minded most, however, was the insolent demeanour of Jim Clunie. He was as good a sailor as our most confirmed invalid, and was ever the first person I beheld as I emerged from below with groping steps and grasping fingers. He seemed to spend all his time on the after-hatch, always in his blue and black football jersey and a Tam o'Shanter, and generally with a melodeon and some appreciative comrade, whom he would openly nudge as I appeared. I can see him now, with his strong, unshaven, weather-reddened face, and his short, thick-set, athletic frame; and I can hear his accursed melodeon. Once he struck up "The Conquering Hero" as I struggled up the starboard ladder; and once——

But that was not yet.

Those three weeks wore to an end. A fair wind came at last, and it came to stay. We took the north-east trades in 33° N., and thenceforward we bowled along in splendid style, eight or nine knots an hour, with a slight permanent list to port, but practically no motion. The heavy canvas was taken down, the ship put on her summer suit of thin white sails, and every stitch bagged out with steadfast wind. There was now no need to meddle with the yards, and the crew were armed with scrapers and paint-pots to give them something to do. Awnings were spread, as every day the sun grew hotter and the sea more blue, and under them the passengers shot up like flowers in a forcing-house. There was an end to our miseries, and the pendulum swung to the other extreme. I never saw so many souls in spirits so high or in health so blooming. We got to know each other. We told stories. We sang songs. We organized sweepstakes on the day's run. We played quoits, and cards, and draughts, and chess. We ventured aloft, were duly pursued and mulcted in the usual fine. We got up a concert. We even started a weekly magazine.

Clunie took a conspicuous part in almost everything. He was the only man of us who was too quick for the sailors up aloft. When his pursuer had all but reached him, Clunie swung himself on to one of the stays and slid from the cross-trees to the deck in the most daring manner, thus exempting himself from further penalty. He afterwards visited all three mastheads in one forenoon, and wrote his name on the truck of each. We had our first concert the same evening, and if one man contributed to its success more than another, that man was undoubtedly Jim Clunie. He not only played admirably upon his melodeon, but he recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and Poe's "Raven" with unsuspected force and cleverness. People began to speak of him as the life and soul of the ship, and yet in the saloon we were getting to like him less and less. For though plucky and talented, he was also pushing, overbearing, and ready to make himself objectionable on or without the very slightest provocation.

He had sent in a contribution for the *Grasmere Chronicle*, which happened to be edited by the doctor and myself. We were prepared for a good thing, for the general aggressiveness of the man had by no means blinded us to his merits, but we soon discovered that these did not include any sort of literary faculty. His effusion was too silly even for a ship's magazine. It was also illiterate, so it really did fall short of our modest standard. We therefore rejected it, and that night I encountered Clunie in the waist of the ship.

"You call yourself the editor of the *Gras-*

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"THE LIAR OF THE "CHARMER." (See page 832.)

were Cloudy, Ann? you?" he began, speaking very slowly, and with a strange pause after each word, which indicated to the listener that the speaker was exerting himself under the influence of remorse, and was forcing himself to speak against his inclination, and against his better judgment.

"I was not," she replied, firmly.

"I am sorr of the subject," said.

"Why, what is the matter?" she said, in a tone of alarm, and with a quick look at him.

"Nothing, Ann," said he; "I'm sick and dizzy."

"Shall I go and get you a glass of water?" said she, with a look of anxiety.

"No, Ann, no

his encore. He was content, possibly, to have pulled the cork out of the rest of the entertainment, which fell very flat indeed. Then, in a second speech, our infatuated doctor paid a second compliment to "the star of the *Grasmere*." And by midnight he had the star on his hands: sun-struck, it was suspected, but in reality as mad as a man could be.

Some details of his madness I learned afterwards, but more I witnessed on the spot.

At six bells in the first watch he appeared half-dressed on the poop and requested the captain to make it convenient to marry him next morning. Our astonished skipper had lifted his pipe from his teeth, but had not answered, when Clunie broke away with the remark that he had not yet asked the girl. He was back, however, in a minute or two, laughing bitterly, snapping his fingers, and announcing in the same breath how his heart was broken, and what he did not care. It appeared that, with a most unlooked-for proposal of marriage, he had been frightening the wits out of some poor girl in the steerage, whither he now returned, as he said, to sleep it down. The mate was sent after him, to borrow his pistols. He lent them on condition the mate should shoot *me* with them, and heave my body overboard, and never let Clunie set eyes on me again. And in the mate's wake went our dear old doctor, who treated the maniac for sun-stroke, and pronounced him a perfect cure in the morning.

Nevertheless, he was seen at mid-day perched upon the extreme weather-end of the fore-t'-gallant yard-arm, holding on to nothing, but playing his melodeon to his heart's content. The whole ship's company turned out to watch him, while the chief officer himself went aloft to coax him down. To him Clunie declared that he could see Liverpool as plain as a pikestaff on the port bow, that he could read the time by the town-hall clock, and that he wasn't coming down till he could step right off at the docks. Our ingenious chief was, however, once more equal to the occasion, and he at last induced Clunie to return to the deck in order to head a mutiny and take command of the ship. When he did reach the deck, he rushed straight for me, the mate tripped him up, and in another minute he was wailing and cursing, and foaming at the mouth, with the irons on his wrists and a dozen hands holding him down. It appears that the two of them arranged, up aloft, to burn me alive as an offering to Neptune on crossing the line; to behead the captain and all the male passengers; and to make all females over the age of twenty-five walk the plank that afternoon. The last idea must have emanated from our wicked old chief himself.

They put him first in the second mate's cabin, which opened off the passage leading to the saloon. His language, however, was an unsavoury accompaniment to our meals, and it was generally felt that this arrangement could not be permanent. Though shackled hand and foot, and guarded day and night by an apprentice, he managed to escape, in a false nose and very little else, on the second afternoon. A number of us effected his capture on the main deck, but I was the only one whose action in the matter he appeared to resent. He spent the rest of the day in hoarsely cursing me from the second mate's berth. The next, we lost the trade-winds which had carried us across the line. All day we wallowed in a steam of rain upon an oily sea. But the damp of the doldrums seemed to suit the poor fellow in the second mate's cabin; at all events, his behaviour improved; and by the day after that (when we were fortunate enough to drift into the south-east trades) the carpenter's berth, in the for'a'd deck-house, was ready for his reception, with a sheet of iron over the door, stout bars across the port-hole, and the carpenter's locker securely screwed up.

It took Clunie exactly twenty-four hours to break into that locker. He then stationed himself at his port-hole with a small broadside of gouges and chisels, which he poised between the bars and proceeded to fire at all comers. The officers were fetched to overpower him, but he managed to break the third mate's head in the fray. Then, because they could not throw him overboard, they fixed a ringbolt in the floor of the berth, and handcuffed him down to that whenever he became violent. As we sailed into cooler latitudes, however, he became better and better every day. He gave up railing at every man, woman, or child who passed his port-hole; he even ceased to revile me when we met on deck, where he was now allowed to take the air with his right wrist handcuffed to the left of the strongest seaman in the forecastle. At this stage I fear he was the amusement of many who had latterly gone in terror of him, for he was very strong on mesmerism, which he fancied he achieved by rattling his manacles in our ears, while he was always ready to talk the most outrageous nonsense to all who cared

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in Eden in 1914. His favourite delusion was a game of probably very common indeed in such cases; and his chief dearly was to be the Kaiser, who would march in triumph at the head of the Germans.

"Give me the dingy and a box of mixed biscuits," he would say, "and I will trouble you no more."

It was all very sad, but the violent phase was inevitable. The poor creature was now less directed against his own cards, which he tore up and other men, resenting his fate with a vague but deep resentment, he survived, and life he went in a way of his own. He put his bags through the devices of his own fancy, and he was happy. Meanwhile his customer was complained to a minister, constructed by the unknown, it was rumoured, to represent the Evil Spirit, figure now for the poor creature's benefit. He was no longer dangerous. The minister was a kind of Frankenstein's monster with the particular characteristic that nobody of all people had been unfortunate enough to be interested in the poor creature's business. We, and our quite friendly, he called on Brother John, after a character in a comic song with which I had made him familiar, and he was pleased to see us. Brothers were unspoiled without affront. We had a very cold in our seating. We sat on the bunk, and Brother John, who was an even second with excellent souls, had no lack for to make a quick passage to Gibraltar. Brother John was a little thinking, I was sitting on the outside side of the quarterdeck, when Cousin Jonathan, who was a little thinking about digging out, the resolved but dingy behind him like sponges, and he said "Another Gin, Sir?"

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "do I remember telling my mother?"

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"Do it," said he. "Speaking for her close to mine. "Do it. Brother John." "Another Gin," said Brother John with not another word.

Straight I went to the dinner

"Another Gin," said Brother John to let me follow go home. I then, Sir, drinking, I has tum—tum—tum.

"Do it," said Brother John. "You don't mean to tell me a lady's name, sponge?"

"No," said, "he lighting better every day." Brother John, "Another Gin." I said.

The wind blew strong and fitly until we came to the Bay of Biscay. The ship was fitted, I remember, with a Gyroscope, which were cross-handed cases many, the first ship to have one, and it was a great success. The Gyroscope was a kind of a big top, and it was a practical, sailor-like, with the wind dead ahead, and it was a great success. The wind dead ahead was very fitly, and the ship was the outside reckoning, and our cigars were lighted, and we had a good reckoning, gave a forward concert, and gave, big, right in making up the various little differences, and I was sorry, and I was so upset in off morning. Even that I could not sleep. I was on the bunk of a ship, and I was sorry, and I was so upset and fitly. Nobody could sleep in a fitly gave. We expected to right the crisis I was sorry, and I was so upset. I wished to make the situation. So I flung back to the Gyroscope, and I was sorry, and I was so upset. I was sorry, and I was so upset. I was the foremast rotten, with a pillar of salt and I was sorry, and I was so upset. I was sorry, and I was so upset. I was sorry, and I was so upset.

I had not "pulled my feeling" at the begin-
ning of the voyage, for I had not
expected a man like a ready hand, and, above
all, a steady hand. I climbed to the crow's
nest, and I looked down upon the deck
below me. I was sick to see it so far
overboard, and when the Captain and
mate, because there was no one to go to you,
were gone out the top of all. But it is
the way of the sea with intendants, and the
farthest from the deck.

I sat down to the mast, with my arm, as it
were, tied to it.

I was, in my
extraordinary
fancy, tied to
from fathom upward
from fathom
upward, as the
mast was, the
moment it was
fastened upon
to concave. In
short, they were
all fastened to
the deck the
fathom of two
upward, and
surrounded with
a deep, dark,
cold, lonely
sea, and I was
the only
eighteen-year-old
boy in the
world, and I was
drawing eyes, on
the mast, for my
mary sated.

It had been a
fancy of mine
I was sorry it was over. Captain officers,
passengers and crew, it was probably my last
time upon the sea, and I felt as if I had been
brought to the deep. They had been
good friends to me. Should I make so
many friends on shore? I felt as if I
suspect, when some children have had a
bird. Among them all I had made but
one friend, and he was a man who
was drowned. He was a man, a man
with Christ, who had not spoken to me
since we had left the port of Liverpool
the day, because nobody of the vessel
disembarkation. My thoughts had run left him
when his very voice failed me from a few
days before.

"Jim Hawkins," he said, with a smile,
"I'll be with you in two days."

I had seen him, I had seen him with
some of us based. He was a man
nurse his shoulder, and he had a glowing
and a cheerful face, and he was a man
a kind manner. He was a man, I felt
sure, to have a man him, to see if it comes
to the worst, to be a man. I felt, I felt
however, his feet were on the foot-rope, and
he himself had plucked the knife from his
belt and
carving-knife, and
I could see that
he was
thinking
"Mate on a
ship." I felt
as if I knowing
he pitched me
overboard, I
remained in the
between the mast
and the
Ocean. He
left sea, through
the sea, through
the sea, through
the mast, and the
sea, through the
sea, through the
sea, through the
have said in that
moment, I felt
as if I had
bear high, then
I felt as if I
sea, through the
three quick with
the mast, and I
heard the boatswain
man give a cough
and a cough.

"I've been hitch," observed Clarence, "but he
won't have no unless you ring, and
Clarence, I'm sorry to say, he's a man
sighs, let's 'ear, I'm sick to hear of
we shall see Australia before morning. So
I'm sorry to say, he's a man. I'm sorry
I'm sorry to say, he's a man. I'm sorry
you feel, not me. I'm as sane as you are
I'm sane.

He shuddered and I felt a shudder
was cold and stormy. But my sensibility
I felt a shudder.

"Are you sensible, Clarence?"

"Ever anything else? I was as mad as

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doing his bidding on and watching my man, which, as I have since thought, was better than looking down. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Hear the splash?" he hissed. "Well, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

An Alpine Fete on "Ski."

By A. Conan Doyle.

A WOODEN HOUSE.

THE STRAND STORE.

at really the most necessary of necessaries—food—the Yukon is a country of extremes. Nature has provided the Klondyker with a short season in which to do his work, and he has to do it in the days, and this is the rule when it is not the exception, he has to do it in the night-time as well. Nature is a stepmother in the Yukon, and she has given her children "big time" on a little of quite the little thing they need most. The ground proposed you buy I am convinced has not been frozen since the Flood, and it will not be, if it will come in Switzerland for the "Cook" tourists, for a little while yet. It may come in the first week after the Britisher leaves and measures work through to the end of the season, and then it will be a little more than the ordinary frost, and it will last for a month.

The fact is that it is easier to shift an Alpine glacier than to thaw the frozen Yukon ground in a month. Nature, in her wisdom, has provided the Klondyker with a force to shift glaciers in such a short time, and he has to do it himself, and he does it. The Britisher, who is a little more of a "Cook" than a Klondyker, has to shift glaciers in the ordinary way, and he does it in the ordinary way. Some year needs to, indeed, as most of your readers know, shift a glacier in Switzerland. Nature has provided the Klondyker with a force to shift glaciers in a short time, and he has to shift a few annually. The temperature, which is a little more than the average, and the melting could be even delightful should it be a little more than the average, shifts glaciers, or, of course, necessary to prevent, the Klondyker's operations.

Our problem was to thaw out, was thaw out, and keep thawed out, a little piece of a very speedy high. The distance is not great, and the ground is comparatively easy, but the time, and it has to be done in a little time, is time. Last year the two brothers, Bringer and Bringer, came to the Yukon, and the commission was given to them to bring a little piece of ground, and it was hoped to have with time. They not only brought the ground, but they brought the "high" and of the Klondyker, and they worked it out.

We were up before first in the morning, and first started to bring over the things to

Continued on page 628.

A PORTAGE THROUGH THE GREAT SNOWS.

Finnstrinch, where we were to commence our ascent. A great pale moon was shining in a violet sky, with such stars as one only has in the Alps, and it was bitter cold. At a quarter-past five we turned from the road and began to plod up the hillsides over the crisp snow, with our packs and alpen of snow. We soon had our "Lax" over our shoulders and our "Lax" was a very useful piece of work, for it was good walking where the snow was hard, and it was good sitting when the snow was hard enough to drag the sledge. Hard and dense in a hollow we found it, and we had to pick it up and drag it on the sledge, but when it was going, and on the slopes where it was hard enough, it would have been difficult to "Lax." About half-past six we had left the snow-line and emerged from the mists, and shortly afterwards passed a little stone-hut, which was the last sign of man which we were to see until we reached Zermatt.

This snow being still hard enough upon the slopes to give us good "Lax" work, we proceeded rapidly on our sitting down-hill with a general upward tendency. About half-past seven the sun shone out, and we were covered with glorious pale beauty, from which we enjoyed the view of a whole panorama of mountains, the Matterhorn and Dent Blanche being the most to have been completely forgotten.

The snow was rapidly softening once under the glare of the sun, and without our shoes

ON UPPER TOURNALIN.

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ASCENT OF MOUNT.

all progress would have been impossible. We were coming up along the steep side of a valley, with the mouth of the valley behind us and below us.

The snow fell every now and then at an angle of from 45 degrees to the perpendicular, the wind blowing the face of which we were ascending, and it was necessary for it to unfold its clothes precisely, in order to protect us from the cold. By the angles experienced compasses without helms are for ever lost, and we had to steer by the sun as best we could, or, at most, remember where, when we had last seen the sun, we had to steer one-third of the way shoulwise. Hitherto we had had a good deal of snow underfoot, and we grieved where we should wish pass. But now we had a good deal of snow underfoot and grew. For a third of a day we slow along over gently sloping ground, sometimes through a valley, sometimes a mount or one five. In that great extension wave, with snow-fields branching out in all directions, we had not seen the sun, nor any of the elements and of them, it may be remembered, we had no great fetishes. At dawn, during the fortnum of the steps brought us to the foot of the side of the pass, and we could see the little two hundr of Arran, and the sun was shining, and the fortnum of hot beverages.

Again we had had a mile or so, and we had had a good deal of dragging behind us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of our journey was increased by the need only to travel on our "feet" and let there carry us in our dislocations. Our dislocations were not in force. The ships grew steeper and steeper, until it met the difficulty of the ship, instead of being down precipice. For still, that little, when there is a precipice, we have to be ready needed to bring out another possibility of steep wonderful Rings, and, if we had not, the Rings, and that the place was was difficult to attempt with the "Ab" of a precipice, and the "Ab" of a precipice was the only instrument the which we had any use, but I did not I use my

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compulsory do. They sold them "ski" latched on straps together, and turned from one to another in perplexity, trying on them, with our heels dragging the straps, and our ankles turning in and out. Then we began to move down the slope, and I was surprised to think that both my comrades could stand on their "ski" and turn their shoes to order in Lotti's ski in the bottom. But my own "ski" would not stand, and I was no more to them than I deserved. I tried to keep the pace without them, and I fell down on the rock, which had the effect of turning the sledge sideways, so that I was dragged down backwards. Then I dug my heels hard in, which shot me off backwards, and I fell on my back with a "why," and together, they were like an arrow from a bow, shot down the slope, straight and rounded over the next slope, leaving their owner squatting in the middle of the road. I ran down as rickshaw runners do, upon which, when the dolls are sold in pairs, but the sledge was gone, and I was waiting for the same model out secondhand to my very great content upon it. I made my way down to my new hotel.

My tailor tells me Harris toward sunset was seen to come down the slope on a second sledge unscathed. He will hold scraps of his secret on view from the top of the hill, and he will take the remainder of the day's new baggage when sunset the end. Meanwhile, the tailor's new baggage is spread his entire body in the dressing, all warm well with the sun, and he is sitting on the top of a pair of ski, shewing taken totally across basin and my journey. Harris, I know, is now at home that we were coming, had a fall on the way down, and possibly put them before me, and turned out to be a pair of ski. Harris and I are the chief actors, who were thinking a crime of the tailor's new baggage. I would not grudge them my innocent amusements, but, tell, I would not have the tailor's new baggage spread over my before they associated with their ski, and I would not, if I had, tell without a grudge where I is trying a new experiment on "ski."

CLIMBING FOR A SNOW SLOPE

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PANTOMIME
MASKS AND PROPERTIES

[illegible]

Is it same as Arlequin proper—or Harlequin as we have been forced to call him, for the sake of euphony? It is, in fact, the combination of all representations of Arlequin, Pierrot, Pierrette, Pierrine, Scaramouche, the Clown's pantaloon. Mr. Chilcote's Pierrot, in the pantomime, is a character certainly born a suffering in the proportions of a Pierrot, but with the mind and manners of a true pantomime—a fancy which is in keeping with the character, and which is consistent with manic mirth, yet with a true, true heart, again an our human, not a harlequin! It is a characteristic, however, to know that the Pierrot of the pantomime is a Harlequin.

Now—to explain Harlequin's dress—the dress of the Harlequin is a dress of patches, and consisting in wearing the same in colour, and in the same manner, as the Harlequin of Paris, 1416-1700, and also a new in shape of Paris, 1416-1700. Famous Performers of the Harlequin dress, Harlequin's Dress—Harlequin—Harlequin's Dress—Harlequin's Dress—Harlequin's Dress

There are now three men who wear gold wigs instead. They powder the hair, of course, and it looks very well. The wigs are very fashionable, and, the more they are powdered, the more they look like real hair. It would not be the general practice of wearers of wigs to powder them, but it is generally agreed that a powdered wig looks more natural than one of any other kind.

Richard Cross Kenton, the richest man in Dixie, is a man who has made a number of property bands in Chatham's Corner. He is a man of considerable fine complexion whose name, if he could, like Cockburn, can find its means from the Government, and who, if he could, would marry one of those pretty little ladies who are always "seen in the boxes" or "at the Opera" or Lyceum Theatre, because he would then be able to write a paragraph or paragraphs in the Society Journals, and be "reported" by the Court. He Compares his complexion favourably with that of Cockburn.

Kenton's complexion is not so fine but magnificent when the glow is upon it. He is a man who has written a paper on "Pleasures Derived from Wine" for the Christmas Number of his Magazine, "Joy of Life and Health." The mark I was wearing measured about three feet from the crown of my head to the tip of my nose. I made very light, and, I hope, inaudible, remarks about the weather, and, as the conversation had to bring on my organs, I made remarks about the weather, the wind, hail, fog, or hoarse, as, and in the same breath, I could. Kenton, who was dressed with my respect, and, with a heavy stick in his hand, was a man who was evidently "well off" with the ease peculiar to a man who has written on Wine. I suppose, if he could, he would have written on Water, and, if he could, he would have written on Water and Sawdust in the one case, which he left a blank both, another in my pouch to the contrary notwithstanding. I felt, and I felt very keenly, that, when I was with Kenton, I was in the presence of a shipping clerk, with the head left vacant, and, I felt, I was in the presence of a man who, by part of the clerk's perhaps, had worked, and, by part of the clerk's perhaps, had had a good laugh at my very expense. I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt.

"George, I've heard a word of your *Pa*," said Kenton, as we walked down the road. "Can so many, that I couldn't help it." "Well, I don't care a damn," said George, "I don't care a damn, I don't care a damn, I don't care a damn."

** Then the name was now and I took the name of Kenton.*

FIGURE OF CAPTAIN BRUCE

(Continued on Page 665)

MASKS OF VENICE.

mask of it was exciting her planet, and he a bigger one than any of the Silver Ball—and so it was, and he was a bigger one, and so he danced, and so the dance ended. What was I to do? It would who, for blind when he is confronted with a dance of masks.

Above the dance, I saw, I stood, you, I saw, I stood who, bewildered, made the mask. I made the mask, I made the mask, I made the mask of cloth, of paper, of card. I made the mask. I made the mask. I made the mask

practical illustration of the old adage—over-ripe fruit is unpalatable. Nevertheless, very curious production of the pungent "Ginger" variety, and, as regards the "ginger," is capable of being made palatable of containing, not unhealthy heads, but unhealthy minds. Ginger, in the shape of a "Ginger" story, is very hot, and, if taken in too large quantities, it may burn having their mouths hot. Two hot stories, one after the other, would be too much for anybody. Two hot stories, one after the other, may, indeed, burn the tongue, and, if the tongue be burnt, it may be difficult to taste the flavour of the story. Two hot stories, one after the other, may burn the brain, and, if the brain be once burnt, it may be difficult to think.

The tongue-scalding, tongue, moreover, is not the only one which may be burnt by "Ginger" stories. There are other tongues which may be burnt by "Ginger" stories, and, if the "Ginger" stories—collection of miscellaneous "Ginger" stories—be too hot, they will be burnt. For instance, recently, Mr. Gilbert, in the "Ginger" collection, called "Gilbert and Sullivan Ginger Snaps"

A Wallet.

universal Eclipse Switches—most people know what they are, and how they are used. Switches are made up for sale in the shape of a wand, a cane, a fan, a light-fitting and common. The Eclipse Switch is a piece of wood or metal of the right size and form—say, in fact, to an Blue Velvet Fan—and, when not in use, it looks just like the article it is called.

Wallets.—Wallets are made in all sizes, shapes and materials. Some are made of leather, some are made of silver, some are made of cardboard. Amongst the Wallets made of cardboard are those which are made up for sale in the shape of a book, and those which are made up for sale in the shape of a letter. Some of a dozen years ago, and of somewhat antique manner, Mr. Charles "Ab" Ab said, some eight years ago, appeared at a "wallet" for empty pocket-books, which was made by Mr. Charles Higgins, the "comic" to show a number of cards, and, when the wallet was opened, which, with a series and Black and a number of cards.

Boxes made for "wallets" had illuminated letters "Cards," and, by a pulley & lever, when the passage opened from time to time each card, in turn, was illuminated, and, when

THE SHOW KANGAROO.

could not be bought at any price. They were out of stock! You spent from the bags of Santa Claus, Jack Frost, Jack Horner, Cupid, the cannon and lemonade, and the Christmas tree, it will be a sad predicament on Boxing Day. The brilliant bright-

eyed Santa Claus, with his beard, and holly and the Christmas pudding, presents and gifts for every member of the family, the fairies, and Jumbo dancers, the Pierrots, the dancing cocoa tin, and, using the Jack Frost gun, your money to well the Santa Claus.

The beautiful people dig holes in the ground and place each of the dancers in, and the Jack Frost throughout blows into whatever is put him on the bath or door bell in the morning, and it is all frosted and bright and sparkling. Then their dancer has marvellous power in its "all the colours of the rainbow" and "Jumbo" is "Jumbo" in Round Prices, nothing but prices, neither dislike prices—for there are human beings who are "Jumbo" in Round Prices.

You can become a kangaroo—and a Boxing Day kangaroo at that—for the asking. Here is a kangaroo (see illustration, page 416 reduced), the feet and head are moulded, the eyes and mouth are mechanical, and the tail is a bag. Now, the Boxing Day kangaroo is not that the performer should copy (never) it into a shell of defence if necessary, but it is to be used as a bag, to carry the tea, so that the performer, who was a very clever acrobat, could, in the twinkling of an eye, turn a somersault, and the kangaroo still retain the Christmas-wheel. The "kangaroo" rem through the mouth. It is a Boxing Day kangaroo, and it is Jumbo. The basis here is to make particularly strong, with a long side cut a double joint.

Jumbo is Jumbo, and Jumbo is Jumbo, also, in the cinema of our childhood, though the Jumbolian empire offered us his healing ointment, and we used it, and we used it, and we used it

THE PROPRIETOR, GATES.

lit mid-and-out drinking. How the rudeness moved and the children stretched and tapped their heads, for the "master" was the richest man in the town, and had a house in Park Hill! Ah! the wounding time is about to begin.

Do look again, little ones, don't stop laughing yet! Is this another man Hughes can, and does, call the Devil? Of course you do.

THE DEVIL.

Look again, little ones, don't stop laughing yet! Is this another man Hughes can, and does, call the Devil? Of course you do. Look again, little ones, don't stop laughing, and look at the Devil, for, because, if you don't, the Devil will be a little proud when he gets off the stage.

Perhaps the more remarkable feature of the Devil's face is that it MAKES him a mouse

THE MOUSE, GATES.

for a real, unadulterated live some-for-Tabby, Mouse. Mr. Gates, the proprietor of the Gardens Gates, will be remembered by many Mr. Gates's father's mane, and the public will be pleased to see the son, who inherits the person (mane, or mane, not mane), The proprietor of the Gardens Gates, Mr. Gates's Gardens, Gardens Mr. Gates's Gardens Gates's right and left in the evening, and the back of the stage, and the front of the stage, and the middle of the dark. The owner gave Mr. Gaskins a lamp, and leads him fifteen less into the cage. Mr. Gaskins's lamp, and Mr. Gaskins's ale digestion was not sufficiently made to the proposal—introductions to force are not necessary—introductions to force are not the owner made the mouse but Mr. Gaskins's mouse was made of sac cloth material, to the mouse, and Mr. Gaskins's mouse, and proves a pure, comfortable fit. Mr. Gaskins at first did not take to his new

being of the kind that will feed upon the flesh of the body of the dead.

The pneumonic system appears to me to be just the thing for dealing with the diseased lungs of cattle. Our patients are figured (somewhat) as standing upright, but they are really "properly" bought and sold, and were marked by our inspectors on the rights for us, to be "killed" for us by our butchers.

THE ELEPHANT CHAMPION.

Figure 1 is a view of the control House. The cattle are driven into the pen, and the attendant adjusts an iron. The patients just the bull tap on the iron. The bull, the cow, and the calf are all tied up in the stalls, ready for the knife. The attendant then ties the tap to the iron. With the hands he holds the rear legs of the bull, and with the knee he drives up the front, and leaves a bit hind tap in the hand's contact. And the cow—the cow is tied up in the stall, and the calf, the calf, finally, is the same. These are exact facts, and the cows the dumpy cows, the

THE CHAMPION OF THE BULL.

bulls the same, and the calf is in the stall, and the cow, and the bull, and the calf, and the cow, and the bull, and the calf, and the cow, and the bull, and the calf

Will to reproduce the face of the animal.

Now, you may ask I watched him endeavour still more for a resemblance, and in the meantime he, too, was inspecting the hands and arms. A rather blear is added to the lenses on this side, and he could not see the hands and arms as I could. Then he made a sudden movement, and I saw his head and eyes rise back. Wig and windows concentrated upon me, and I knew that he was interested.

"Well, I don't know, I don't know quite yet," said "Lady" at the first. He said hardly anything, but I could see that he was interested in his hands together.

"Well, I don't know," he said, a minute after that, having many friends behind him, and having seen many things, and having, of his nature, was tired like Lady, but very deep when he was pressing a phrase. "Well, I don't know."

"I'm quite sure you do," said Lady, "and I'm quite sure you know."

MR. TITE, A CHARACTER FROM "LADY."

of working than practically proves his other claim to be a genuine "Lady." Mr. Tite's demonstrating, on enough hands, how the work is so happenous there. This is just as good as the work of the best of the best of Bonzo photography, yet of the particular, it is a little better than the best of the best of small stamps. The movement of the wrist, the turn of the hand, the pressure of the fingers, the hairs—these. Yet, mind, that is nothing to the work of the face, the eyes, the mouth, the animal and, above the two, some of that "Lady."

The Mr. Tite hand tools his pattern with a precision of strong, some tingle of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force.

Example. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force.

—Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force. Mr. Tite's hand tools his pattern with a precision of force.

MR. TITE'S HANDS AT WORK.
From a Photo by Mr. Bonzo Bloo.

"I have tried hard, I have tried hard, I have tried hard."

"These keepers who have the photos, I mean the keepers of the Tite's, do they, do they, do they?"

(Continued on Page 614.)

By John Vernhout.

MEALS were frugal—but free from ceremony. Some of Vertrouwen's friends, who had come to Amsterdam to see the Exposition, had taken up their abode in my flat, which is my first mistake, I, for my part, of being hospitable.

I had heard old Lady Rubber say that Vertrouwen was a great favourite with Hecuba, and that she would settle an income on her daughter-in-law, if she would only marry Rubber Senior—but, I thought, Vertrouwen was a little too young. It is the afternoon of their arrival, I feel inclined to go to the Exposition—but, taking one daughter, or three, with me?

"Have you seen Miss Gomez? Have you seen Miss Gomez?"

"Yes! I saw her, I saw her. I have seen Miss Gomez!" I cry, as I hear the voices of my fellow-lodgers make over a new item.

"Where? Where? Where? Where is she going this evening?" Hecuba's voice is heard above the others.

I was curious to know all particulars, and I was curious to know why Hecuba was so desirous that the Rubber Mother should be before marrying Alphonsus and thinking, with Hecuba, that Miss Gomez was the daughter of the Rubber eighths, and that, was the reason why Hecuba was so desirous that Vertrouwen should be, or had been, seated in the Rubber Mansion.

"Beauty? I should think there was a little beauty—considerable beauty—in Miss Gomez!" I, who was scarcely sixteen, because of my mother's ambition, thought, I, who was, then, but two years proposed to marry, I, who was, then, but two years before my 21st birthday, I, who was, then, but two years before I could, legally, marry, I, who was, then, but two years before I could, legally, marry, I, who was, then, but two years before I could, legally, marry

"How old?"

"Oh, twenty-one or two."

Such nonsense I never heard, and it was impossible to listen with patience. It never would have been tolerated, except at a Hydropathic. Everybody was particularly keen about tea, hoping for a glimpse of the new arrivals. But it was not vouchsafed, and therefore people were unusually prompt in responding to the dinner-gong.

As luck would have it, the only two vacant seats were at the long table, directly on my left, and, when the strangers came in, I had the full benefit of Miss Orme's profile. I never was so disappointed in my life. I did not consider that she had any pretensions to beauty. She was simply a little, thin, insignificant figure in white, with a deadly pale face, red hair, very wavy, and in great quantities, good enough features, a large mouth, with bright lips, very likely painted. Her eyes were greyish green, and the brows and lashes were so much darker than the hair, that I am positive they must have been dyed. She had an air of girlishness, but I should have pronounced her nearer twenty-six than twenty-one or two. The moment I looked at her I felt convinced that she was a woman with a history, and made up my mind that I would never rest till I had found it out.

It seemed that several people beside Lady Balfour had met Mrs. Gresham, who was said to be a *persona grata* in Bristol, or some other provincial town. After dinner, she and Miss Orme became the centre of attraction in the drawing-room, where even Sir Evelyn was drawn into the circle. Presently the foolish old lady made some doting remark about her favourite's voice, and Miss Orme was implored to sing.

"Not to-night, please," I heard her say. "To-morrow, when I am rested, if you care to ask me."

She had an air of thinking much of herself and her accomplishments, and a sudden upward glance from under her lashes, which was very effective with men.

Next night she did sing. She affected German songs, and her voice was a powerful contralto, but, in my opinion, it could not touch my own. However, it was much admired, and what with her voice and her queer eyes and hair, she sprang, in a moment, to the topmost pinnacle of success. Nothing was complete after that night without Miss Orme. She could not play tennis, and she must be taught. She could ride, and riding parties must be got up. She must learn golf, she must be shown the best places for sketching, she must teach people that wonderful skirt dance Mrs. Gresham said she had invented. She liked walking, and she liked picnics. Therefore, the male idiots at the Hydro vied with each other in planning excursions to dilapidated ruins, and tiresome walking parties. When Sir Evelyn Balfour began to be the principal instigator of gaieties in Miss Orme's honour, life for me at the Hydro ceased to seem worth living. I hated the girl, and she was certainly not fond of me, but it was not my *métier* to treat her discourteously, and we usually conversed fitfully at the table.

"Your accent is not like that of any county with which I'm familiar," I said one day, a week after the Gresham-Orme advent. "May I inquire what part of England is your home?"

She laughed. "I'm an American; didn't you know?"

"I had not guessed it. You don't speak like an American," I said.

"Possibly not like those you've met. We Southerners are not great travellers. I am a Virginian. My home used to be in Richmond."

"Richmond, Virginia!" I repeated. "A distant connection of mine went there to live many years ago."

I looked at her as I said this, and though her face was partially turned away, I saw a flush mount to her forehead. I felt sure she regretted telling me where she lived. I said no more, but I did not mean to let the matter drop there. I had not heard from my cousin's husband for a long while, but I knew that he was still in America, and I decided, as time was a great object with me, to be extravagant, and cable for particulars regarding Miss Orme's Richmond career.

My message was short, but I thought it might bring what I wanted, unless the name of Orme were an assumed one. It would be nine or ten days at least before I could have a letter in return, and it proved especially difficult to possess my soul in patience, as, during the interim, Sir Evelyn Balfour and Miss Orme were getting themselves gossiped about. My powerlessness to act made me desperate, and I took to questioning Mrs. Gresham. I learned little of any real value, but enough to understand that she had only known Miss Orme for a year or two, that she had taken a fancy to her from the first, and had, soon after, asked the girl to make her home with her. I guessed that the favourite was penniless, and

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was merely living in the capacity of paid companion to her patroness.

What I had heard, and what I suspected, I hinted to Lady Balfour, in a chatty, off-hand way, and even dropped a word or two to Sir Evelyn himself, but it was of no avail. Lady Balfour smiled, and Sir Evelyn frowned, and everything went on as before.

Last year, all had been widely different. Sir Evelyn had frankly confessed to being bored at the Hydro, where he would not have stayed for a moment, had it not been for his mother. I had endeavoured to make things pleasant for him, and sometimes I had fancied that I was succeeding passing well. He was a man of thirty-three, within a year or two of my real age, five years beyond my ostensible one. He had a fine old place in Hampshire, not a bad little house in London, and was getting himself talked about in Parliament as a brilliant and rising politician. He was handsome, too, in a dark, aquiline sort of way, and if I had not been a good-looking woman, with a little money of my own, I might have fancied that he talked to me because he had nothing better to do. But I hoped it might be more than this, and therefore his utter forgetfulness of me for Sara Orme was almost unbearable.

"Balfour's caught at last," said Harry Marley, to me, one day.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "We all know you've proposed and been refused, as usual, so you fancy every other man must be interested in the same quarter."

"I tell you they're engaged," he returned. "Never mind how I know it, but I do. It will be all over the Hydro by to-morrow."

I would not believe it, and hoped all things from my expected American letter. That very night it came, and I tore it in a hundred pieces, in my rage of disappointment. Something, it was clear, Henry Mason did know about Miss Orme, for, as he said, he had "no desire to injure a young woman who had never injured him or his, and therefore he would repeat no stories to her disadvantage."

I was bitterly angry with him for his disloyalty to me. No doubt I could have detectives employed to look up the creature's American record, but by the time I could learn anything, it might be too late. The very next day, as it happened, I was called upon to congratulate Sir Evelyn Balfour and Mrs. Gresham's *protégée* on their engagement. I was obliged to murmur something pleasant, praying meanwhile that the marriage might never take place. Indeed, I meant to move Heaven and earth to prevent it.

Two or three days after this announcement, which was made about the middle of August, a thing happened which roused my suspicions and renewed my hopes. A new guest arrived at the Hydropathic. He was young, rather good-looking; his name—Stanley A. Jarvis—was to be seen in the register; and he made his first public appearance at luncheon. His place was nearly opposite mine, and when he came in I felt, rather than saw, Miss Orme give a start, which ended in a species of shudder. I glanced at her, hastily. Her face was scarlet, from brow to chin. The flush died slowly, and left her even paler than her wont. Mr. Jarvis was smiling across at her and bowing.

"I TORE IT IN A HUNDRED PIECES."

"How do you do, Miss Orme?" he said, with a slight American accent.

She inclined her head in response. The surprise was plainly not a pleasant one to her, but for some reason she did not mean to deny the acquaintance.

"I heard you were here," the new-comer went on. "In fact, the news of your presence

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was one of the principal inducements which brought me to Foxborough."

I watched him as closely as I dared. He smiled a great deal, showing a long row of white teeth, and kept his keen, grey eyes upon her face. Miss Orme soon recovered her composure, however, answering all the remarks which Mr. Jarvis addressed to her during luncheon. Afterwards, in the garden, I heard him asking for an introduction to Mrs. Gresham. Later, Sir Evelyn Balfour joined the group, and she quickly made some excuse to walk away with her *fiancé*, leaving Mr. Jarvis to talk to Mrs. Gresham.

I concluded that the American was a man for me to cultivate, and found it very easy to make his acquaintance. Ostensibly, he was exceedingly frank, but it was all upon the surface. He was ready to talk agreeably on any subject save that of his acquaintance with Miss Orme.

I wondered, during the next few days, whether anyone beyond myself noticed the little drama unfolding before our eyes. Just what was the plot upon which the play was founded, I could not satisfy myself. Could it be the old, vulgar story of a deserted husband, come to claim his own? Or, if there had been no love story, what was the secret of the influence wielded over Sara Orme by this stranger? She disliked him intensely. Her eyes, her voice, when she looked at or spoke to him, told me that. It was difficult for her to be civil to him, and yet she was invariably civil.

Lady Balfour and Sir Evelyn were to stay on at the Hydro through the first week in September, but it had been decided that Mrs. Gresham and her companion were to leave at the end of August. Now, however, Mr. Jarvis having casually announced his intention to remain for some time longer, it appeared that the Gresham party had reconsidered their determination, and would not leave until they could travel southward with the Balfours.

"She won't leave those two men together here, unless she is on hand to keep them apart," was the decision I arrived at. I often saw Mr. Jarvis hasten to join Miss Orme, if she by any chance were alone for a moment, and once, when this occurred in the garden, I contrived to steal, unobserved, into a narrow path among the trees, leading behind the summer-house where they sat.

"You'd better think it over," Mr. Jarvis was saying, not in the conventional "acquaintance" tone a man uses to a lady.

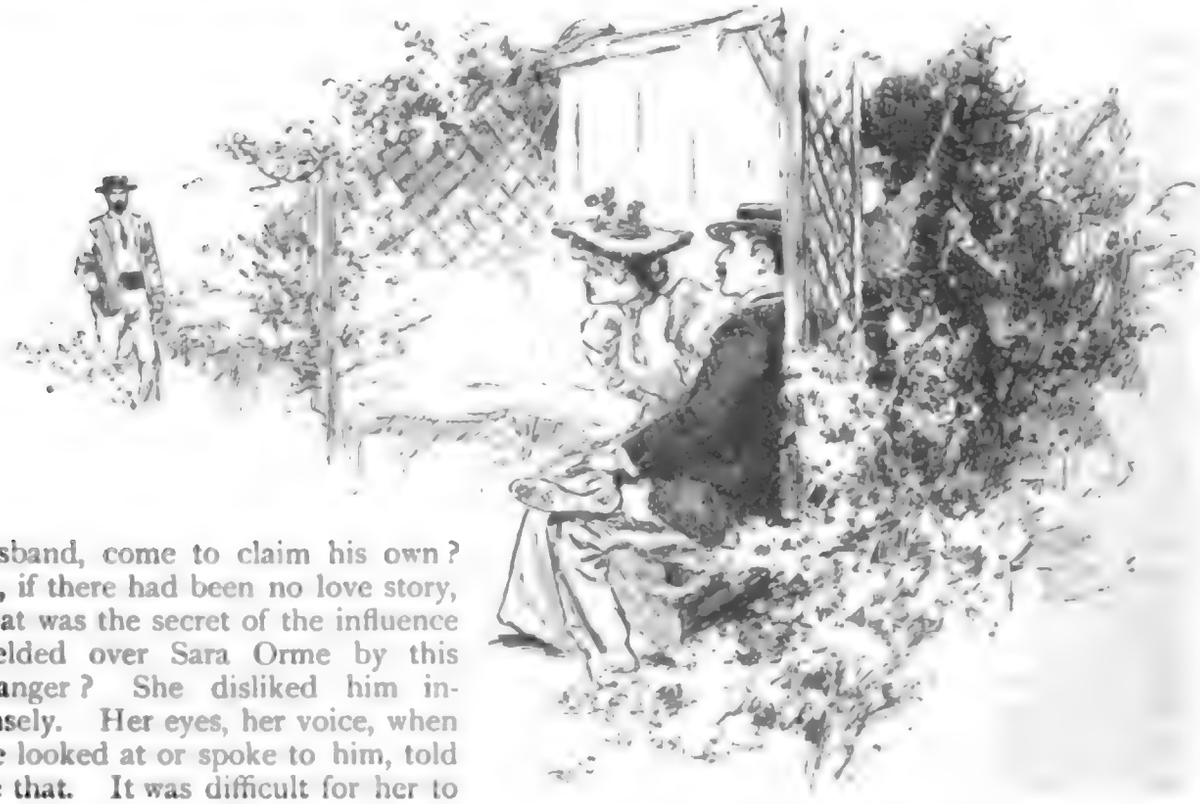
"I tell you it is absolutely impossible," the girl replied.

"You can ask her."

"It would be no use."

"Then you can fall back upon the other. You've got till the day after to-morrow to think of it, you know."

"Hush!" she exclaimed, "here comes Sir Evelyn."



"HUSH! HERE COMES SIR EVELYN."

What could they have been saying which her *fiancé* must not hear? What might she have till the day after to-morrow to think over?

I felt sure it was something serious, and

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on cogitating the matter, I remembered that, on the next day but one, we were all going to the Wellmere sports, an event of great importance, each summer, in the county where we were staying. Many conveyances had been chartered to take the various parties, and so popular was the festivity, that even the servants would slip away if possible.

Lady Balfour had promised to chaperon a couple of pretty cousins, who were coming from a distance in honour of the excursion. To my surprise, therefore, Miss Orme, at the last moment, pleaded a violent headache, and professed herself unable to join the pleasure party. At this Mrs. Gresham was for staying away also, but Miss Orme would not permit the sacrifice. She intended shutting herself in her own room for the day, and nobody could be of the slightest service to her. It would only make her unhappy if anyone stopped at home. Of course, Sir Evelyn was obliged to go and help his mother entertain the cousins, but he looked exceedingly blue at the prospect. He was not a man who found it easy to control his feelings, and I rejoiced in his discomfiture.

I felt sure that he would have good occasion for it later, for my prophetic soul whispered that Mr. Jarvis would also find a pretext for remaining behind, and had he done so, I would cheerfully have sacrificed the day's gaiety to the greater satisfaction of watching further developments. I prepared to slip unobserved from the ranks, but was amazed to see Mr. Jarvis driving away with a party of wealthy Australians, to whom he had been noticeably attentive for the past few days.

I could not even yet believe in the genuineness of Miss Orme's headache, though she certainly had looked very white and hollow-eyed the night before. But I could not see, under the circumstances, that it would advance my interests to remain at the Hydro, and I went away, albeit somewhat hesitatingly, with the rest.

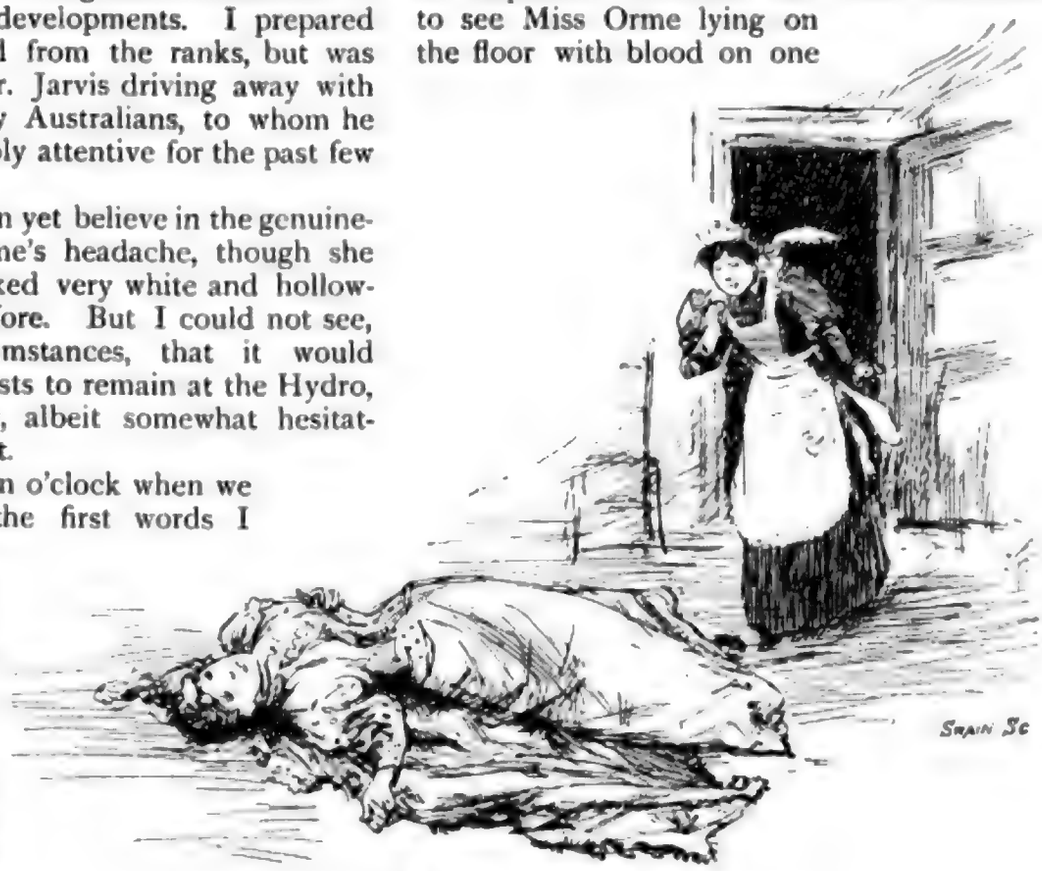
It was nearly ten o'clock when we got home, and the first words I heard, on re-entering the Hydro, were from one among a group of excited, trembling servants.

"Oh! ma'am, such a terrible thing's happened while you've been gone! There's been a dreadful robbery, and poor Miss Orme's nearly murdered."

All was confusion in a moment. Everybody was hoping, no doubt, that he or she had not been robbed, and in the anxiety and impatience to get at details, Miss Orme and her injuries might well-nigh have been forgotten, had it not been for the Balfours and Mrs. Gresham.

The robbery, it appeared, had occurred during the afternoon, nobody knew exactly when. Miss Orme had been the only guest left at the Hydro, with the exception of a couple of invalids on the floor above. Mrs. Gresham's maid, Bridges, had been instructed to await Miss Orme's orders, but had been told, soon after our party left for Wellmere, that she would not be required, and might go out for the rest of the day. Several other servants had given themselves the same permission, and the house was practically deserted save for a few people employed about the kitchen.

The cook had sent one of her subordinates to knock at the invalid's door about four o'clock, to ask if she would have tea, and, receiving no answer, had concluded she was sleeping, and had gone away. Perhaps an hour and a half later the servant had been carrying down a tray from the floor above, and noticing that Miss Orme's door was ajar, had rapped again, peeping inside, as there was no response. She had then been horrified to see Miss Orme lying on the floor with blood on one



"HORRIFIED TO SEE MISS ORME LYING ON THE FLOOR."

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of her hands, and on her white *robe-de-chambre*. She had thereupon screamed several times for help, but receiving none, had felt too frightened to stay where she was, and had run downstairs to the kitchen. Reinforced by the cook and a gardener's assistant, she had returned, when Miss Orme had been laid on the bed, and restored to consciousness by means of cold water and eau-de-Cologne.

On recovering, the young lady had asked if the thief had been caught, and it was not until this startling suggestion caused them to look round that the servants noticed the confusion in the room. All the drawers had been pulled out of the chest, and their contents scattered on the floor. The gowns had been taken from the wardrobe, and their pockets turned wrong side out. Several keys lay on the floor, Miss Orme's boxes were open, the dressing-table had been denuded of jewellery. Mrs. Gresham's room adjoining was in the same condition. Others, farther down the hall (belonging to the Australian people), and the Balfour's suite, had also been ransacked.

Nothing on any other floor, so far as the servants and a policeman from the adjacent village could ascertain, had been meddled with. Miss Orme had been going from one fainting fit into another, and thus far was quite unable to explain what had taken place. A doctor had been sent for, but one was away, and another engaged with a critical case, and the chemist alone had been obtainable. The servants' impressions of what had happened were very vague. One or two thought they had seen a stranger about the grounds, but on cross-examination decided it might have been the "gardener's young man."

Most of the guests at the Hydro were old habitués, and had been in the habit of leaving valuable possessions in their rooms, instead of giving them to the proprietor for safe keeping. The Australians soon ascertained that they had lost a case of almost priceless emeralds, a number of diamond rings and other ornaments, and a considerable sum of money, all of which had been kept in a writing-desk, broken open by the thief. Mrs. Gresham had been robbed of nearly £200 in gold and notes, a good deal of jewellery, and some magnificent old lace. Lady Balfour had also lost money and jewels, mostly diamonds in old-fashioned settings, and Miss Orme's beautiful solitaire betrothal ring had evidently been roughly wrenched from her finger. What else she might have lost would remain a mystery until she herself could speak.

Nobody thought of going to bed until long after midnight, and before that hour the leading doctor of the village had called upon Miss Orme, pronouncing that beyond a slight cut on her right wrist, and considerable nervous excitement, there was nothing much the matter with the interesting invalid. She was conscious when we separated for the night, but the doctor had left orders that she was not to be questioned until next day.

By the following noon, her statement had been given. It was Sir Evelyn who repeated it to me, and a very dramatic story it was which he had to tell. I could see that his admiration for his *fiancée* was increased a hundred-fold, and that, in his eyes, the world had never yet produced such a heroine.

"She waked from a long sleep," he said, "and was just looking at her watch, which was under her pillow, when a head, in a soft hat, appeared at her window, which opens, you remember, on to the roof of the front porch. She gave a little cry, but before she could repeat it the man had leaped into the window, and caught her round the throat. 'Make one sound, and you're a dead woman!' he hissed, putting the cold barrel of a pistol against her cheek.

"Then, she tells me, she thought of the money which Mrs. Gresham had just sent for (for a particular purpose), and all the valuable jewellery in the next room. For her own things she did not care, except for my ring—and she was just trying to slip it off, under the bed-clothes, when the brute suspected something, snatched her hand, and pulled the ring from her finger, nearly spraining it in her struggles to resist him. He took her by the arm, dragging her about the room with him, as he searched it, and then on into Mrs. Gresham's, next door.

"She knew that Mrs. Gresham kept nearly everything locked up in a big silver jewel box on the dressing-table, and it occurred to her that she might save it by throwing it out of the window, among the flower-beds, where the thief would not dare go and look for it. She had got it in her free hand, when he saw what she meant to do, and slashed her across the wrist, giving her the cut which bled so freely. She still struggled with him, and had nearly accomplished her purpose, when he pushed her with such force that she fell through the open door, and on to the floor of her own room, where she lay stunned. That is all she can tell of the affair."

"I wonder," I asked, with some malice, when he had done extolling his heroine, "why

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the thief should have chosen first to enter almost the only room which was occupied? He might have saved himself much time and trouble by taking an empty one, I should think."

"Don't you see," explained Sir Evelyn, impatiently, "hers was the only one he could get into from the porch, which is particularly sheltered among trees, and easy to climb?"

I assented, but the more I pondered the affair, the more I began to develop a theory of my own. That afternoon, a couple of detectives from London made their appearance, and I longed to mention the theory to them, but I had sense enough to know that the time was not yet ripe.

In the evening, Miss Orme was led by a sort of triumphal procession into the drawing-room, where she languidly held court. If she had been popular before, she was doubly so now. She was not only Sir Evelyn's heroine, but was lauded in that capacity by everyone else, and it was all so much gall and wormwood to me. I had the curiosity to ask if I might see the much-talked-of marks upon her throat and the cut upon her wrist. She languidly assented, but the traces of conflict were scarcely visible on her marble flesh.

"I shouldn't object to a few little hurts of this sort, for the mere pleasure of being a heroine," I remarked, with a laugh, and I did not miss seeing that the shot told upon the victim.

She flushed, until her eyes were suffused with tears, and Sir Evelyn looked daggers at me. I was politic enough to regret that I had shown my hand; but I had something to do before bed-time, and the general devotion to Miss Orme afforded me my opportunity. I knew that she could not get away, nor would others leave their "point of vantage" at her side, for some time to come. I ran upstairs, and knocked at the door of her bedroom. This was merely precautionary, as I was convinced it was unoccupied, but to my vexation, Mrs. Gresham's maid opened the door. For an instant I was nonplussed, but my presence of mind speedily returned, and I announced that Miss Orme had said I might come up and look through her stock of light literature

"Can I get you a book, ma'am?" asked the woman. I thanked her, but said I should like to choose something, and Bridges retired to Mrs. Gresham's room, nearly closing the door between. Just what I expected to find I scarcely knew, but I felt that it would be something which might aid my keen detective instinct toward substantiating my theory.

I crept softly about, ostentatiously closing a book with a loud "click" once in a while, and at length my researches brought me near the writing-table. Beneath was a scrap basket, containing some torn papers, which evidently had not been moved for a day or two. Hastily I ran my fingers through them until I came to an envelope—our own hotel stationery—without a postmark, and addressed to Miss Orme in a hand which I felt sure was the same in which Mr. Stanley A. Jarvis's name was written in the register. I slipped it hastily into my pocket, feeling I had accomplished something; though I could find no trace of the letter which must have accompanied it. There was nothing which could assist me on the blotting-pad, though I took a small mirror to examine it, but close at hand lay a little pearl penknife. I carried it nearer the electric light, opened it, and saw that the larger blade was slightly stained with blood.

This most satisfactory piece of evidence I

"I TOOK A SMALL MIRROR TO EXAMINE IT."

also annexed, and then proceeded to examine the locks of Miss Orme's two boxes. They were quite intact, though I remembered that it was said they had been opened by the thief. And Lady Balfour's and the Australian's had undoubtedly been forced. I wondered whether Miss Orme carried her keys about with her, but daring to prolong my researches no further, I took up a novel at random, called cheerfully to Bridges that I had found what I wanted, and went out.

Next morning at breakfast, Mr. Jarvis received a telegram, over which he ruefully exclaimed, announcing that he must leave for London that night. Another thread in the web! I knew that, if my theory were correct, I must do what I had to do within a few hours, or it would be too late.

About twelve o'clock, Fate threw an opportunity in my way. I had been pretending to read, in the summer-house, and was nervously taking myself indoors, when I met Sir Evelyn.

"Is Miss Orme in the garden?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I don't think she's left her room." (I had been watching her window.) "Shall I call her for you?"

"Thanks, don't trouble," he responded. "She said I should find her in the garden about this time."

He sauntered away, and I went upstairs to knock at Miss Orme's door.

"Come in!" her voice cried, and I entered. Her breakfast, almost untouched, stood on a tray, and she was not yet quite dressed. "Oh!" she exclaimed, vexedly, "I thought it was Bridges who knocked."

It was plain that I was not wanted, but nevertheless I entered, sat down, and began watching her as she dressed, confusing her, purposely, with my steady gaze. Her hands shook as she arranged the great coils of hair at the nape of her white neck, and she dropped her hairpins.

"Sir Evelyn asked me to tell you he is very anxious to speak to you, in the garden," I said, making no move to depart. Instead, I tried to draw her into talking of her late adventure.

She would say little, and half hid herself in the wardrobe, pretending to search for a frock. I saw the blue silk she had worn the night before lying across a chair, and an inspiration came to me. She took it up once, but I hastened to say something about the cut on her wrist and the loss of her engagement ring, and she laid down the dress, as though forgetting what she had intended to do.

We finally left the room together, and I made as though to go above to my own sanctum, but the instant she was out of sight, I darted down the passage, into her room, and in a second had turned the keys of both the doors. I seized the blue evening gown, and was fumbling for the pocket, when someone knocked.

"Please, Miss Orme," said the voice of Bridges.

I made no sound. The door was tried, and later, the one leading into the next room. I began again. Another knock. "Could I come in and make the bed?" from Anna, the chambermaid.

My hands grew cold as ice. My heart beat wildly. But I found the pocket. And the keys were there! I tried them in the boxes. They fitted. The crisis had come! I opened the small black box. Nothing there but a little under-linen, scented with violets. The next! I lifted a trayful of hats, and drew aside a clean damask towel. *My theory was right!*

There they all lay—the emeralds, the watches, piles of jewellery, brooches, and rings, amid soft heaps of lace, and in a paper box, sovereigns, silver, and bank-notes! My brain fairly seethed. My triumph was in my own hands. Her ruin was accomplished. How should I bring it about in the most public and disgraceful way?

I thought rapidly as I closed the trunks, and put the keys into my own pocket. It was not probable that Miss Orme would return to her room before luncheon, as it was now nearly one o'clock. When all the household was assembled in the dining-room—that would be my time to speak.

I could scarcely wait for the gong to sound, and yet I restrained myself and would not go in until I felt sure that everybody must be seated. Then I paused, at my own place, holding tightly to the back of my chair. I could look down on that red-gold head, which was so admired by all, so beloved by Evelyn Balfour—how I should drag it in the dust!

The topic of conversation was, as usual, the robbery.

"How are the London detectives getting on?" I asked.

"Pretty well," answered Sir Evelyn. "They say they have a clue."

"Only a clue?" I echoed. "What if I told you *I* had got the *thief*?"

Everybody laughed.

"I'm not jesting," I said. "It is absolutely true, as you will find, if you care to leave your luncheon, and come with me."

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Half afraid of a practical joke, wholly curious and excited, they all came, talking and laughing. We arrived at Miss Orme's bedroom door.

"The thief will be found here," I explained. Then, in a wild rush of passion, fed by my long-stifled craving for revenge, I darted to her box, flung it open, and losing my head a little, tore out the upper tray, and began flinging the stolen articles about the floor, as everyone crowded round me, or grouped at the door, bewildered and protesting.

"Hold her!" I screamed. "*She* is the thief! Don't let her escape! She planned it all—she wounded herself, she did everything to avert suspicion, but I tracked her. Here is the proof, and I have others beside. I know the whole story. It was for the man she loves—Stanley Jarvis, not Sir Evelyn Balfour. Let him come forward and defend her if he will!"

But he did not come. He alone was absent, and afterwards, when search was made, he had carefully disappeared. No one, however, looked for him at that moment. It was my hour of triumph. I laughed hysterically. Had I been proclaimed Queen of the World my happiness could have been no more glorious.

It had all happened in less time than I take in the telling. I had flown at my work like a panther, but as I flung jewels and money upon the floor, Sir Evelyn Balfour sprang to my side, and caught my hands with a grip which nearly broke them.

"You fury—you she-devil!" he cried, and I lived to hear the words. "You creep into the room of an unsuspecting girl, and plot to ruin her. But you are a fool for your pains! Don't you see, you are throwing suspicion on yourself?"

For an instant only I faltered.

"Who was here on the day of the robbery?" I asked. "Look at her! Is that the face of innocence?"

She seemed in a moment to have grown years older.

"Dearest," he pleaded, moving to her side, "defend yourself. You have only friends around you here, those whom this woman has tried to make your enemies."

Prone along the floor she fell, then, her face upon his feet. Had I loved her as he did, she would have seemed to me a fair, crushed lily, as she lay there grovelling, in her soft dress, and the yellow meshes of her loosened hair. But I only thought of her as a writhing serpent, and longed to see her ground under the heel of scorn.

"I *can't* defend myself," she moaned. "I'm guilty! Oh, God, I'm guilty!"

Sir Evelyn stood as though frozen into stone.

"I did it because I loved you, and to keep your love, and that no disgrace might fall upon you through me. It was the only way. I tried to think what to do, but I was going mad."

"I don't understand," said Sir Evelyn. I think he had forgotten, then, that they two were not alone.

"HOLD HER! SHE IS THE THIEF!"

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"He made me do it," she sobbed. "Jarvis! It was what you would call blackmail. He said I must get money for him. He knew my life. I was his aunt's companion, in Richmond, after my father died. They had quarrelled, and she made a will leaving her money to me, instead of to him. She used to take chloral, and one night, soon after, she died of an overdose. He had me accused of her death, but nothing could be proved, and, indeed, I was innocent. The will was disputed, and he got the money, but now that he has spent it all, he found me out, and followed me, saying my story should be published, and people should know me as a woman who had been tried for murder, unless I paid him at least a thousand pounds. I could not bear to think that your wife should be the heroine of a scandal, and yet I could not give you up. There was something else, too. From my poor mother I inherited a morbid craving to take things which did not belong to me. I had it as a child, but I tried earnestly to overcome it, and that man's aunt helped me, and was kind to me. I thought I was cured. But he reminded me of the past, and a way of getting money, which he said would be easy for me. Perhaps it was easier than it would have been for another woman. I thought I might save myself by taking the things from people who were rich, and would not really care—you and your mother and Mrs. Gresham would not have grudged them to me in my despair. My own jewels had to go too, to prevent suspicion, even my beloved ring. But when it was done, and I had lied, and everyone had said kind words, not knowing, I felt that I could never marry you. I meant to go away with Mrs. Gresham, and then to hide myself, or die."

Her voice broke. Until then her words had rushed convulsively forth like a mountain torrent, but now they ceased, and she either fainted or seemed to. I shall never forget Sir Evelyn's face as he stooped and lifted her head upon his knee.

"Before you all," he said, in a strange, solemn voice, "I claim this dear, repentant sinner as my love, and my wife, when I can make her so. What there is to forgive I do forgive. Is there anyone here who wishes to complain against her, to the world—any of those whom she has injured, in her trouble?"

"Not one!" many voices answered. Mrs. Gresham came forward and laid her hand on her companion's hair. Others began to steal silently away. And so I had schemed in vain. This woman, to put whom in prison I would have sacrificed my right hand, was to go free, and be forgiven. Those two would go abroad and be happy, in spite of the newspapers. As for me, my services for the public weal were likely to receive no recognition better than an offer from a well-known detective agency (which did arrive, when the facts became known), and which, as I have no longer an object in life, I may accept.

"HE STOOPED AND LIFTED HER HEAD UPON HIS KNEE."

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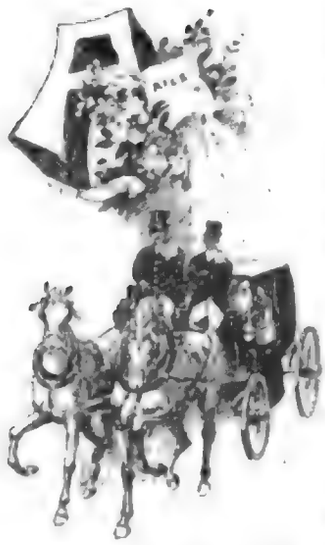
Brides.

By Edward Salmon.



STUDY of the marriage customs of the world, as described in a multitude of works of travel, and of miscellaneous papers written, or lectures delivered, by travellers, carries one inevitably to the conclusion that the English bride has most reason for including in her trousseau the kindly smile, the cheerful spirit, and the brightening eye which Thackeray made Mr. Brown, in his letters to his nephew, hope that Mrs. Bob would bring with her on her wedding-day.

The Anglo-Saxon bride, even at the end of the nineteenth century, stands almost alone in regard to the degree of freedom with which she may treat Master Cupid when he enters into her life. Her heart is in the main a fortress at her own disposal. She may hand the keys of the gate over to whom she lists, and she yields them up almost invariably with the honours of war. That is to say, she alone almost, among brides, is permitted an independent voice in the matter of her life's partner. At its worst, in England, America, and the British Colonies, the interference of parents and friends is of a less serious character than that which disposes for good or ill of the French, Portuguese, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, or, indeed, any other maiden whose forebears were not British.

In no other country is it given to girls to experience the exquisite joys known to the English maiden when first the man for whom she has conceived a liking asks her to be his, and she alone of the brides of the world can regard her position on the nuptial day with entire self-respect and unqualified hopefulness. She stands on the threshold of a new world. The future is all sunshine, tinged, perhaps, with the smallest cloud of doubt, barely realized, but there all the same, which only enhances the glad anticipation of a *rôle* in which she will be her husband's equal in all desirable respects, in some his willing slave, in others his tender tyrant, in all his mate.

With the appearance of the bride of England everyone is familiar, and to describe her at length is entirely unnecessary. Whether she is the daughter of a duke, of a millionaire, of a tradesman, or of a domestic servant matters little. The marriage customs are pretty much the same. Bride and bridegroom meet for the first time on the wedding-day at the church; there are the bridesmaids, the parent or guardian to give away the bride, the best man, the simple ceremony, the departure from church amid showers of rice, the breakfast or reception, and the honeymoon trip, inaugurated with the aid of an old slipper.

A sight, however, which comparatively few people have witnessed, though it is to be seen often enough, is a costermonger's wedding. As with their social betters, the worthy folk make the day one of festivity and rejoicing. In this respect the affair differs little from an ordinary holiday, on which they bedeck themselves in all their best, and eat, drink, and generally make merry. The novelty of the thing is the conduct of affairs at the altar. Bridegroom and bride have spared no resource of alleydom to insure the most presentable appearance possible. His billycock hat is turned well down at the ends of the brim and well up at the sides; he wears a velveteen coat with numerous pearl

A COSTER BRIDE.

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buttons, flannel shirt and gorgeous necktie, and trousers which fit closely about the thighs, and from the knee downwards are suggestive of a giant candle-extinguisher. She wears a large hat with a feather or combination of feathers which for size a Duchess of Gainsborough might envy, a long black jacket, a bright red dress, and a white kerchief round her neck. With the swinging gait characteristic of costermongerland, the pair make their way up the church, followed by their friends, most of whom take their places in the pews.

The one feature then wanting in a usually solemn ceremony is solemnity. The bride especially seems to regard the affair as a grand joke, and in the middle of it all thinks nothing of turning round and giving her friends behind the most knowing of winks. They in their turn do not wait for the conclusion of the ceremony to commence pelting the bridal pair with rice. Dismissed by the clergyman after a while, the bridegroom marches off, leaving his bride to follow. They both give and receive coarse but good-natured chaff, though the bridegroom seems for the moment somewhat over-absorbed in a consciousness of his own importance.

Whatever else may be asserted of the costermonger's bride, it cannot be said that she does not know her man. They have probably spent years in each other's company, and in this way are more fortunate than brides in many countries which pride themselves on their civilization. The French bride has often no knowledge of the bridegroom beyond, perhaps, what she has gleaned at a few most cursory interviews, and what her parents are condescending enough to tell her in ordinary conversation.

Marriages in France are arranged by parents and friends, who pick up all possible information about the antecedents and connections of the opposite side; and if gossip proves satisfactory, a meeting is decided upon—this sometimes taking place at a theatre. The young man is told how the lady will be dressed, and that she will be seated in a certain place. He will gaze upon her to his heart's content—or otherwise—and will signify subsequently his approval or disapproval. In the majority of cases, one would be pretty safe in saying that they are allowed to meet and exchange a few words before the final decision on either side is given.

If they approve of each other, the young man is invited to his bride's home; the contract is signed in a day or two, a ring is given, and, according to a writer in the *Figaro* a few years ago, the young man dines with his future parents-in-law every night until the wedding, which takes place probably just as soon as the trousseau is ready. The bridegroom is supposed to make his *fiancée* very handsome presents, and these, together with the gifts from friends, are exhibited on the day on which the civil marriage contract is signed. On this occasion, which is merely formal, and consequently quiet, the bride wears a dress of rose-colour—symbolic, perhaps, of a period when everything should be *couleur de rose*.

On the following day the religious ceremony is performed. This, says our authority, may be marked by "as much pomp as you please. The bride wears a white satin dress, with lace veil over her hair, and a wreath of orange blossoms, the face being uncovered." Little opportunity as the two thus bound together have had of learning something of each other's views and character, the restrictions on their intercourse have not been reduced to the absurdity which obtains in Portugal, Spain, and among the races sprung from them in South America.

It would, from all one can learn, be considered the height of impropriety to allow a young man and maiden in, say, Lisbon to meet and talk together. The method of courtship is consequently unique. A couple by some means or other conceive a mutual liking—though probably they have never spoken, and the extent of their knowledge is such as can be acquired by staring rudely at each other as they pass in the street. The attachment having become a reality, the girl takes up her position regularly at her window; whilst the swain takes his stand on the street pavement opposite. He executes all sorts of dumb but no doubt eloquent signs, his devotion sometimes assuming the more poetic form of the serenade. In Portugal this happens before he has made any proposal; after he has put the fatal question to the girl's parents and been accepted, he is allowed to come to the house quietly until the wedding-day.

In Mexico this absurd custom is carried to even more absurd lengths. After the betrothal, the Mexican bridegroom, according to one chronicler, spends his time largely in twiddling his fingers at his bride from the pavement and making romantic faces. Even if he lives in the same house he has to go into the street to carry on his love-making. Yet with all this precautionary nonsense, when the two meet at a ball no one

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plans are secret towards the war-chief, who is the only person to dance together.

Marriages among the Bantu tribes are rather a very costly affair, and are carried on by the bretamma, and he is the person who notifies the engagement sanctioned by the tribal authorities. The subject passing Young man from the tribe to tribe, and the same goes to the city of Mosiro particularly, and Boyo by the tribes of their choice, and the bretamma is present in the ceremony consult the bretamma, and they carry with them, for all sorts of ceremonies, and dancing in English ways.

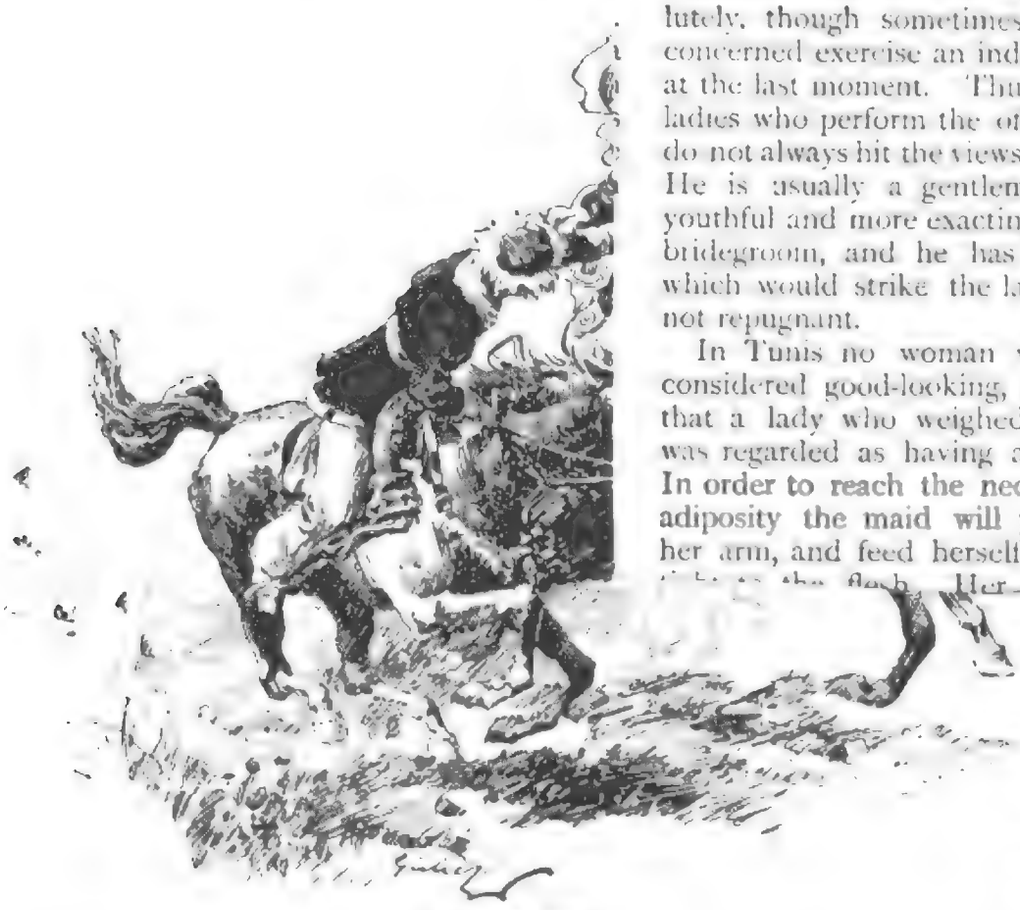
It is generally assumed that the duty of wife consists in being a slave and an inferior to her husband. Thus Lithunch tells us in the "Origin of Institutions," he provides in Australia, and Polynesia, Africa, Madagascar, Asia, Africa, and Europe, Lithunch, among the Tasmanians, Australians, Polynesians, Africans, Madagascar, Asia, Europe, Lithunch, among the Tasmanians, Australians, Polynesians and the Negroes, in the Origin of Institutions, throughout a great part of Europe.

In the Scottish Highlands and in parts of Ireland, the bretamma, who is the chief of the marriage ceremony, which in Wales we have it on the authority of Pennant, the bretamma, who is the chief of the tribe, is the, assisted in one of Scotch Highland functions. He arrived at the bride's house, and the bride's friends and relations had preparations were made to resist attack. When they bringing-on apparatus, preparations were made, and the bride's friends, prepared to resist the attack, the father and his wives, and the bretamma, and the bride, and the bride was to be carried off, and the bretamma, and the bride, and the bride's friends

to attempt to take the photo-graph. Until then it was Kitty, the dear, is hammered into a perfect specimen of a modern athlete, and she can do everything, and will the defendant kick me, or shall I kick him? Anyhow, I propose to take the photo-graph and preserve for the benefit of posterity the finest specimen of a modern athlete, the finest specimen of a human beast, to which the human race has attained in the early nineteenth century. It is, I am the surviving representative of the race, the great of nineteenth century, the last of the Titans but to be elevated to the Olympian Gods, the Kangaroo-Gods, the Gods of Sport, the Gods of Fitness, the Gods of Health, the Gods of Strength, the Gods of the Sun, the Gods of the Open Air, the Gods of the Athletic, the Gods of the Sport, the Gods of the Kangaroo-Gods

forms of a survival of the system of marriage by capture. It is to be seen in Lapland, where the maiden is not asked to say "Yes" or "No" to the suitor, but with her friends goes to an open space and plays the part of Atalanta. If she loves or is anxious to marry, the young man will not lose an undue quantity of breath ere he catches her.

Among the Kirghis in Central Asia it is the custom, according to Eugene Schuyler, to place the bride, armed with a formidable whip on a fleet horse. She is then pursued by



A KIRGHIS BRIDE.

the young men who aspire to her hand, but if she does not like the one who gets nearest to or closes with her, she uses the whip on him as mercilessly as she has used it to urge her animal forward, and it is pretty safe to predict that the man who captures her is the man for whom she cares most. In several other parts of Asia it is customary for the bridegroom to secure his bride by force and run off with her. Her friends make a mock attempt to regain possession of her, but the raid of the bridegroom is rendered successful by the loyalty of the friends who stand stoutly by him.

For wanton cruelty in the capture of a bride we must go to Greenland. There we find something more than simulated violence

why they should not continue their union, a divorce is granted, the bride returning all the presents she has received from the bridegroom.

In the East, marriages are arranged very largely by go-betweens, who are either professional or friendly counterparts of the matrimonial agent not unknown to Englishmen. There is, however, a material difference. The agent in England brings two people together, and leaves them to make the momentous decision. In the East the go-betweens settle matters more or less absolutely, though sometimes the parties most concerned exercise an independent judgment at the last moment. Thus, in Tunis the old ladies who perform the office of go-betweens do not always hit the views of the bridegroom. He is usually a gentleman at once more youthful and more exacting than the Western bridegroom, and he has notions of beauty which would strike the latter as peculiar, if not repugnant.

In Tunis no woman who is not fat is considered good-looking, and it is recorded that a lady who weighed twenty-five stone was regarded as having attained perfection. In order to reach the necessary standard of adiposity the maid will put bangles round her arm, and feed herself up until they are [illegible] the flesh. Her husband [illegible] from her husband. Sometimes her grief is sincere, and a sensitive European would certainly not know whether it was so or not. He might be tempted to interfere, in which case he would probably find himself opposed by the bride as well as bridegroom. In order that the apparently miserable woman might really be compelled to remain in her new home, the barbarous custom used to exist of branding her feet so that they were too painful for her to walk. By the time they were well she could with propriety declare herself resigned to her position.

In Greenland it is easy to tell who is married and who is not. The Esquimaux women gather up their hair into a huge tuft on the top, tying it with a ribbon, the colour of which denotes their position. A maid wears red, a married woman blue, a widow black; a widow anxious to remarry,

to attempt to take the place by storm. Pistol shots are fired, the door is hammered vigorously — men shout, women scream, and confusion reigns supreme. But still the defenders hold on, until at last the attacking party announce that they have brought a husband and presents for the bride. On this they are admitted, when the fight begins anew for "possession of the hearth," in which the bridegroom is naturally and necessarily victorious. The bride is his, and the marriage ceremony is proceeded with.

A NORWEGIAN B

In parts of Germany, again, the capture of the bride has to be effected before she is finally won, and Mr. Baring-Gould, in his account of "Germany Past and Present," has referred to the chasing of the bride in the Black Forest as a relic of the custom of primitive times. In the Fatherland the bride not only receives a ring but gives one, and values the band of plain gold all the more highly if her husband has

black and red; a widow too old to remarry, white.

For the bride and her friends to regard marriage as an occasion for sorrow rather than rejoicing is not uncommon. A few years ago a paper by Mr. E. Colborne Baber, describing, among others, the marriage ceremonies of the independent Lolos, who inhabit an almost unexplored corner of Western China, was read before the Royal Geographical Society. Marriages for their children are contracted by heads of families in the market-places, just as cattle are bargained for. The wedding ceremony of the Lolos is elaborate and suggestive. The bridegroom, if he is a Blackbone — that is, an aristocrat—and is marrying a girl of his own social station, invites the bride with her relations to a banquet spread on the hill-side. After the feast the bride goes home with her friends, and it is only after the third wedding breakfast that the happy pair are united. Presents are interchanged, the family of the bride receiving the larger number. Mr. Baber quotes the following account of the ceremony as coming from a source which may be relied on :—

"The betrothal is ratified by a present from the husband's family of three vessels of wine and a pig. On the wedding morning the parents of the bride assemble their friends, and the ceremony is opened by the bridesmaids with the melancholy song: 'In spite of all the affection and care your fond parents have lavished upon you since the day you were born, you must now desert them. Never again will you sit beside them at work or at meals. You will not be nigh to support them when they grow old, nor to tend them when they feel sick. You must leave them, and go away to the house of a stranger.' Whereunto the bride responds, also in song, broken with bitter weeping: 'Leave them I must, but not by my desire or fault. They must bear with my absence. My brothers and sisters will support them. I go to my husband, and my duty will be to help his parents, not, alas! my own. But if any trouble befall my dear father and mother, I shall pine to death: I am sure I shall. Seldom can I visit them; but when they are sick let them send for me, and I will come, I will come.'"

Mr. Baber then describes the general sorrow, which may be simulated or real. Whilst the bride is being arrayed in her richest garments and choicest ornaments, a wailing prayer is started by her friends to the effect that the bridegroom may not prove unkind to the dear girl. Tears flow freely, and in the midst of the lamentations the male friends and relatives of the husband rush in and seize the bride. A scene of great confusion ensues as she is carried off. She is then mounted on a horse, and taken to her new home. Sometimes the friends of the bride repel the attack, employing for that purpose heavy sticks and other weapons, which inflict on the bridegroom's party blows that they will not forget for many a day. Another custom said to obtain among some of the tribes in this part of the world seems, as Mr. Baber says, too grotesque to be credible. The bride is placed by her parents on the upper branch of a large tree whilst the elder ladies of the family cluster on the lower branches. The bridegroom literally storms the tree. As he attempts to climb up the trunk, he is vigorously opposed by the defenders; and it is easy to imagine the fight he has ere he can touch the foot of the girl, and so establish his right to claim her as his bride.

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We have seen how in some cases brides have to be supported by unmarried sisters, or married sisters, or by a friend, or perhaps there is another very serious difficulty, namely, the question of the bridegroom's mothers-in-law and the employment of chaperons. In the Middle Ages it was considered a great indignity to be a married woman without a husband, and it was a very great honour placed in front of the world when a lady was married to a husband, and then she rather in the bridal procession. The chief bridesmaid, or the lady who was the bridegroom's sister, or the lady who was the bridegroom's mother, or the lady who was the bride's chaperon, or the lady who was the bridegroom's chaperon, or the lady who was the bridegroom's mother-in-law, or the lady who was the bride's mother-in-law, or the lady who was the bride's sister, or the lady who was the bridegroom's sister, or the lady who was the bride's friend, or the lady who was the bride's friend's chaperon, or the lady who was the bride's friend's mother-in-law, or the lady who was the bride's friend's sister, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend's chaperon, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend's mother-in-law, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend's sister, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend's friend, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend's friend's chaperon, or the lady who was the bride's friend's friend's friend's 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young man a great shock, or sending him into a serious rage, she could probably not take a better course than to arrange that the face he should look upon when his bride uncovers contains only the amount of flesh seen on that of a European girl. The Tunisian maiden, in a word, fattens herself up for the matrimonial market precisely in the same way as a farmer fattens his pigs and his poultry with a view to fair day.

As in Tunis, so in Morocco—the selection of the bride is left to the mother or some female relative. Few sights in Morocco are more queer than a wedding such as that of which Mr. Stephen Bonsal gave a full description in his book on Morocco eighteen months ago. He formed one of the crowd which watched the ceremony as performed in Tetuan. An old Soudan woman led a white mule carrying a large box, like a pigeon-house, to the home of the bride. The box was taken into the house, the bride got into it, and the old woman staggered under its weight back to the mule. It was then bedecked by young girls with Spanish brocades and Fez silk, whilst the bride's sister attached bangles, anklets, and pearls to the corners. A procession was formed, the lights in the bride's house were extinguished as a token of sorrow at her departure, and the procession moved away to the refrain of a wedding march, whilst from the house-tops women yelled "Yo, yo, yo, yo, ye, ye, ye, ye." On reaching the bridegroom's house, the box was carried inside, and the bride arranged on a divan, so that she might present the most attractive appearance possible on the entrance of the husband who would see her face for the first time.

A SOUDANESE BRIDE.

In China, again, the bride is supposed to be unknown to the bridegroom, and all arrangements between the parents of the contracting parties are in the hands of their representatives. The Chinese girl is betrothed very often in her babyhood, as is the Indian girl; but whenever the betrothal takes place, she is henceforth regarded as married. Chinese and Indian women cannot remarry, so that, if the husband dies before he has taken the girl to his home, she is doomed to a lifelong widowhood without ever having been a wife. In China, bride and bridegroom meet for the first time in the court of the bride's father's house, when they both make a profound obeisance, and kneel down and worship the heavens and the earth—a proceeding regarded as symbolic of the unity of the marriage tie. There is great rejoicing, and the two spend a considerable portion of the rest of the day in visiting each other's friends.

The preliminaries observed in Japan resemble those which obtain in France. A go-between selects, in a general way, the bride or bridegroom, as the case may be, and arranges for an interview at his own house, or some friend's, or at a picnic, or a theatre. This mutual inspection, as it is called, is the only opportunity the two have of knowing whether there is any chance of their liking each other. If either does not approve of the other's bearing or appearance, the negotiations are supposed to cease forthwith. As a matter of fact, the girl has

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A JEWISH WEDDING.

are led to the canopy by their respective mothers, or their nearest relations. A glass of wine is given them by the Rabbi, which they sip. The Rabbi pronounces his benedictions, they both drink again of the wine, symbolizing their desire to share whatever life has in store for either, the bridegroom places the ring on the bride's finger, saying: "Behold, thou art wedded unto me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel"; the glass from which they have a minute before drunk is placed on the floor, the bridegroom puts his foot on it and crushes it, those present cry "Good luck," and the happy pair conclude this portion of the day's programme with a kiss.

The practice of aiming things at the bride and bridegroom by way of insuring them luck in after-life is not confined to ourselves. Rice-throwing plays a principal part in the marriage ceremony of the Parsees. A white sheet is hung along the middle of the apartment in which the wedding takes place, and bride and bridegroom are for a time separated by it. Presently it is removed, and each attempts to be first in throwing a handful of rice at the other. They then sit side by side, and the priest enters upon a long oration concerning their mutual duties. He holds rice in his hand, and frequently emphasizes his rhetoric by sprinkling it over them. Rice-throwing on the part of the newly-wedded is a sign of affection: on the part of the priest it signifies a hope that life may be prosperous for them.

With us rice is supplemented by the oldest of old slippers, and the nearer the latter goes to the bridegroom's head the greater the guarantee of good fortune; the Romans use, or used, nuts; at Anacapri, in Italy, it is recorded of a wedding which took place in the clouds — that is, high up on the mountain—that as the bride left the church, her friends pelted her with comfits; whilst Mrs. Bishop tells us that in Syria, as the bride is taken by her friends away from her own village to her husband's, he gets on to the roof of a house near which she must pass, and carries with him a store of apples, "which, after signing himself with the cross, he throws among the crowd." If he succeeds in hitting the bride, it is deemed a sign of good luck.

It was an apple with which Eve, somewhere in this part of the world, tempted Adam. The Syrian young man to-day reverses the early order of things, and aims the fruit at his bride's head instead. May his success ever be as potent for good as Eve's was for ill!

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF GRENET DANCOURT BY CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

CHARACTER: STELLA (Aged Eighteen).

SCENE: *A small drawing-room prettily furnished. A door at the back of the stage. To the right a mantelpiece with a clock upon it. To the left a writing-table with notepaper, pens, and an ink-bottle. At the rise of the curtain,* STELLA, *in a smartly made evening frock, is seen walking up and down. She stops suddenly and looks at the clock.*

STELLA: Seven o'clock! No! nine minutes past seven! (*Sits down. Emphasizes the words*) I'll wait another moment more! (*Gets up quickly.*) It's he! (*After listening at the door*) No! it's not he! It's the wind! (*Looks at the clock.*) And now it's quite ten minutes past seven! I declare it's eleven minutes past! (*Sighs.*) How slowly the time passes! (*Listens.*) Hush! (*With irritation*) It's the wind again! I shall have a portière put over the front door to keep out the wind. (*After a time.*) A quarter past seven! He's just a quarter of an hour too late—a century it seems when one is waiting! (*Turns towards the door and speaks in a supplicating voice*) Do—do make haste and come, Reggie! (*Turns to the audience.*) His name is Reggie. (*After a moment.*) Whose? Why, my husband's name. My Reggie! Whom else could I be waiting and longing for like this? (*Looks at the clock.*) Seventeen minutes past seven. (*To the audience*) You don't know him? Very well, then! Do you know a man named Apollo? Of course you do. Very well, then; Reggie is just

* Acted with great success by Mademoiselle Réjane.

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exactly like him! I'll show you his portrait. He has a charm, besides, which is all his own. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty-two minutes past seven! (*To the audience*) It was I who discovered Reggie; all by myself. We were staying last March at Biarritz. I went on to the sands one afternoon to try and find some shells for the little school-children at home. I was kneeling on the beach—I had dug my hand right down into the sand—(*shows her right hand*)—this one, you see. All of a moment I felt something taking hold of my fingers. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty-five minutes past seven. (*To the audience*) Thinking it was a crab, I screamed and jumped up. A man, quite a young one, was standing there. He was blushing horribly—so was I. The sky was looking so blue, and the sea so green. Ah! There are certain moments in one's life one cannot forget! (*Her voice changes.*) A voice broke the silence—his voice. "I beg ten thousand pardons—I mistook your fingers for, I cannot say what! Pink coral, perhaps." He was crimson with blushes. "And I took yours," replied I, stammering a good deal, "for a *crab!* And my name is Stella." "Mine is Reginald," he replied, stammering in his turn. "An only daughter," I added, not knowing what to say. "An only son," he murmured. "Ah! Thanks!" So we bowed, and each went our way. We were both as pale as pale could be. (*Looking at the clock.*) Half-past seven! You guess the rest? A month later we met at a London ball—quite by chance. It was my first ball, and grandmamma was very cross about my going at all, because I wasn't really quite eighteen. Well, he was introduced to me by Mrs. Alistair. And the end of it all was, that only a month ago we were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Such a lovely wedding! Such smart frocks! As I came down the aisle, everybody said "How sweet!" I was glad of that, for Reggie's sake, you know! My cheeks were whiter than my dress (the longest train you ever saw, and embroidered all over with pearls). I felt very odd, but very happy. Reggie's tooth was aching. I must say it over again: there are moments in one's life one can't forget! (*Looks at the clock. In a meditative tone.*) Only married a month! And—(*adds quickly*)—but we shall always love one another. He's so good and kind, there's no doubt about it! Always so gentle. (*Confidentially*) When we're alone I call him "Dearest!" and he calls me "Darling!" (*With sudden agitation*) How strange, he hasn't returned. This is the first time since our marriage he has been late in coming home. Usually at seven o'clock punctually—not a minute later. I hear him put his key in the lock, and then I am in his arms, or he in mine. It doesn't matter which—it just depends. How is it that to-day——? (*walking up and down*) Oh! dear! how dreadfully worried I am! (*To the audience*) What? Detained? How? By whom? Not by his chief—(Reggie is private secretary to a Cabinet Minister, who values him very much)—because I have just remembered that he is going down to the country to-day. By someone else, then? Who could it be? (*After a moment*) Ah! you see, I can find no excuse for him; that's the worst of it! (*To herself*) If I had not told him we were to dine with mamma at the Savoy to-night, I might have thought—but he knows it as well as I do! He knows I had this new frock made on purpose! So—(*her voice falters*)—it does suit me well, doesn't it? A little large in the waist, perhaps——(He ought to know how impatient I should be.) I will have it taken in at least two inches —— He ought—(*looks at the clock*) Oh, dear!

"IT DOES SUIT ME WELL!"

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The time! I feel inclined to put back the hand; but that's no use! (*She thinks she hears a sound, and runs to the window.*) Here he is! No! It's a cart. A cart! Perhaps he has been run over. (*Covers her face.*) Faint, crushed, mangled! with a leg broken, an arm broken. (*Runs to window again and looks out.*) Stop, stop! (*This to a passing coachman.*) Dear me! I must be mad! Nothing has happened, after all. (*To the audience*) He has met a friend, perhaps, who has asked him to walk in the park! But, no, he hates the park. Perhaps—No! Not that or——(*Dismisses the thought.*) No! Not likely, at all! In fact, it's not this, not that, not a cart, not a broken arm, nor anything I can think of, unless it be the terrible truth, which I had better realize at once—that he is beginning to love me less. (*She brushes away a tear.*) Yes! now I know he has had enough of me, of our little home, of our happiness, of my love for him! A month—that's long for a man—and then! Oh! How wretched I am. (*Knocks her foot impatiently on the floor.*) Idiot! (*Listens.*) That's he!——No! not yet! (*Turns to the door.*) When you come in I shall just show what a bad time I can give you. You shall see what I can say, and *do*, when it comes to the point. (*To the audience*) The first real fight between us—oh! there are moments in one's life very, very terrible to bear! But only let me be calm, sensible, dignified! What attitude, now, should I really take? How speak? How look? It's very difficult to know. But, then, it's my first attempt. If my mother were here, she would tell me exactly how to manage it all! Why! she thinks nothing of three scenes a day with father! (*Smiles.*) Poor man! (*Her voice changes.*) Let me see. (*After a moment.*) No!——Yes, yes! That's it! When he comes in I'll look very grave—majestic; my face shall be as rigid as marble. He, longing to make friends, will say: "Excuse me, darling, for being so late, but——" Then I shall interrupt him, and say—(very coldly): "You are at liberty to come home at whatever hour you choose!" He will say: "I must tell you what kept me," and I shall answer: "I do not even care to know." Then he will ask: "Is Darling vexed with her Dearest?" and I shall answer (again very coldly): "I am not your Darling, and you are not my Dearest." He will try to give me a kiss, but with an imperious gesture I shall wave him aside. After that he *might* laugh, and I am afraid I might too! Somehow I can't help laughing whenever he does. (*Laughs irresistibly to herself.*) Though it's awfully silly..... (*After a pause*) Perhaps a sad and resigned air would have a greater effect. A lamb led to the slaughter—like this!

A SAD AND RESIGNED AIR.

"Yes, dear, you are free, quite free. I don't reproach you." And so on—and so on. Seeing me take the whole thing so sadly and so gently, I daresay he will try to comfort me, but I won't let him. But, now, supposing I were to see, on the other hand, what personal violence might do. If I were to accost him—(*Draws herself up, and raises her arm*)—"You wretch! I shall show you I am not the simple-hearted child you think me." (*Lets her arm fall.*) But, no! He wouldn't let me do it! And perhaps he might return the blow. One can never be sure of a man! Let me think of something else! (*To the audience*) What do you say to my having hysterics? (*Points to a spot on the floor.*) There! on the floor, with my fair hair falling over my shoulders; my eyes rolling, my teeth gnashing; sighing, sobbing, screaming, foaming at the mouth. Mamma, I know,

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was very fond of trying hysterics a few years ago, although she has given them up since, for they tired her so much, and papa said he had got used to them. (*Looks at the clock.*) Twenty minutes to eight (*Resolutely*) I shall decide upon hysterics! (*Puts up her hand as if to take down her hair.*) But, no! I should have to do up my hair all over again, and in rolling on the floor I might spoil my frock. Besides, sobbing and crying, I might get my eyes red for dinner at the Savoy. A simple faint ought to be enough—at any rate for the first time. (*Throws herself into an arm-chair.*) There! That's better! Here I shall remain cold, pale, languid, dying, dead! He will come in, rush up to me, ask me a thousand questions, and he'll find me lifeless! Then he'll be beside himself, call aloud for the servants, go down on his knees before me, dash cold water on my marble white forehead. (*Gets up quickly.*) But, then, my poor, unfortunate frock! What a pity that dinner stands in the way! (*After a moment.*) Suppose I pretended to be mad! They say nothing is so much like madness as perfect sanity. Only Reggie might take advantage of me by sending for a doctor — a specialist. A man who doesn't love his wife is capable of all that's bad. It isn't only that he doesn't love me—I wouldn't mind that—but I believe he positively dislikes me—detests me! I'm certain of it. I have the proof. (*In a tragic voice*) I must resign myself to my fate. Nothing remains to me but to bear the misery he brings upon me. *No!* I won't bear it. I'll go home. (*Thinks for a moment.*) I know now what I will do. I will send for mamma, and let her make a terrible scene. Then, when he is quite annihilated, she shall take me away with her—far, far away from this sad home, where I have borne so much and suffered so terribly. (*Change of tone.*) I will write. (*Sits at writing-table.*) "My own dearest mother." (*Looks at the clock.*) Ten minutes to eight. "It will soon be four days"— I'll put a week — (*writes*)—"It is just a week since Reggie left home, and he has not yet returned." (*Leaves off writing and listens.*) Hush! Listen! (*With a cry of pleasure*) It's he! It really is *he!* (*Puts her hand to her heart.*) Oh! There are moments in one's life which make up for all! But what shall I do? (*Tears up the letter.*) First I must tear up this letter. (*Hesitates.*) Shall I faint? Perhaps not. No! I'll just run and give him a kiss, and faint another time! (*Runs quickly out at the door.*)

CURTAIN.

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Penmanship.

By George Clulow.

FIG. 1.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

When Sir Andrew Ague-cheek was counselled by his friend Sir Toby to write his challenge in a "martial" hand, and to taunt his opponent with the "license of ink," did he write in "Longobarda," "Bastarda," or "Cancelleresca"? — for so were some of the various forms of the Italian "hand" distinguished. An idle speculation this, perhaps, but it leads us to the subject of penmanship, and to recall the time when writing ranked as a gentle craft, and to illustrate by the evidences which remain to us the fact that it is worthy of being called a "fine" art.

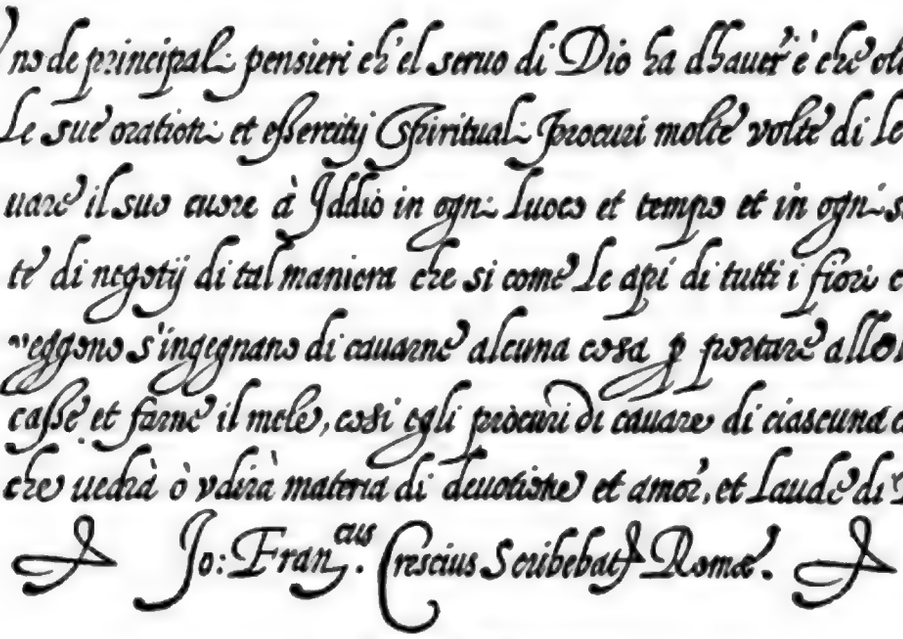

FIG. 2.—FROM CRESCIUS, 1569.

Writing, which of all perpetuative methods of conveying information from age to age may be said to best give immortality, has failed, curiously enough, to bring to us the name or period of its inventor, and we have no reply to the couplet which inquires :—

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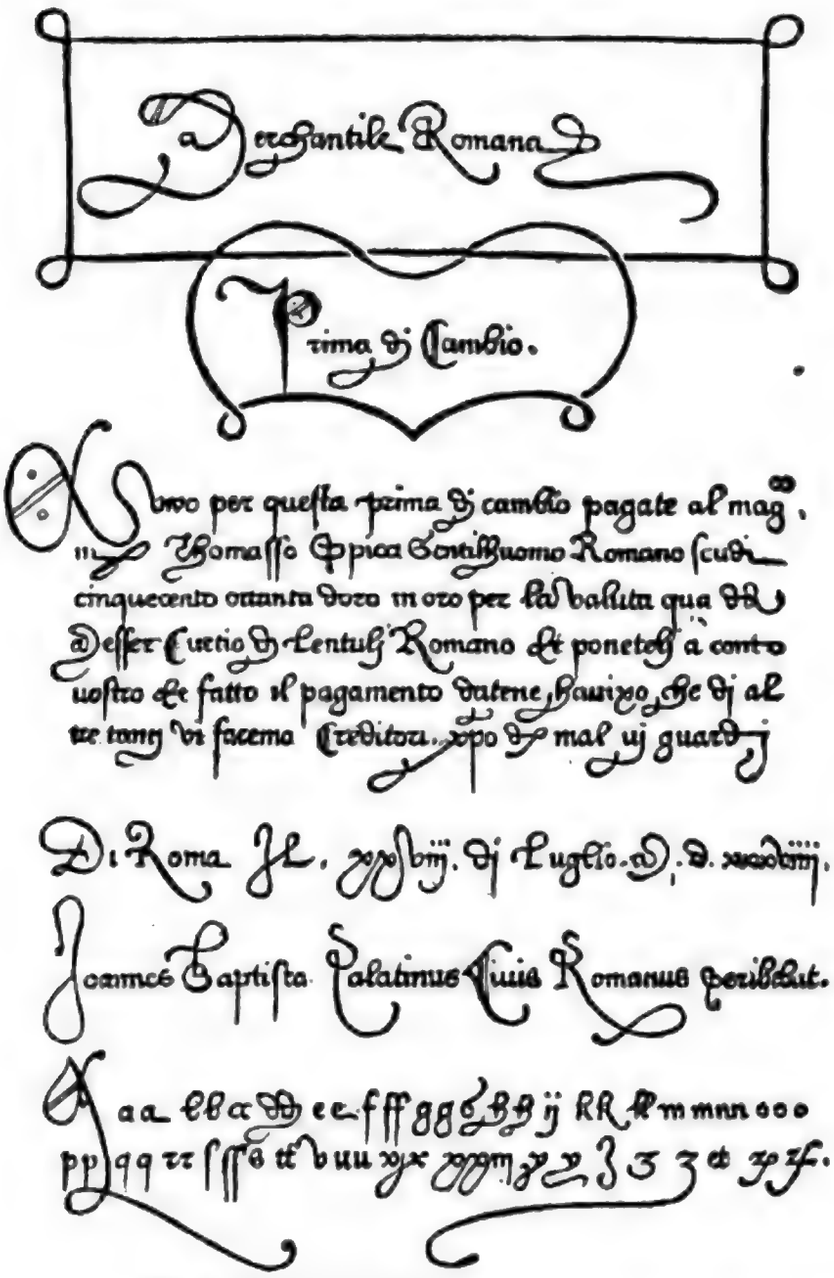

FIG. 3.—FROM PALATINUS, 1539.

Whence did this wondrous mystic art arise
Of painting speech and speaking to the eyes?

Nahum Tate, Queen Anne's poet laureate, disposes of the puzzle enigmatically in his definition of the art as "the Pallas and Pandora of mankind."

Penmanship—universal as it is in every condition of life and in every land, indispensable in every social relation, and in the business of the world—has fallen away from the high position which it once held among the refinements of educated people, and no longer has place as a fine art. Notwithstanding the spread of education, and the careful administrative efforts to ensure it, it is remarkable that the writers who aim at anything beyond legibility are, if we may measure opportunity by accomplishment, a decreasing quantity, and we have the curious paradox that the higher the education—taken in its general sense—the more certainly do we find writing degenerating from the beauty of form and grace of line of which it is so capable, and which is found in the handwriting of our forefathers.

It is singular to note that, during the first hundred years after the discovery of the art of printing, as it advanced so the art of writing languished—the reproduction of MSS. books by means of the copyist being checked and finally abandoned; his occupation was gone, and fair writing became rare.

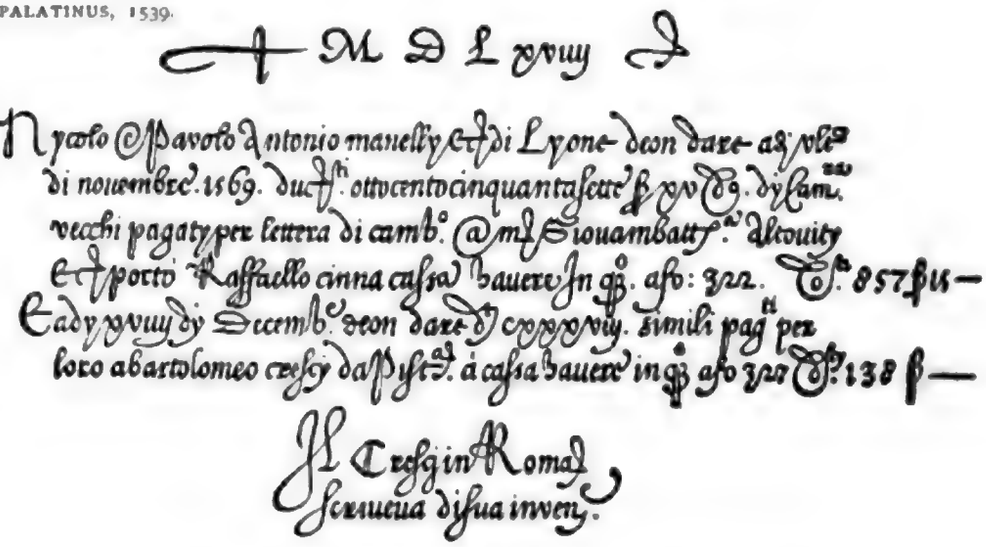

FIG. 4.—FROM CRESCIUS, 1569.

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The subordinate place which writing has taken for the last half-century in the scheme of education, especially in the public schools of England, has led us to lose sight of how important a personage the writing-master was in the preceding three centuries — when he was a man of broad learning, and with a calling of deserved dignity and honour. In these later times, the wider range of teaching, under modern systems, has caused, it may well be unwisely, the partial neglect of one at least of the first items in the education of our forefathers, items which in popular speech have been grouped as "the three R's"—accuracy of spelling being sacrificed to euphony. Good writing was important enough to occupy the mind of the philosopher, John Locke, for we find him in the midst of his efforts towards the establishment of civil and religious liberty designing, in 1688, a set of writing copies for the use of the children of his friend, Benjamin Furley.

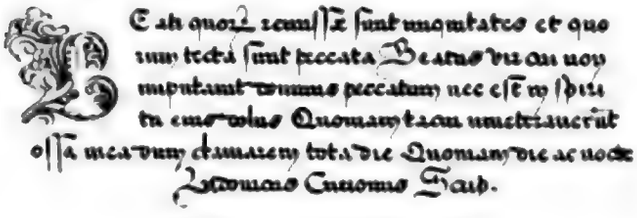

FIG. 6.—FROM CURIONE, 1602.

Letter-writing in the modern sense appears to have been of very rare usage in England before the sixteenth century, for nearly all the letters which are preserved in the archives of our country prior to that period are written, not by the hand of the person whose signature they bear, but by that of the private secretary or public scribe; and before the spread of a methodized education, this profession of public scribe lived, and has in the Sister Island still some survivors. In France and Italy, and actively so in Spain, it is yet a recognised and necessary means of communication among the unlettered.

Now let us look at the evidences which the copy-books of the last three centuries supply, of what the art of writing may be made, and see how in the rush and haste and utilitarianism of to-day we have lost the charm of form and ingenuity of design which belonged to the writing characters of three centuries ago. The school copy-books of to-day have ceased to display the beautifully varied styles of writing which were then the delight of the writing-master and the recreation of the pupil. When we look over a collection of old copy-books, the thought must come that many of these older examples, and particularly those of the sixteenth century, might again be brought into the caligraphic education and recreative teaching of our

FIG. 5.—FROM VESPASIANUS, 1556.

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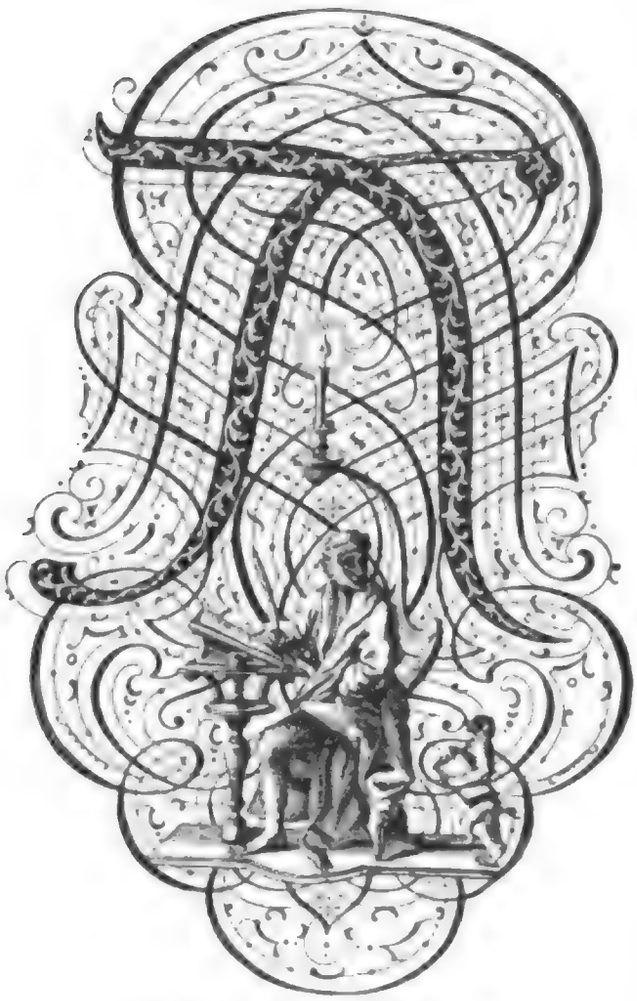

FIG. 7.—INITIAL A—ALBRECHT, 1732.

schools. In drawing, freedom and accuracy of form are the first elements in the training of the hand, and in teaching the art of writing there might be almost insensibly secured in this way these first steps to successful graphic imitation. Turn to Fig. 3 of the examples here given, a reproduction of one of the copies of Johannes Palatinus, written, as the copy tells us, on the 28th July, 1539, where he describes himself as "Civis Romanus," a title of which he was doubtless proud; and that he was so of his personal appearance we may, perhaps, assume, for to his book he prefixes his portrait. Note the precision of form in alliance with graceful fancy in what was the ordinary mercantile character of the time, legibility and grace, hand in hand. Again, see (Fig. 5) the richly-ornamented copy from the copy-book of Vespasianus, a Neapolitan monk, whose beautiful set of writing copies was printed in 1556. In these early examples we see how carefully and thoughtfully decoration has been applied to the art of letters. Italy led the way in the production of models for writing, and, for nearly a century, gave the style to the writing-masters of other countries. The earliest English master, Peter Bales, to whom has been given the title of "Restorer of Fine Writing in England," from whom we have in 1590 the "Writing Schoolmaster," was evidently familiar with the work of his Italian *confrères*, and copied where he could not improve. After the Italian masters of the sixteenth century, living at the same time in Rome, Venice, Naples, Siena, Florence, and other Italian cities, and some examples of whose work are shown in Figs. 2, 4, and 6, writing copies were produced somewhat abundantly in England, France, Spain, Germany, and the Low Countries, but Italy was still pre-eminent in this as in other arts. The use of fanciful design as decorative adjuncts to the actual copy—birds, animals, insects, and the human figure, produced for the most part by the pen in continuous free-hand lines—culminated in the copies of Morante, a Spanish teacher of writing, and the specimen of his work, Fig. 9,

FIG. 8.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

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FIG. 9.—FROM MORANTE, 1639.

shows power of design and clever application in a high degree; the example by him, Fig. 12, is equally good in its way.

The impulse given to the liberal arts under the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. included penmanship, and France boasts of a group of excellent masters, one of whom, Barbedor, was in the *entourage* of the King, and had the rank of "Secretaire de la Chambre du Roy." There are many fine examples of this period which have a distinctive special character in the use of vigorous, broad, and luxurious flourishes, revelling in freedom of hand and pen, as is seen in the example by Moreau, Fig. 11.

In the earliest of these charming copy-books we find the copies used as a means of inculcating moral lessons and worldly-wise counsel, in addition to hints on the methods of the art which they served; and in the seventeenth and next century we find the writing-master appearing as a poet, moralist, and religious teacher. That "ingenious" penman, Mr. Edward Cocker, who was arithmetician as well as writing-master, and to whom we owe the "according to Cocker" of schoolboy slang, was not less amusing in the poetical efforts shown in his copies than he was admirable in the style of the writing set for imitation; but we cannot but respect

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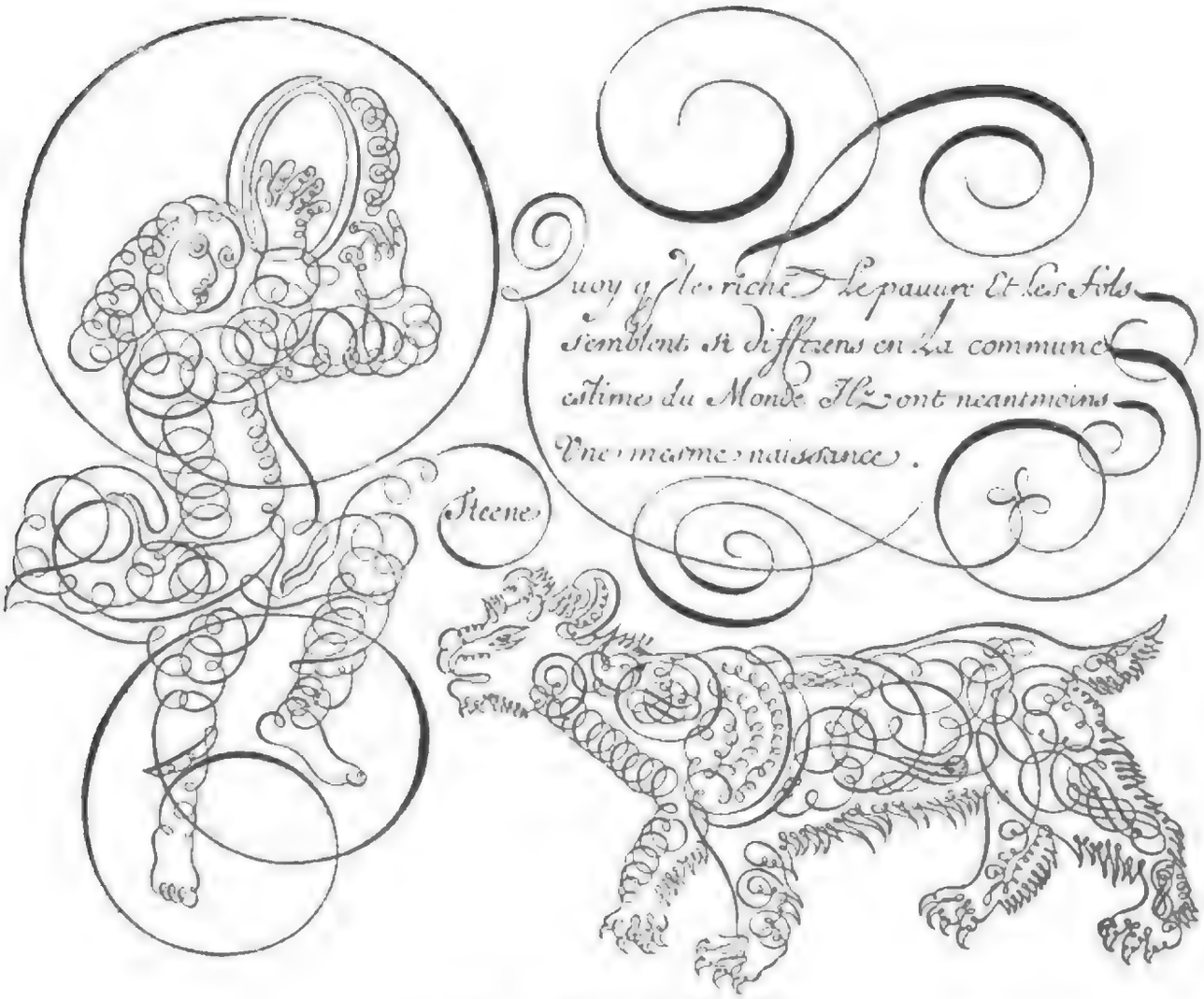

FIG. 10.—FROM VANDEN STEENE, 1687.

the healthy spirit and firm faith in the teaching which he imparts. His work is dainty and decorative, and, as a whole, is the best of his period.

Germany had its special school of writing-masters, who appear to have worked independently of the models of the Italian masters, though we can trace their large indebtedness to them. While there is ample facility of design shown in their copy-books, they lack the grace and charm of their westward and southern neighbours. Nuremberg produced the best of them, but from other parts of Germany we have good examples. At Lubeck, in 1647, Arnold Möller issued his "Scriebstubelein"; and in variety and painstaking treatment they afford a fair example of the German copies of the first half of the seventeenth century. From the Nuremberg master, Albrecht, we have a clever series of initials, of which the letter A (Fig. 7) is here shown, and they

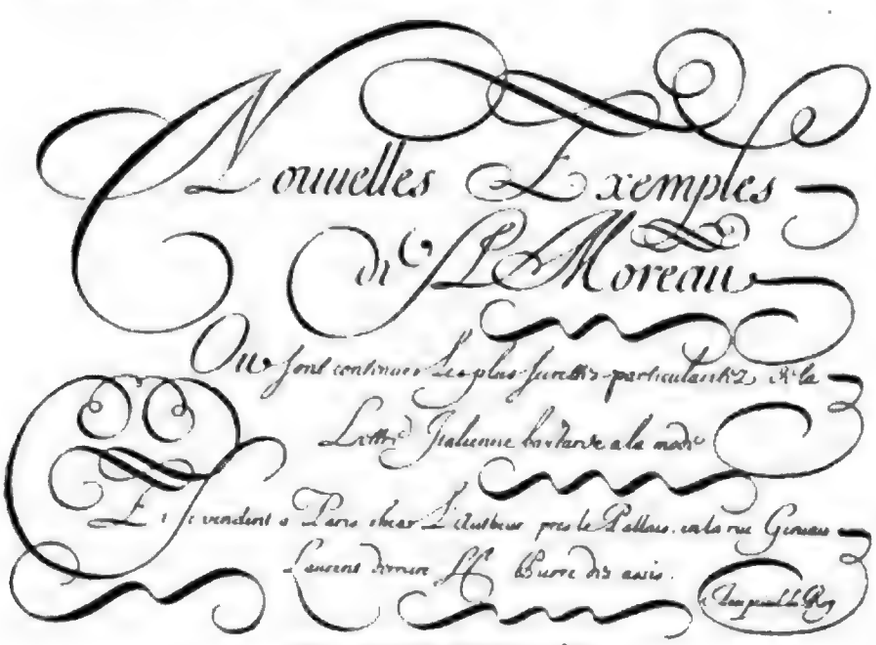

FIG. 11.—FROM MOREAU, 1632.

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FIG. 12.—FROM MORANTE, 1639.

are worth study as showing the possible elaboration of penmanship. Our readers may perhaps remember an example of his work in a former article upon "Playing Cards." A very notable writing-master of this period was Vanden Steene, of Ghent, who, in 1687, issued his "Schrijf-const," and where, with much originality of his own, he has worked on the methods of the Italian and French masters. In Figs. 8 and 10 we have representative examples of his copies, which show the freedom and fancy with which he worked. The illustration at the head of this article is from his book, and shows the position of the fingers in holding the pen, and the "nibs" necessary or best suited for writing the different "hands" set for imitation. In his, as in the other copies we have mentioned, there is found the same effort to educate the mind as well as the hand by useful maxims of daily application and of eulogy of the art of penmanship.

FIG. 13.—PORTRAIT OF JOHANNES FRANCIA PALATINO, 1539.

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Wall Street

Wall Street is a street in New York City. It is a street of great importance. It is the street of the great financial institutions. It is the street of the great banks. It is the street of the great stock exchanges. It is the street of the great brokerage houses. It is the street of the great insurance companies. It is the street of the great trust companies. It is the street of the great savings banks. It is the street of the great investment houses. It is the street of the great commercial houses. It is the street of the great manufacturing houses. It is the street of the great transportation companies. It is the street of the great telegraph companies. It is the street of the great telephone companies. It is the street of the great publishing houses. It is the street of the great newspapers. It is the street of the great magazines. It is the street of the great theatres. It is the street of the great hotels. It is the street of the great restaurants. It is the street of the great churches. It is the street of the great schools. It is the street of the great colleges. It is the street of the great universities. It is the street of the great libraries. It is the street of the great museums. It is the street of the great art galleries. It is the street of the great parks. It is the street of the great boulevards. It is the street of the great avenues. It is the street of the great streets. It is the street of the great roads. It is the street of the great highways. It is the street of the great railroads. It is the street of the great steamships. It is the street of the great airplanes. It is the street of the great automobiles. It is the street of the great bicycles. It is the street of the great horses. It is the street of the great cows. It is the street of the great sheep. It is the street of the great pigs. It is the street of the great dogs. It is the street of the great cats. It is the street of the great birds. It is the street of the great fishes. It is the street of the great insects. It is the street of the great plants. It is the street of the great trees. It is the street of the great flowers. It is the street of the great fruits. It is the street of the great vegetables. It is the street of the great grains. It is the street of the great minerals. It is the street of the great metals. It is the street of the great stones. It is the street of the great earth. It is the street of the great air. It is the street of the great water. It is the street of the great fire. It is the street of the great light. It is the street of the great darkness. It is the street of the great heat. It is the street of the great cold. It is the street of the great sound. It is the street of the great silence. It is the street of the great motion. It is the street of the great rest. It is the street of the great life. It is the street of the great death. It is the street of the great God. It is the street of the great man. It is the street of the great woman. It is the street of the great child. It is the street of the great boy. It is the street of the great girl. It is the street of the great baby. It is the street of the great mother. It is the street of the great father. It is the street of the great brother. It is the street of the great sister. It is the street of the great friend. It is the street of the great enemy. It is the street of the great love. It is the street of the great hate. It is the street of the great joy. It is the street of the great sorrow. It is the street of the great hope. It is the street of the great fear. It is the street of the great faith. It is the street of the great doubt. It is the street of the great knowledge. It is the street of the great ignorance. It is the street of the great wisdom. It is the street of the great folly. It is the street of the great virtue. It is the street of the great vice. It is the street of the great sin. It is the street of the great salvation. It is the street of the great damnation. It is the street of the great heaven. It is the street of the great hell. It is the street of the great eternity. It is the street of the great infinity. It is the street of the great nothing. It is the street of the great everything. It is the street of the great anything. It is the street of the great something

but just as Laurent reached the glade he slipped upon the frozen ground, and fell in such an awkward way as to break his right leg and sprain his right wrist. Solange tried to lift him up, but was unable to do so; she could only drag him to a young elm-tree and set him up with his back against the trunk.

"'Stop there, my poor Laurent,' she said, wrapping her own cloak around him, 'and I will run to the doctor at Ursay; he will come and fetch you in his cart.'

"She started off on her way to the village, and had turned the bend in the road, when she heard the report of a gun and a cry for help. She ran back to her lover, whom she found ghastly pale with pain and fear, one hand convulsively clutching his gun, which was lying on the ground.

"'What is the matter, Laurent, dear?' she asked, anxiously. 'Was it you who fired?'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'Soon after you had left me I noticed a strong smell, and when I looked up I saw an animal with glaring red eyes, and as big as a great dog. I believe it was a wolf.'

"'Did you fire at it?'

"'No, I couldn't lift the gun, you know, on account of my arm. I pulled the trigger as it rested on the ground to frighten the brute, and you see he is gone.'

"'Will it come back?' asked Solange, after a moment's reflection.

"'I am sure it will!' answered the young man. 'You'll have to stop here with me, Solange; if you don't, the beast will eat me.'

"'Very well, dear,' said Solange, 'I'll stop with you. Let me have your gun.'

"She took up the weapon, shook out the discharged cartridge and put in a fresh one, and they both waited anxiously.

"Two hours, perhaps more, passed. The moon, still invisible, had risen above the horizon, for the sky reflected a confused light, which became brighter each minute. Laurent was feverish—he shivered and groaned; Solange, benumbed with cold, standing up with her back against the tree, began to get drowsy.

"All at once a kind of whine or howl, like that of a dog chained up at night, made her jump. In the semi-darkness she saw two fiery eyes: it was the wolf.

"Laurent tried to get up and take the gun, but the pain was too great, and he fell back again into a sitting position with a groan.

"'Make ready, Solange,' he cried; 'aim straight between the eyes, and don't fire too soon.'

"Solange raised the weapon to her shoulder, took aim and fired; but the kick of the gun made her miss the animal. Nevertheless, scared by the report, it fled along the road and was quickly out of sight. A little while afterwards they heard it howling in the distance, and it was answered by others.

"The moon now emerged from behind the trees and lighted up the whole of the forest, and a terrifying sight met the eyes of the lovers. Within gun-shot were five wolves, seated on their hind-quarters, like dogs, across the path; while another, bolder than its fellows, was slowly making its way towards Laurent and Solange.

"'Listen to what I tell you, Solange,' said Laurent. 'Take aim at the one which is coming towards us; if you can manage to knock him over, the others will eat him and we shall have a rest while they are doing it.'

"The wolf continued to advance slowly; they could see its red eyeballs, its bones showing through its dull, ragged-looking coat—so thin was it through hunger—and its open mouth with the tongue hanging out.

"'Rest the butt of the gun well in the hollow of your shoulder,' said Laurent. 'Now let him have it!'

"Bang! The wolf gave a jump in the air and fell dead without a sound; the others rushed away as hard as they could, and disappeared in the brushwood.

"'Run to the wolf, quick, Solange!' exclaimed her lover. 'Drag it as far up the road as you can; there is no danger, the others won't come back yet.'

"She ran towards the dead wolf, but he called her back when she had gone a few steps.

"'We ought to cut off the head, you know, so as to get the reward.'

"'Have you got a knife?' she asked.

"'Yes, here in my belt.'

"It was a hunting-knife, with a short handle and a wide blade. She took it and, running to where the animal lay, she cut off its head and dragged the carcass by one foot over the slippery ground as far away as she could, and returned to Laurent with the head.

"What Laurent had foreseen took place. The wolves, frightened at first by the death of their companion, came back—all five of them—when they smelt blood. By the light of the moon the two young people saw the group of wolves struggling, fighting, and rolling over one another in their efforts to get a full share of the prey, of which they devoured every scrap.

"Laurent began to suffer terribly from his

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Male sea lion, Zalophus californianus, showing the characteristic "bump" on the forehead. Photo by Ralph Lewis, Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

Female sea lion, Zalophus californianus, showing the smaller head and lack of the "bump" on the forehead. Photo by Ralph Lewis, Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

Mr. Ford's Lincoln Continental, which he drives to work, is a 1956 model with a special body by Hess & Eisenhardt. It has a 320-horsepower engine, power steering, power brakes, and power windows, and it can go from zero to sixty miles an hour in less than twenty seconds. Mr. Ford's wife, Betty, drives a Cadillac convertible. Mr. Ford's son, Henry II, who is twenty-one and a senior at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, William Clay, who is a freshman at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Edsel Bryant, who is a sophomore at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Benson, who is a senior at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Anne, who is a freshman at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Josephine, who is a sophomore at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Elizabeth, who is a senior at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Charlotte, who is a freshman at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Martha, who is a sophomore at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Mary, who is a senior at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Sarah, who is a freshman at Yale, drives a Ford station wagon. Mr. Ford's son, Ann

Jubilee of the Times

Jubilee of the Times

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904, and President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, Jr., President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, 3rd, Vice President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, 4th, Vice President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, 5th, Vice President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

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Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, 16th, Vice President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, 17th, Vice President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Mr. Ernest Lee Jahncke, 18th, Vice President of the Jahncke Service, Ltd., New Orleans, Manufacturers of Sanitary Supplies, Disinfectants, Etc., Etc.

Rev. Canon Cooper, Rector of Christ Church, Ottawa, who has been appointed Rural Dean of Ottawa.

Rev. Canon Bell, Rector of St. Matthew's, Ottawa, who has been appointed Rural Dean of Ottawa.

Rev. Canon Bell-Smith, Rector of St. Luke's, Ottawa, who has been appointed Rural Dean of Ottawa.

Rev. Canon Ker, Rector of St. Paul's, Ottawa, who has been appointed Rural Dean of Ottawa.

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Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of the hose, was ordered to take his men into the building and fight the fire.

Lieutenant Bryant

Bending.—Sheet metal can be bent in a variety of ways, depending upon the shape of the article to be made and the number of pieces required. If a piece of sheet metal is held in a vise and bent by hand, it will be found that it will bend easily at the point where it projects from the vise, but that it will not bend at the point where it is held in the vise. If a piece of wood is placed between the vise and the metal, the metal will bend at the point where it projects from the wood, but not at the point where it is held by the wood. If a piece of wood is placed between the vise and the metal, and a hammer is used to bend the metal, it will be found that the metal will bend at the point where it projects from the wood, but not at the point where it is held by the wood. If a piece of wood is placed between the vise and the metal, and a hammer is used to bend the metal, it will be found that the metal will bend at the point where it projects from the wood, but not at the point where it is held by the wood.

on tiptoe, drew back the window-curtains, lighted the fire, and prepared everything that was necessary as quietly and respectfully as the acolytes prepare the sacred things on the altar before the priest officiates at the mass.

"What's the weather like?" asked M. Godefroy abruptly, whilst he was dressing.

"Very cold, sir, but bright. There is quite a change, and we shall have a fine day, I think."

While sharpening his razor M. Godefroy drew back the curtain, looked out, and on seeing the Boulevard bright with sunshine, he made a grimace which was the nearest thing he could do to a smile. Oh! it is all very well to be reserved before one's servants, and one knows it is bad form to show one's feelings before them; but in the very middle of winter the sight of sunshine does cause us an agreeable sensation that it is difficult to dissimulate. There was a poor apprentice lad sliding on the frozen gutter at that moment, and he too was smiling, but if anyone had called attention to the fact that the sight of the sunshine had caused the same feeling of happiness in M. Godefroy's mind as in the apprentice lad's, the great financier would have drawn himself up in surprise and in disgust. However that may be, certain it is that M. Godefroy remained at the window a whole minute watching the passers-by as they marched briskly along.

Such folly, however, only lasted the one minute. To stand at the window smiling at the sunshine is all very well for women, children, poets, and the lower classes. M. Godefroy had other fish to fry, and his programme for that day was very full indeed. From half-past eight till ten he expected at his office several gentlemen who, like himself, had no time to waste, and who consequently rose early in the morning. They had a lot of business to discuss—business of which the end and object was *to make money*.

After a very early luncheon, M. Godefroy would have to drive to the Stock Exchange, in order to have a few words with some more gentlemen who resembled himself very much, and who also got up early in the morning in order to—*make money*.

On leaving the Exchange, M. Godefroy had next to rush off to a certain committee-room, where he would find a long table with ink-pots and some more men of his own type. At this meeting he would preside, and the topic of conversation and discussion would again be various ways and means of *making money*.

After this he had to put in an appearance at several other committee and sub-committee meetings gathered together around tables covered with green baize and ink-pots. The men he would meet there were also of the unsentimental type, not given either to neglecting any occasions of making money, but who were kind enough and generous enough to sacrifice a few of their valuable hours in order to assure into the bargain the welfare and glory of France.

This, then, was the programme of M. Godefroy's day, on the morning of which our story opens.

Our hero therefore shaved himself with great care, trimming with precaution his grey fringe of a beard, which gave him such a respectable look, and inspired the confidence of his electors in Auvergne. He arrayed himself in a morning suit of perfect cut, and then went down into his office.

The procession of unsentimental men had already commenced to arrive, each one of the number preoccupied with the great and important subject of the best and quickest way in which to increase his beloved capital. When all were there they began to discuss eagerly several enterprises which were on foot, particularly a railway which was to be laid in a distant country, then a huge manufactory to be started somewhere near Paris, and a mine in South America.

Of course, there was no question whatever as to whether there would ever be many passengers to be transported by the new railway; it was of no consequence, either, whether sugar or nightcaps should be made at the manufactory, neither did it appear to affect all these men whether gold or tin should be got from the mine. Such questions as these were trifling and quite secondary; but what did occupy M. Godefroy and his colleagues was the profit that would be made on the shares of these various enterprises during the first few weeks, for, later on, the said shares would probably not be worth much.

The important discussion lasted until ten o'clock precisely, when the gentlemen all departed, and the director of the company conducted his last visitor politely to the door. This said last visitor was a moneyed man who was highly esteemed by the public, as is often the case, whilst if things were as they should be, he would have been living at the expense of his country at Poissy or at Gaillon—at any rate, for a certain period of time fixed by a learned man who arranges for his countrymen to leave their business sometimes and take a change of air and scenery, whilst occupying

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Fig. 1. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 2. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 3. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 4. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 5. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 6. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 7. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

Fig. 8. — Cocotier de Mahé (Seychelles).

inward note of the fact that he had to buy some Christmas presents on his way home.

"Raoul has been good, has he not?" M. Godefroy asked, looking at the nursery-governess, who simpered and blushed, and finally giggled. M. Godefroy, however, appeared to be quite satisfied with this kind of answer to his question.

"It's very bright and fine to-day, Fräulein; you had better take him to the Park Monceau, but be sure and see that he is well wrapped up, for it is very cold."

The governess answered by another imbecile smile, thus reassuring M. Godefroy upon this essential point, and the great financier kissed his little boy again, and then got up from the table just as the clock was striking eleven.

Pierre was waiting in the hall to help his master on with his fur-lined overcoat.

M. Godefroy got into his carriage, and Pierre closed the carriage door respectfully; then, returning to the house for a second, came out again, and hurried off to have a game at billiards at a café just near, where the groom of the baroness who lived in the house opposite was already waiting for him.

II.

THANKS to the speed of his beautiful bay horse, which, through the intervention of his own coachman (who was a personal friend of the horse-dealer), he had paid £40 too much for, M. Godefroy arrived at the Exchange in good time, presided at the various committee meetings which were held at the green baize tables, and towards five o'clock gave his vote at the House; for he had obtained the various small favours he had demanded, and could, therefore, afford to do his country a good turn.

Feeling very well satisfied with himself and with his day's work, he now thought of Raoul and his Christmas presents, and on getting into his carriage he told his coachman to drive to a well-known toy-shop, where he invested in a famous wooden velocipede horse, a huge box of soldiers, all resembling each other like brothers, and a dozen or two other magnificent toys.

On the way home he thought of Raoul and his future. Raoul should certainly have all that money could get for him. He should be educated like a prince, and, indeed, might be one, for in these days the aristocracy of money is the only one thought much of. If he, himself the son of a country lawyer, who in his early days had often dined for a shilling at a wretched little restaurant in the Quartier Latin, if he had managed to get so far up on the social ladder, and had married the daughter of a marquis, what, indeed, was there that Raoul could not aspire to? Raoul, who was so handsome, who, on his mother's side at least, was of noble descent; Raoul, whose education should be watched over so carefully, who had been taught foreign languages from his very cradle; Raoul, who next year was to learn to ride, and who, when he was older, should have his mother's name joined to his present one, Raoul Godefroy de Neufontaine!

What a career, what a future was before this boy who had thus been born to a fortune!

And M. Godefroy, democrat as he was (and there are plenty like him who, in their simple-mindedness, dream of restored monarchy, for all things are possible in France), held visions of his son marrying into the Faubourg St. Germain—a favourite at the Palace, living on the steps of a throne, and with a coat-of-arms on all his silver and on his carriage! Oh, folly—folly!

Thus mused the *parvenu* whose one idea was—money and position, as his carriage, filled with magnificent Christmas toys, bore him to his stately home. He forgot, alas! that this same Christmas was the fête-day of a very poor child, the son of a wandering couple, and that this same little child was born in a stable.

On arriving and ringing his bell the door flew open, and M. Godefroy entering the hall was greeted by all his domestics, whilst the German governess was seated on a chair weeping piteously.

M. Godefroy had a presentiment of evil.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sternly.

Pierre, with pity in his eyes, looked at his master, hesitated a second, and then began, "Master Raoul——"

"My child!"

"He is lost, sir. His governess—he's been lost ever since four o'clock!"

The dismayed father stepped back, tottering like a soldier struck by a shell, whilst the servants began to explain. It appeared that the nursery-governess was in the habit of meeting her lover when she went out with Raoul, and this afternoon she had been too much taken up to notice that the child had strayed off by himself.

M. Godefroy strode forward, and standing before the weeping girl, demanded:—

"Tell me instantly where you were when you lost him."

The wretched girl could scarcely speak for

whispered the workman, "and as I did not know when anyone would come to fetch the little chap, I just let them get into my bed. Zidore always has his own little one, but I thought they'd be better together in mine, and a night on two chairs wouldn't do me any harm for once in a way."

M. Godefroy hardly heard anything the man was saying, so earnestly was he looking at Raoul's little pale face side by side with the sunburnt, healthy one of the workman's child.

"Is he your son?" at last he asked.

"No, sir; I'm not married, and never shall be, you see, because of my accident. A waggon went over my arm. No, this little chap was the child of a poor work-girl, who made bead wreaths for the cemeteries, and that's a poor trade to depend on. She brought up her lad till he was five, and then came her turn to go to the cemetery herself; and the neighbours bought her a wreath. I just took to the lad, sir, that's how it was. He's seven now, and quite a little man. On holidays and after school he goes round with me and holds the scales, and helps to push my barrow: for it isn't very easy for me now I've only got one wing, you see. It was Zidore that found your little lad, sir."

"What, that child?"

"Yes, he's quite a little man. He was coming back from school, when he saw the little fellow in front of him crying like a little fountain. Zidore began to talk to him and comfort him, but he couldn't make out what your little lad said. He'd say some German and some English, but he couldn't tell his name, nor where he lived. All the people round said he'd better take him to the police-station, but Zidore thought that would frighten the little chap, so he just brought him to me. I went round to the station and said we'd got him, and when I got back the two were good friends. They had a bit of supper together and then went to bed. There doesn't look as though much troubles them, does there?" said the man, smiling at the sight of the two young faces.

It was strange what was passing in M. Godefroy's mind. On his way in the carriage he had intended to give a good reward to this poor workman—a good handful of the gold he got so easily by presiding at those green baize tables with their ink-pots. But the curtain which hid the life of the poor man from this rich one had been lifted, and he had had a glimpse of the courage and the generosity of the poor who are so charitable to each other. He was struck with the pity of it: that poor work-girl making her bead wreaths in order to bring up her little boy; this poor maimed man adopting the orphan child; and then, too, the intelligence and the refined feeling of this little street Arab who would not hear of the younger child going to the police-station lest it should frighten him. No! he would not give just a handful of gold here, he would do more for the workman and his boy.

Ah! if those same men who had paid M. Godefroy a visit that very morning to discuss business matters with him could have seen him at that moment, they would certainly have been greatly astonished. The great financier was actually asking himself whether, after all, the only good of money was to sell at a profit the shares and obligations he had bought at a discount. M. Godefroy was thinking, too, that there must be other orphans than Zidore in the world, and more maimed workmen than Pierron. At length he turned round to the latter and said:—

"I cannot tell you what a service you have done me, and you may be sure I shall not forget it. For the present I am going leave you just a trifle to go on with," and M Godefroy proceeded to dive into his pocket, when the workman, with his one sound arm, stopped him.

"No, sir; oh, no! Anyone would have done just the same as we did. I don't mean any offence in refusing, sir; but I have been a soldier, sir, and got my Tonquin medal, and I don't care about eating bread I haven't earned."

"As you will," said the financier; "but if you have been a soldier and got your medal, something must be done so that you get better work than pushing a cart about. Anyhow, you won't refuse it if I can get you some post?"

The workman smiled; it was not the first time he had been promised this, and those who had promised had forgotten about it: probably the financier would also forget.

M. Godefroy felt the man had not much faith in his promise.

"Anyhow, for Zidore, you will let me help him?"

"Ah! yes, that I will!" answered Pierron. "I often feel that it is a shame he hasn't got more chances, for he is wonderfully clever, and at his school all his teachers praise him——"

Pierron stopped short, and M. Godefroy read in the expression of his face his distrust, and felt he would do anything to convince the man that he would be as good as his word.

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[illegible] Mr. Ernest Bevin, M.P., who has been appointed Minister of Labour in the Coalition Government, is a member of the Executive Committee of the Baptist Union. He is a Congregationalist by birth and a member of the Congregational Church at Tottenham, North London. He is a Trade Unionist and a Labour Member of Parliament. He was a member of the Committee of Inquiry into the Dockers' Strike, and was Chairman of the Transport Workers' Federation. He was also a member of the Committee on Industrial Unrest, and was Chairman of the Committee on Profit Sharing and Industrial Partnership. He was a member of the Committee on Industrial Reconstruction

Bishop of Durham, Bishop of Ely, Bishop of Gloucester, Bishop of Hereford, Bishop of Lichfield, Bishop of Lincoln, Bishop of Oxford, Bishop of Peterborough, Bishop of Rochester, Bishop of Salisbury, Bishop of Winchester, Bishop of Worcester, Bishop of Ripon, Bishop of Chichester, Bishop of Exeter, Bishop of Bangor, Bishop of Bath and Wells, Bishop of Carlisle, Bishop of Ch

that the Princess of Wales and her two daughters get their gowns, also the Queen Isabella of Spain, the Queens of Naples, Denmark, and Greece, and the Empress of Austria, besides innumerable Grand Duchesses, foreign princesses, countesses, and the leaders of London society. They recently supplied Mrs. Vanderbilt with a ball-dress of yellow satin, with garniture of real lace, which cost the modest sum of four thousand pounds. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Dudley, Lady Granville Gordon, the Duchess of Devonshire, and many, many others are dressed by this noted firm.

Although we do not now indulge in, or permit, unseemly scantiness in a woman's dress, there is still room for improvement. A story is told about a gentleman going out to dinner, and, being asked by his wife on his return what the ladies wore, he replied: "I don't know, my dear; I did not look under the table." This is still true in some cases, but, on the whole, our taste is improving, and some of our fashions are nothing but copies of beautiful old pictures; and, whatever may be said about the extravagance of the modern woman, there is a reverse to this medal, as to all others.

For the last ten years has brought a revival of almost forgotten industries; whole villages are employed in copying old patterns and stuffs, in lace-making and beading, that otherwise would be reduced to pauperism. The whole world is laid under a tax in order that woman may have a fitting setting for her beauty of face and person. Great artists think it no degradation to design her dresses, or to furnish patterns for materials, that, by their artistic excellence, will enhance her charms. However the silly few may rave about adopting male costume, on account of its greater comfort and convenience, the majority will never forswear the robes and chiffons which so well become them.

We are living in a happy age, a time when we can wear anything becoming and befitting the season and place. At the same "At Home" may be seen Empire gowns, Spanish jackets, Greek robes, tailor-made dresses, and tea-gowns belonging to no particular period, and all charming and delightful in their variety; and Fashion's oracles, in the shape of Worth, Felix, Laferrière, and Morin and Blossier, are public benefactors as long as they keep in view the aim of a perfect dress, which is "the most fitting attainable applicability."

DRESS DESIGNED BY MORIN AND BLOSSIER FOR SARAH BERNHARDT AS "THEODORA."

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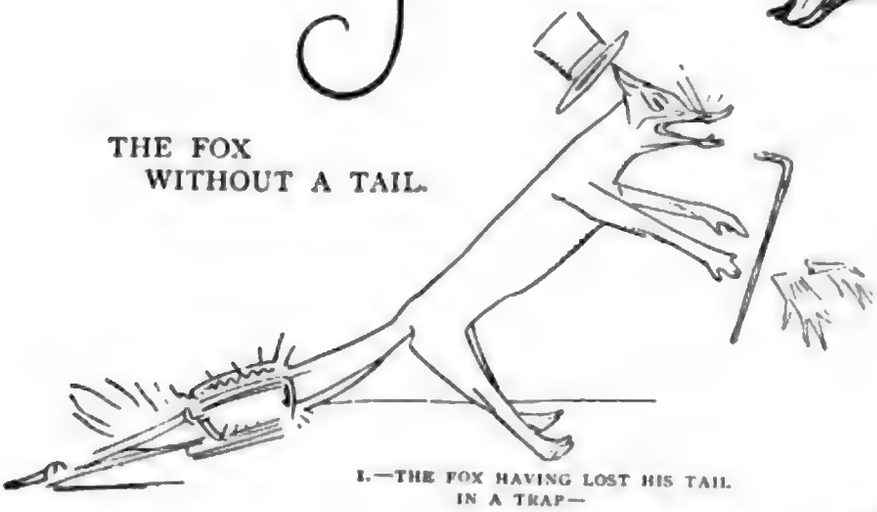
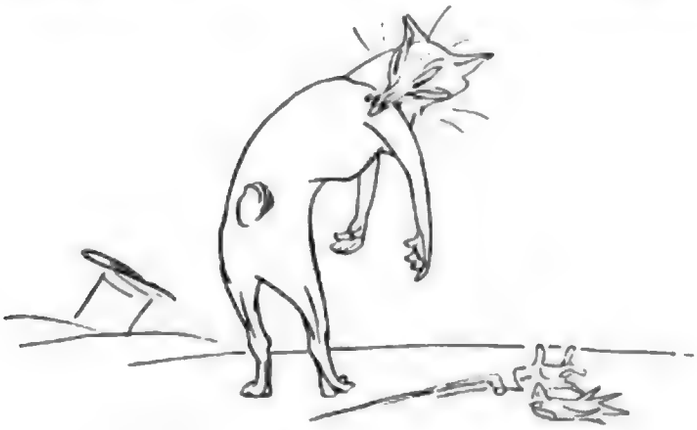
Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

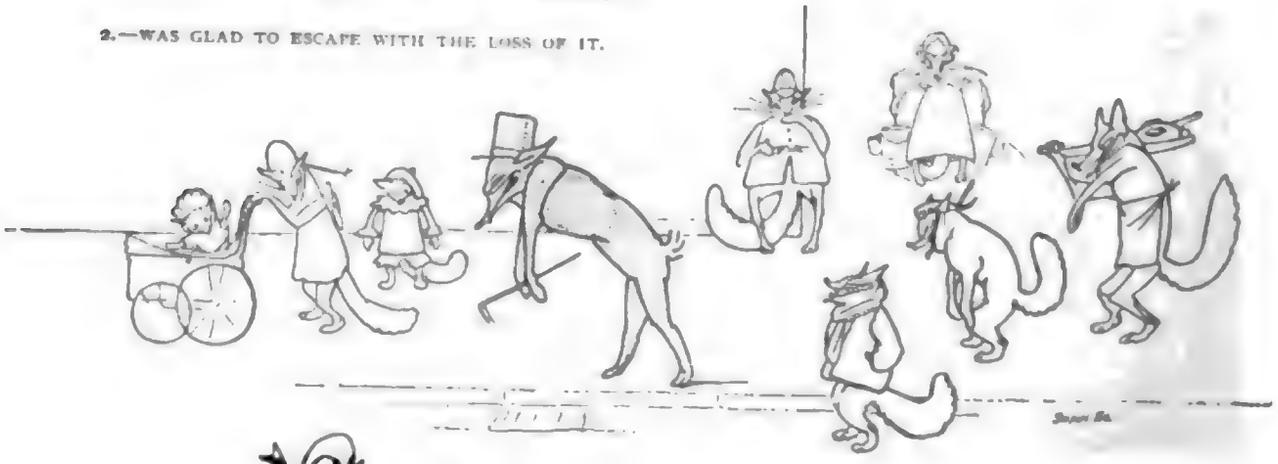
THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.



1.—THE FOX HAVING LOST HIS TAIL IN A TRAP—



2.—WAS GLAD TO ESCAPE WITH THE LOSS OF IT.



3.—BUT HE FOUND HIMSELF THE OBJECT OF SO MUCH UNFLATTERING ATTENTION, THAT HIS LIFE BECAME A BURDEN TO HIM

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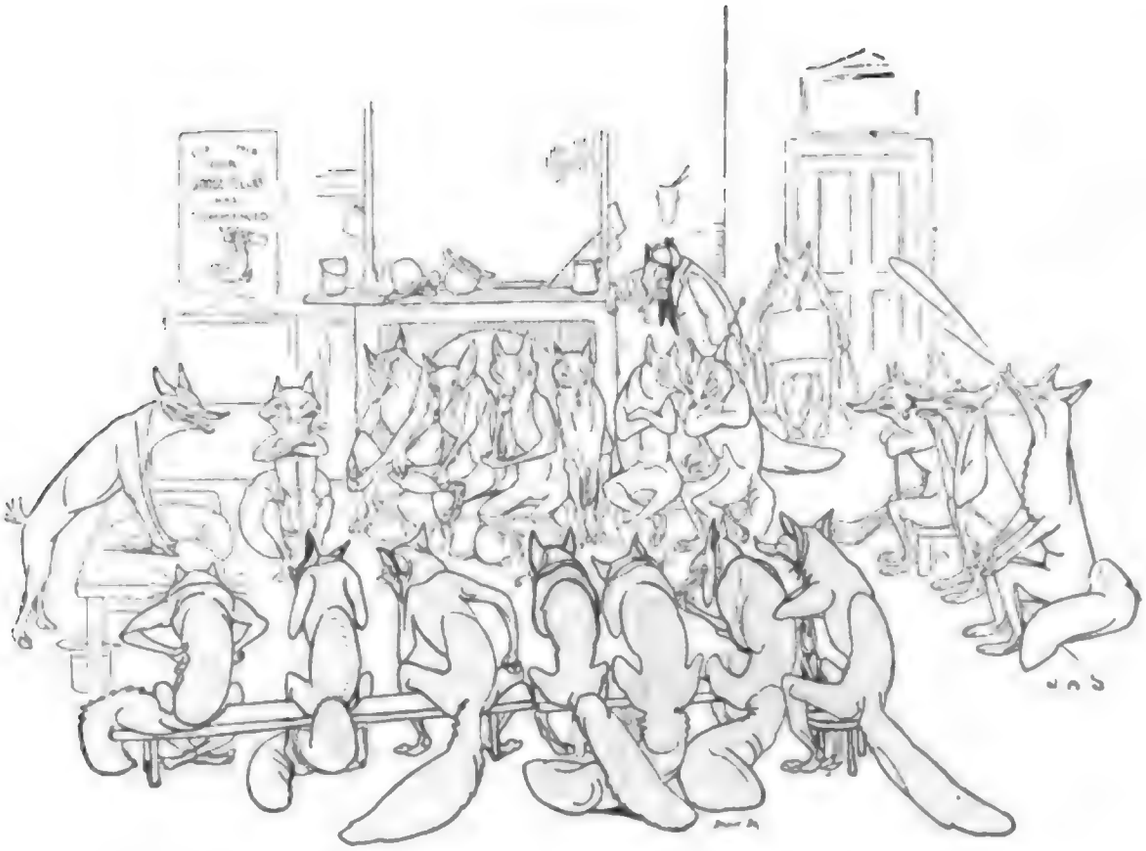
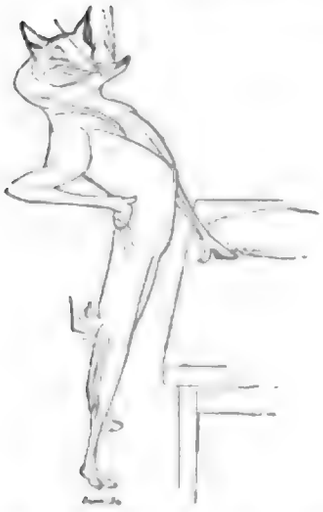
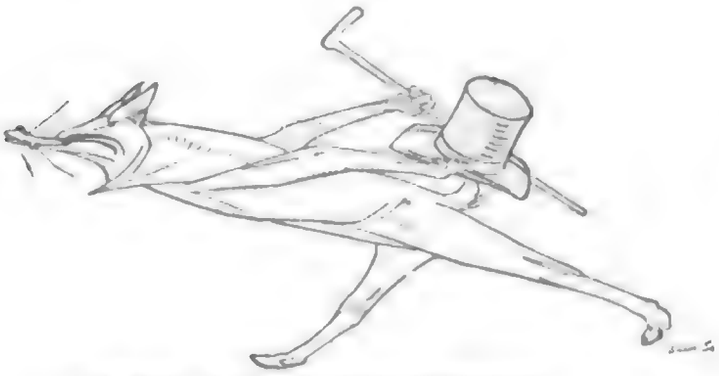


4.—HE THEREFORE RESOLVED TO CALL AN ASSEMBLY OF FOXES AND PROPOSE TO THEM, AS AN AGREEABLE AND BECOMING FASHION, THAT THEY SHOULD ALL CUT OFF THEIR TAILS.



5.—AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH HE LOOKED ROUND WITH A BRISK AIR TO SEE WHAT CONVERTS HE HAD GAINED—

6.—WHEN THE OLDEST FOX IN THE COMPANY AROSE AND OBSERVED: "MY FRIEND, IT TOOK A STEEL TRAP TO CONVERT YOU TO THAT OPINION, AND NO OTHER ARGUMENT WILL SERVE FOR US."



7.—AND THIS IS HOW THE ORATOR WENT HOME.

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5.—"OH, DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW I CAN."

6.—"WAS IT AS BIG AS THIS?"

7.—"OH, VASTLY BIGGER!"

8.—"THEN WAS IT AS BIG AS THI——"

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A FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN.

THE VIZIER ALI-BEN-HASSAN, Prime Minister of the Calif Amgiad, was one day walking in the country in the environs of Bagdad. Since the morning he had met with nothing but vexations. In the first place, he had slept ill. Then his first-born, his son, Noureddin, had left his home the previous evening, and had returned, after sunrise, shamefully tipsy; clearly indicating that he was leagued with the evil-livers of Bagdad, and had infringed the wise law of the Prophet, forbidding the use of wine and strong liquors.

Then, again, the servant intrusted with the duty of accompanying his daughter to the bath had, on her return, confided to him that, for the fifth time in as many days, a young man, with a self-satisfied air, had, as if by chance, thrown himself in their way; and that, in passing, Amine, under pretence of arranging her veil, had, on the contrary, deranged it in such a manner as to allow this good-looking stranger to behold her radiant visage; a proceeding which, on the part of a Mahometan young lady, constituted a grave departure from the rules of good conduct.

Already considerably put out of temper by all these worries, Ali had gone to the sitting of the Council. There he had found himself in the presence of the Calif Amgiad, and the Calif Amgiad had received him anything but pleasantly.

A short time before, a sedition had broken out in a neighbouring province. Ali, after having severely repressed it, had not thought it worth while to bring the matter before his glorious master. But the Minister's enemies had not been equally reserved, and the Calif had vehemently reproached his Minister: firstly, with having allowed a sedition to break out in his kingdom; secondly, with having hidden the fact from him; and thirdly, with

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having put it down by force, instead of by persuasion—which, indeed, *is* preferable, but, unfortunately, does not always prove successful.

On quitting the Council, Ali bore with him this impression—always painful to a statesman—that his credit was considerably shaken.

He had no sooner returned home than his wife had quarrelled with him, accusing him of niggardliness in the sum he allowed her for her dress, declaring that the wife of the governor of the palace was better dressed than she, and affirming that, in fact, she had nothing to put on. Ali bowed his head before this storm, and ordered his servants to serve him a collation, in the hope of finding in the pleasures of good cheer a compensation for the vexations of his public and private life; but, by an unlucky chance, his cook that day omitted every dish of which he was fond.

Desperate, Ali quitted his house, left the city, and strayed into the country. There, at least, he might fret and fume at his ease.

"Truly," he muttered, as he went along, "there are days when one would like to make an end of one's existence. Of what use to one is life?—nothing but to make one angry with everything!"

Meanwhile, a burning sun was scorching the road on which he was walking; and it was not long before he felt an irrepressible desire to find shelter somewhere. But in vain he looked for a shady corner. At length he came in sight of a path which, from its narrowness and turnings, seemed to promise a little coolness. He passed on to it.

The windings of this path conducted him to a ruined wall near which there grew a palm tree. Ali uttered a sigh of relief and stretched himself at the foot of the wall in the shade of the wide leaves.

Doubtless he would soon have fallen asleep had not a buzzing sound come to annoy his sense of hearing. He looked up and saw a pretty, gold-and-green-hued fly gaily wheeling about his head. Wishing to take a nap in peace, Ali drove away the intruder two or three times with his hand; but the obstinate little creature returned again and again to the charge, and ended by impudently perching on the Vizier's nose.

This was too much for Ali, who jerked himself into a sitting posture, and with his hand made a vigorous but unsuccessful dab at his enemy. But in the hurry of getting away the quick-winged fly did not notice that it was darting straight into a large spider's web, spreading between an angle of the wall and the neighbouring palm tree.

"ALI MADE A VIGOROUS BUT UNSUCCESSFUL DAB AT HIS ENEMY."

Witness of this catastrophe, the Vizier could not, at first, help feeling glad.

"Now," he thought, "you tiresome insect, you will no longer be able to prevent me from getting the nap I want."

But, as he continued to watch the fate of the pretty, gold-green fly, he saw emerge from a crack in the wall a monstrous spider, with a body as big as the finger-tip of a man, and long, black, and hairy limbs. It rushed towards its prey, and set to work spinning a winding-sheet of web about it, as if enjoying its victim's terror and agony.

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The poor fly made such desperate efforts to free itself from its bonds that Ali, at the sight of its hopeless exertion, felt moved by compassion; and though he was very tired, and in spite of the little insect having so recently worried him considerably, he could not bring himself to allow it to perish so miserably.

He rose up, and with a wave of his hand frightened away the spider, after which he released the fly from its perilous captivity.

"Now," he said, "I hope you will leave me in peace."

He opened his finger and thumb, the fly flew away, and Ali speedily lost sight of it. He then lay down again in the shade of the palm tree, closed his eyes, and was soon soundly asleep.

The sound of a voice pronouncing his name aloud awoke him. He opened his eyes and saw, standing before him, a personage of dazzling beauty and gigantic form. Two light and transparent wings were attached to his shoulders. Ali had no doubt that he was in the presence of a genie.

"A GENIE."

"Vizier," said the supernatural being, "you have rendered me a great service. I was the fly which lately buzzed about your nose. I took that form for the purpose of relieving myself for awhile from my ordinary greatness, and flitting freely in the sunshine. A malicious sorcerer, my private enemy,

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wishing to take advantage of this circumstance, changed himself into the big spider in whose web I became entangled, and in which I should have fared ill but for your assistance.

"You must know that, though we are permitted to assume what appearance we please, we at the same time run the risk of falling into the same snares as the human creatures whose resemblance we borrow; and, if we so fall, we can only be rescued by human aid. It is, therefore, by your generous intervention I have been saved. In return for this great service, ask of me some favour: whatever it may be, I promise to grant it."

So spoke the genie. The Vizier remained for a while without answering. At length, after having reflected, he said:—

"I was saying to myself, only a short time back, that long life was no advantage, since so many of our days are spoiled by divers vexations; and that it would be better to have a shorter existence, composed exclusively of happy and cloudless days; if, then, it be in your power to do it, good genie, suppress from my life in future all days of affliction, or even of annoyance, and let me live only during those which are exempt from trouble. Do that, and you will have largely repaid me the service I have done you."

On hearing those words an enigmatical smile overspread the face of the genie.

"Have you well weighed your request?"

"Yes," replied Ali.

"Let it be according to your desire!"

Instantly, as it seemed to the Vizier, his fantastic interlocutor seized him by the middle of the body and rose in the air with him to a height so giddy as presently caused him to lose his senses. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself in his house in Bagdad, in bed. His body was straightened out and so rigid that he found himself unable to make the least movement.

His eyes were closed. Nevertheless he saw all that was passing about him, and heard all that was being said. The room was full of people. His wife, his children, his servants were there; all lamented him, and deplored the loss of so good a husband, so good a father, so good a master, a friend so faithful and devoted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" thought Ali. "Am I dead, then?"

"Yes," said a voice.

The genie stood at the foot of the Vizier's bed, visible only to him, reading his thoughts.

"Perfidious spirit!" thought Ali; "is this the way you redeem your promise?"

"Do not accuse me," replied the genie, "but lay the blame to your own stupidity alone. Why did you ask of me what was impossible? Two fairies have been intrusted with the task of spinning the destinies of men. Before one, at the beginning of things, was placed a heap of white wool, from which she spun fortunate days; before the other was placed a heap of black wool, from which she spun the days that were to be unfortunate.

"Now, one night, while they were sleeping, Satan came by and amused himself by mixing together the two heaps of wool, and so thoroughly entangled the whole that the fairies, on awaking, found it impossible to separate the black from the white wool; and, from that time, the days spun by them are of mixed colour—made up of contentments and affliction. Recall the days you have passed: is there one of them on which you have not experienced some satisfaction, small as it may have been?

"In asking me to take from your days to come all those on which some discomfort may reach you, you have, in fact, asked me to suppress the whole, and you have immediately arrived at the day of deliverance—and death. I am sorry to have had to teach you this lesson, but you have drawn it down upon yourself."

"Unfortunately, it can now be of no use to me, since I am dead," said Ali.

The genie smiled.

"I am good-natured," he replied. "If you like, I will imagine that you have said nothing, carry you back to the spot whence I brought you, and nothing in your life shall be changed. What do you say?"

"I could not wish for anything better," replied the Vizier.

The genie stretched his hands towards him: everything melted from his sight, and, for the second time, he became unconscious. When he recovered the use of his senses, he found himself at the foot of the wall under the shade of the palm tree where he had fallen asleep.

Rising to his feet he asked himself whether this adventure had really happened to him or whether he had simply dreamed it; then, thoughtfully, he made his way back home. While he slept the sun had declined, so that his walk was no longer rendered unpleasant.

On reaching his house, Ali learned that his son, Nourredin, had been made so ill by his overnight's excesses that he had vowed never, thenceforth, to drink anything but water. He also learned that the young man

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whom his daughter had so frequently met on her way to and from the bath was the son of one of the richest and most important personages in Bagdad, and asked for the hand of Amine in marriage.

Furthermore, he received a message from the Calif Amgiad, the Sovereign, admitting that, on reflection, the conduct of Ali in the matter of the sedition had appeared to him to have been both prudent and firm; and conveying the assurance that he might consider himself to be more in favour than ever.

The wife of the Vizier having paid a visit to the wife of the governor of the palace and seen, with her own eyes, that the last new dress of that lady was an utter failure, was now in a delightfully amiable temper. Finally, the cook had determined to make up in a striking manner for his short-comings of the morning, and served up an exquisite repast.

So ended, in the happiest way in the world, a day begun so adversely; and the Vizier, on retiring to bed, confessed within himself that the genie, real or imaginary, had given him some sage advice.

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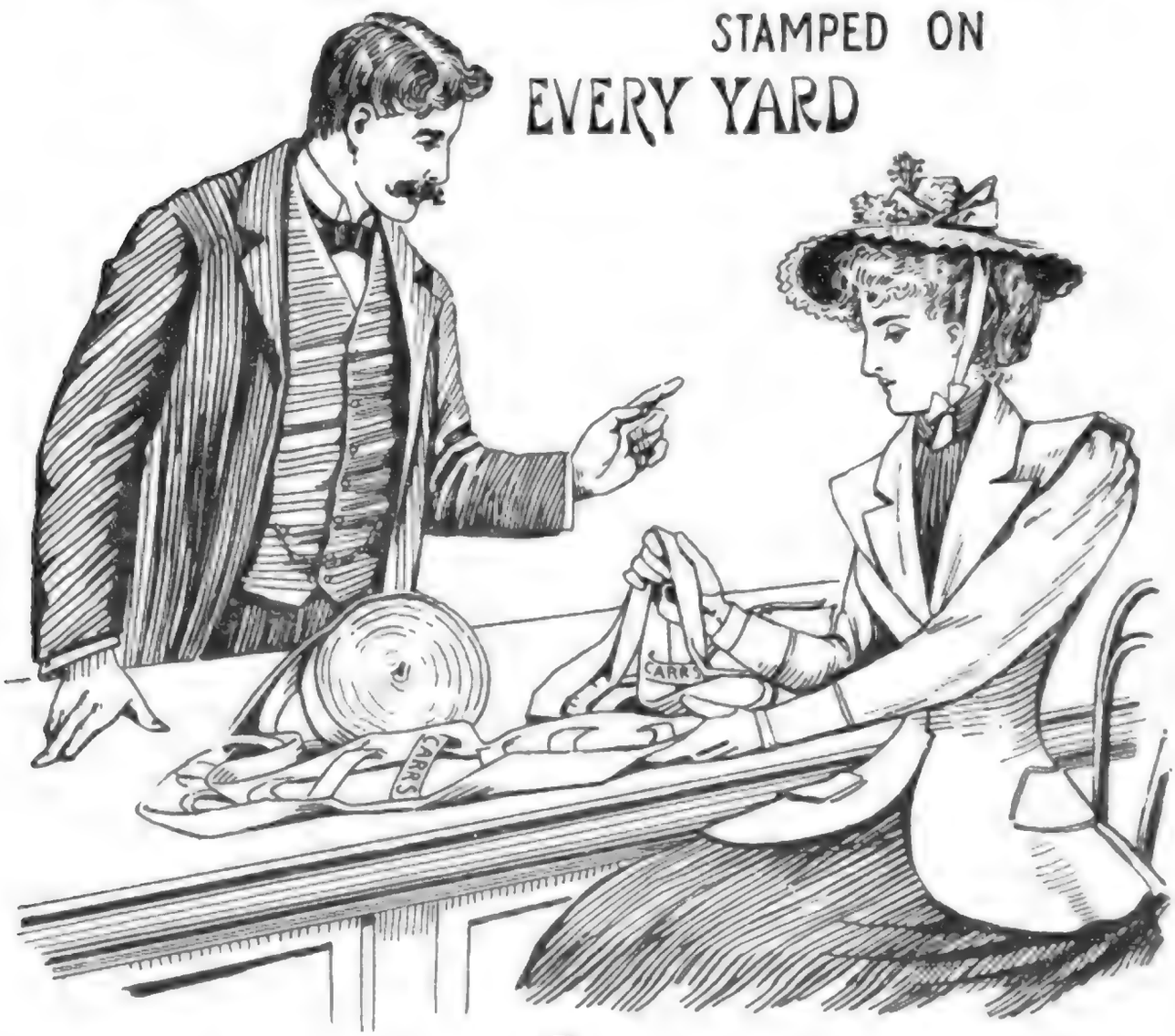

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ONE LETTER—TWO POINTS OF INTEREST.

I HAVE been sitting here some little time debating in my mind whether I should write a short explanation before I copy the letter, or copy the letter first and write the explanation afterwards. Having decided on the latter plan, I place the document in the reader's hands without a word.

"In November, 1890," it runs, "I took a severe cold, which brought me into a low condition. I always felt tired and languid. Nothing seemed to rest me. I felt as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. I was seized with a dreadful pain in the back and loins, and it was all I could do to keep up with my work. I was so bad that if I stooped in the least I could hardly straighten myself up again.

"I had a constant gnawing pain in the back, and when I passed the secretion from the kidneys I experienced fearful agony. For four months I suffered intensely, during which time I took several medicines recommended for gravel, but found no relief. At last my mother told me of the good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done her for rheumatism, and insisted that I should try it for my complaint. I did so, and in a short time the pains I have mentioned began to abate, and were presently gone altogether. I used no other medicine after beginning with the Syrup. Since my recovery I have been in the best of health. I will answer any inquiries. – (Signed) William P. Restall, 30, Hilton Street, Preston, December 23rd, 1893."

In this short letter there are two points which cannot fail to interest an intelligent person like the reader. First, Mr. Restall's malady—what was it? Gravel, he thinks, and all the symptoms were in harmony with that view. The uric acid in the blood had united with an alkali to form a red-coloured stone which entered the bladder and kidneys, producing great pain and irritation in those organs, and terrible agony in Nature's unavailing effort to relieve itself of it. The immediate cause of gravel is breakdown of the liver, and the cause of *that* is torpidity and inflammation of the stomach—indigestion and dyspepsia.

In this crippling and dangerous affection no local treatment is of any real benefit. Surgical interference only increases the patient's suffering without in any way preventing the increase or continuance of the trouble. Temporary relief is all that is to be expected from the best possible surgical treatment.

The only true method is to dissolve the gravel and stone, when it will pass away unfelt. This was the excellent service which Mother Seigel's Syrup rendered to Mr. Restall. Otherwise far more serious results would certainly have followed. The expulsion of the sandy accumulation was not, however, all that the Syrup accomplished in this instance. It went further, and cured the diseased and poison-filled stomach, out of which the whole difficulty arose.

The second point of interest in the letter is this: Why should Mr. Restall's mother have permitted him to suffer *intensely* for four months before telling him of the remedy?

That seems at first like a hard question to answer (in the absence of the lady), but it is really very simple. It did not occur to her that the Syrup would be of any use in a case like her son's. She hoped and expected he would get well by means of the medicines he was already taking.

"Besides," she may have thought, "Seigel's Syrup cured *me* of *rheumatism*, and *he* has *gravel;* a very different thing."

No, madam; precisely the same thing in cause and essence. Whatsoever will cure rheumatism will cure gravel. Had she known that, she would have brought her bottle of "Seigel" to the front long before she did. What the lady did as a sort of forlorn hope was the most sensible and scientific thing that could have been done.

Now, it is a great matter to know the connections and relations between diseases. They are not separate things; they are fruit on the same tree, and that tree is the digestive system.

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ABERNETHY'S OPINION OF THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.—"I tell you what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race. It is their gormandising and stuffing and stimulating those organs (the digestive) in excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their mind is another grand cause. Fidgeting and discontenting yourself about that which cannot be helped. Passions of all kinds. Malignant passions and worldly cares, pressing on the mind, disturb the cerebral action and do a great deal of harm."

PREVENTION.—The recurrence of small ailments can only be averted by strict attention to dietetic rules, also rules for life. With each bottle of ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" is given a 16-page pamphlet on the Prevention of Disease. Use **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"** (a laxative Bile or Liver Tonic Pill) for assisting digestion, creating and maintaining a natural condition of the Bowels; also for causing a natural flow of healthy Bile by natural means. The great efficacy of ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" consists in rectifying morbid (or poisoned) conditions of the blood, caused by the absorption of ill-prepared nutriment. ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO," of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

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